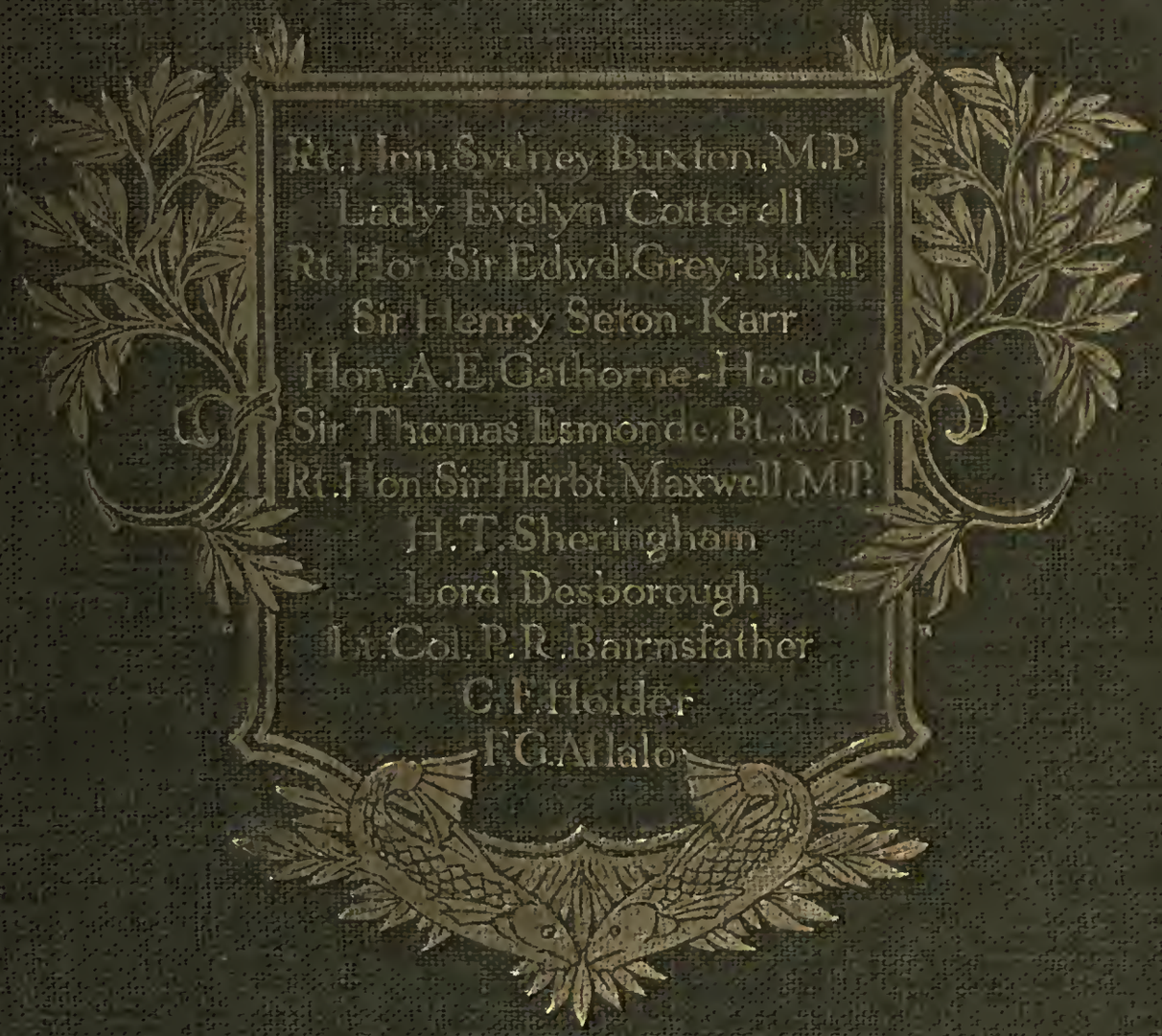
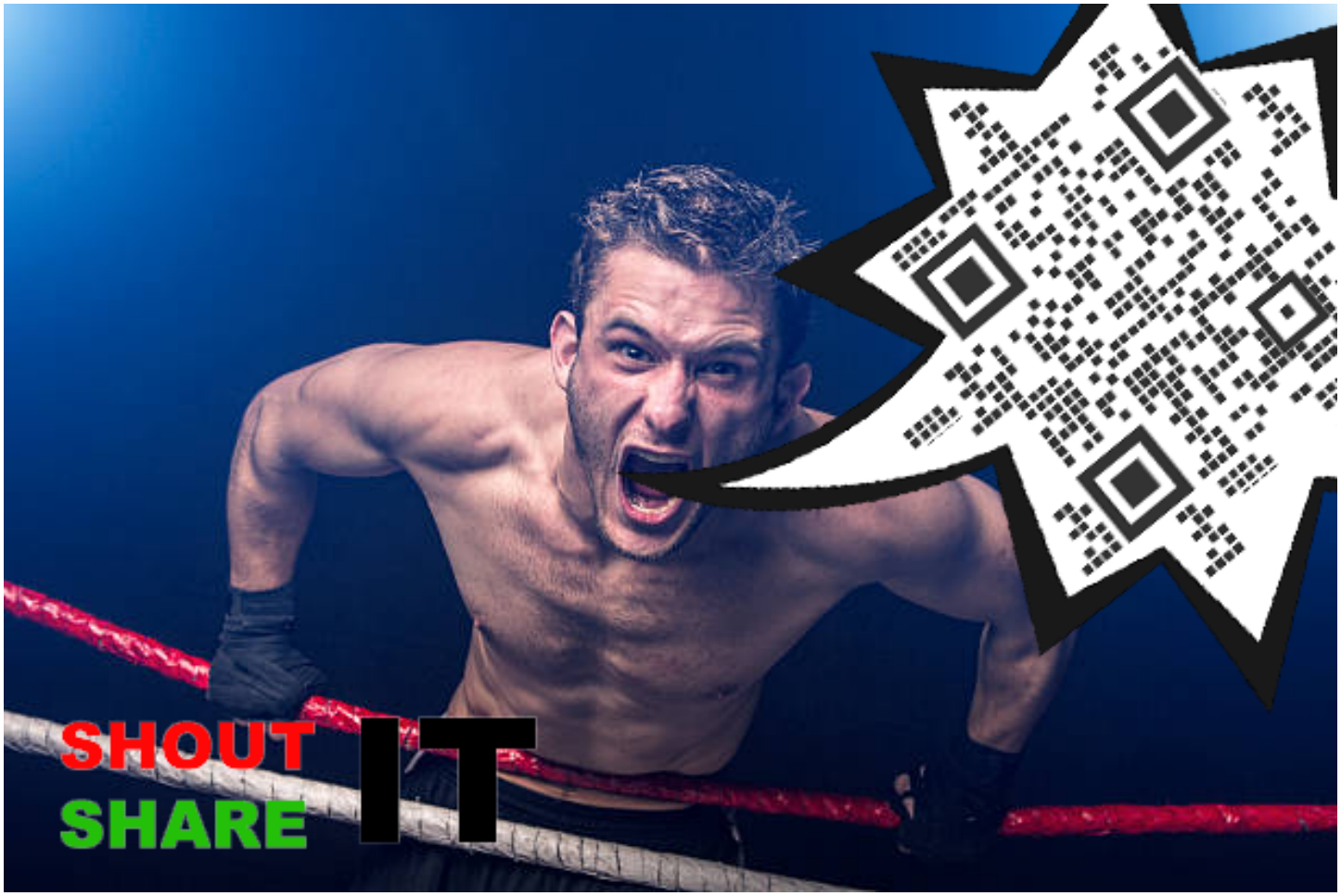
A BOOK OF FISHING STORIES

EDITED BY F.G.AFLALO



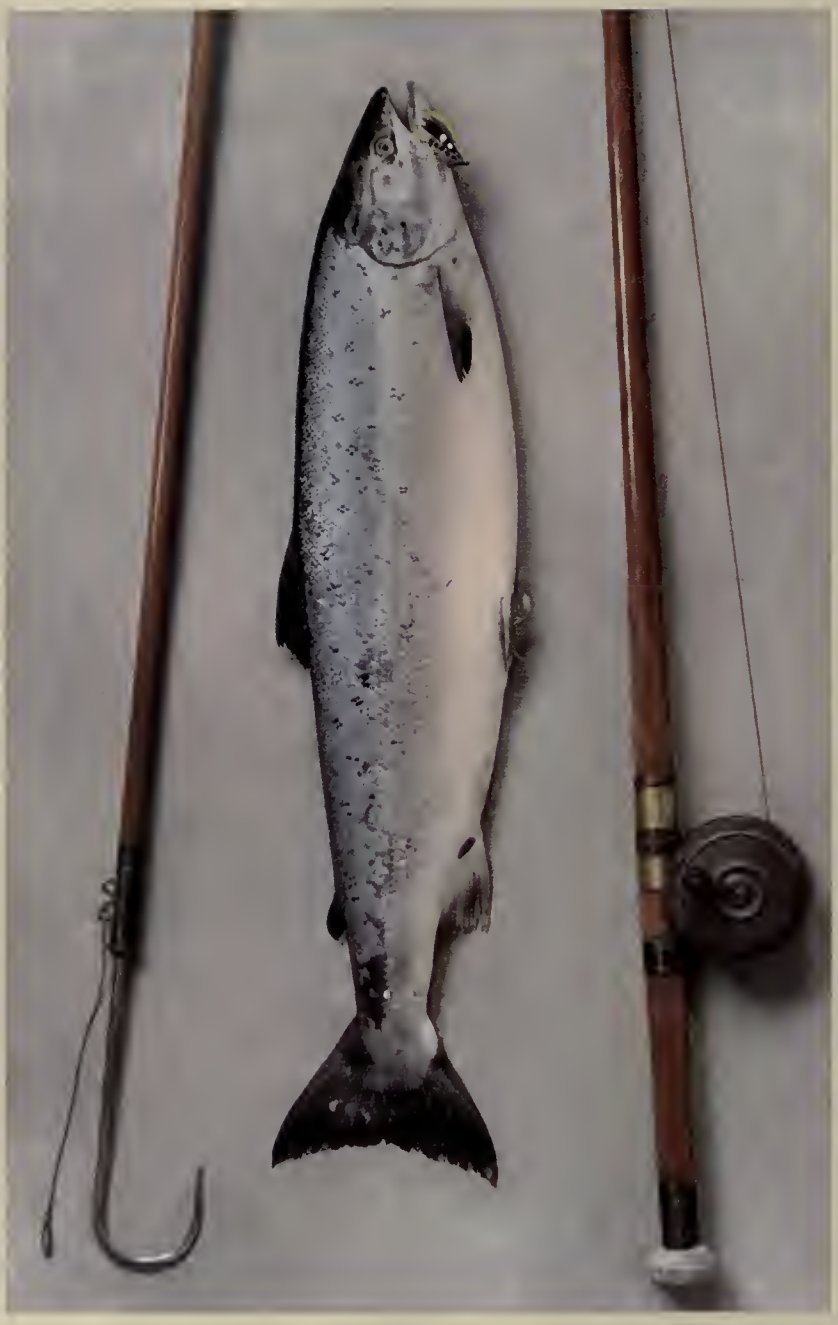

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

BERKELEY
GENERAL
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

A BOOK OF FISHING STORIES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/bookoffishingsto00aflarich



A BOOK *of* FISHING STORIES

EDITED BY

F. G. AFLALO

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY

LIEUT.-COL. P. R. BAIRNSFATHER
RT. HON. SYDNEY G. BUXTON
LADY EVELYN COTTERELL
LORD DESBOROUGH
SIR THOMAS ESMONDE, BT., M.P.
RT. HON. SIR EDWARD GREY
HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY
CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER
SIR HERBERT MAXWELL
SIR HENRY SETON-KARR, C.M.G.
H. T. SHERINGHAM
AND THE EDITOR

1913

LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.
ALDINE HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

SH439
A345

CONTENTS

PAGE

ODDS AND ENDS 1
THE RIGHT HON. SYDNEY BUXTON, M.P.

SALMON FISHING IN THE SPEY 15
LADY EVELYN COTTERELL

ON SEA TROUT 25
THE RT. HON. SIR EDWARD GREY, BART., M.P.

DAPPING ON LOUGH DERG 49
SIR THOMAS GRATTON ESMONDE, BART., M.P.

SALMON FAILURES AND SUCCESSES 67
THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY

SALMON AND TROUT MEMORIES IN MANY LANDS . . . 87
SIR HENRY SETON-KARR, C.M.G.

HOW TO MAKE TROUT-FISHING 119
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

TARPON FISHING IN THE PASS 143
LORD DESBOROUGH

THE BIG GAME FISHES OF CALIFORNIA 161
CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, LL.D.

MEMORIES OF MAHSEER 183
LIEUT.-COL. P. R. BAIRNSFATHER

COARSE-FISHING MEMORIES 201
H. T. SHERINGHAM

DAYS WITH BASS IN EAST AND WEST 221
THE EDITOR

INDEX 237

M846840

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN COLOUR

SALMON . . . . . *Frontispiece*

TROUT . . . . . *Facing page* 51

A MISCELLANY: ROACH, PIKE, PERCH . . . „ 203

BASS . . . . . „ 223

IN PHOTOGRAVURE

NEARING THE END . . . . . *Facing page* 8

HOW TO DO IT . . . . . „ 8

THE ODD OUNCES . . . . . „ 17

SIR EDWARD GREY . . . . . „ 27

HOLDING HIS OWN . . . . . „ 69

NORWEGIAN MEMORIES . . . . . „ 89

A GOOD DAY ON THE SUNDAL . . . . . „ 98

A LESSON WITH THE DRY FLY . . . . . „ 121

CLOSE QUARTERS . . . . . „ 145

THE COAST OF SANTA CATALINA . . . . . „ 163

A GOOD MAHSEER . . . . . „ 185

A FISHING CAMP IN INDIA . . . . . „ 194

ON WALTON'S RIVER . . . . . „ 218

INTRODUCTORY

FISHING stories are commonly associated by facetious folk with a measure of prevarication more seductive, it may be, than downright falsehood, but no less unmoral. The fisherman is, by long usage, discredited by his neighbours, who maintain that the truth is not in him. Yet so shrewd a man as Pontius Pilate, having asked "What is truth?", departed without hearing the answer to his question, and even the most reckless exaggerations, of big fish caught and even bigger lost, usually rest upon a basis of fact. This is no place in which to examine the alleged imaginative powers of the reminiscent angler, or to debate the commensurate talent for light fiction in the golfer, horse-dealer, and other outdoor men and women. To some extent, it must be confessed, the disciples of Walton have only themselves to thank for this slur on their veracity, since, instead of indignantly repudiating the charge, they more commonly treat it as a standing joke, and take curious pleasure in telling tales against themselves wherein whales figure as bait, and other gems of mendacity are brought out for inspection.

Although there will be found in these chapters more than one episode so startling as to be credible only to fishermen themselves, the names of the contributors should be sufficient guarantee of their authenticity. Little technical instruction

is offered in so many words, though it will not be found lacking for those who trouble to read between the lines. Doctors often write in their prescriptions, *Dearg. pil.*, let the pill be coated with silver ; and so, throughout these pages, dogma is so thickly wrapped in anecdote as should be palatable even to the expert. The printed art and science of the sport are already set down in volumes enough and to spare. Comprehensive works like the *Encyclopædia of Sport*, the *Badminton Library* and the *Country Life* and *Haddon Hall* volumes epitomise the whole range of sport with rod and line, and scores of lesser books cover in detail the higher arts of fly-fishing, as well as more homely angling from punt or pier.

The addition of yet another tome of the same kind would have called for more abject apology than need, perhaps, be offered for a work planned on wholly different lines. Reminiscence, not instruction, is the theme of those who have been so good as to contribute to these pages, and one chapter only is not in the nature of anecdote. Yet those who follow the valuable suggestions embodied in Sir Herbert Maxwell's contribution on the improvement of trout fisheries will, it is confidently hoped, welcome it, though departing from the model of the rest, with complete satisfaction. The trout fisherman, alone among lovers of the angle, is increasingly confronted with the pressing problems of restocking and otherwise improving the rivers and lakes to which he looks for his sport. The case of salmon rivers is different, since the salmon is a restless wanderer—here to-day and gone to-morrow—and no scheme of restocking hitherto devised, no matter how lavish

and scientific, has been proved to give results as satisfactory as those achieved with trout. The all but miraculous success attained by trout in New Zealand, where the fish have increased in both size and numbers, beyond the wildest dreams of those who first introduced them, is an exceptional triumph of acclimatisation; but even at home many a river which had, through overfishing or other causes, fallen from its high estate has been marvellously restored by judicious introduction of new blood.

Salmon and trout between them fill six other chapters, but few will complain of the allotment of half the book to the game fish, which are treated by many hands and from a variety of aspects. Angling is one of the very few sports in which the sexes are on an equality, and this lends great interest to Lady Evelyn Cotterell's amusing memories of the famous Gordon Castle water on the Spey, while she has incidentally something to say in frank criticism of more than one doctrine held sacrosanct by those who too often approach their sport in a spirit of "as was in the beginning," &c. Another writer on the salmon, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, turns for inspiration to famous rivers of Scotland and Norway, in which, though thwarted of his ambition to kill a 40-pounder, he can draw upon a long retrospect of excellent sport. One, at any rate, of the mishaps that befell him in Norway will be found to point a moral and adorn a tale. Sir Henry Seton-Karr, most versatile of sportsmen, ranges over a yet wider territory in both hemispheres, and recalls good days and bad with both salmon and trout.

Brown trout and sea trout are in equally good hands. Mr. Sydney Buxton has snatched odd moments from an abnormally exacting session on the Front Bench to string together fascinating memories of the placid streams in which his mastery of the floating fly has played havoc with lusty fish not to be beguiled by the duffer. Yet, for all his artistic appreciation of the dry-fly, Mr. Buxton assuredly is no purist imbued with lofty and exclusive contempt for any and every other method. He might for choice always fish the rise and not the water, but, if needs must, he can sink his fly with the best and feel no shame in filling his creel by such simpler but still legitimate arts. His harassed colleague, Sir Edward Grey, writes of sea trout with a picturesque touch that proves him as persuasive with fish as with ambassadors. Tact, as well as firmness, is needed by the angler who plays heavy fish on fine tackle, and he also has to practise the give and take called for in diplomacy, more particularly that form of yielding which softens refusal; and it may be that our Foreign Secretary occasionally finds the arts of the waterside, of which he is an acknowledged master, stand him in good stead in the councils of the nations. Public affairs have left him no leisure for writing of his favourite sport quite recently, but, in giving permission to reprint a chapter from his book, he expresses his conviction that he has not in the interval added to his knowledge of sea trout, and that he would in other circumstances have written a very similar article to-day. Trout are not, however, caught in rivers only, and the may-fly week on Irish Loughs is a festival of which Sir Thomas Esmonde tells a delightful story abounding in

infectious enthusiasm, which suggests that for him also the love of fishing must be a priceless relaxation in the increasingly rare intervals of respite from arduous duties to his constituents.

Game fish, though holding first place with the angler of catholic affections, are not the only quarry to be considered. One, at least, of the coarse fish, to the smaller and more homely members of which Mr. Sheringham does justice with his usual charm, enjoys a reputation second to none in the esteem of those who have sought it in its Himalayan haunts; and of this giant barbel, the Indian mahseer, Colonel Bairnsfather gives a most attractive account, coloured with the regret of bygone days so characteristic of retired Anglo-Indians. He makes no pretence to have killed record mahseer. Indeed, as will be seen, one of the fish caught and photographed by Sir Benjamin Simpson, are superior in size to any of his; but he succeeds in demonstrating that mahseer of even moderate weight give splendid sport amid surroundings so attractive as to enhance the pleasure of catching them. Scenery embodies much of the charm of most inland fishing, and brings balm to many a disappointed sportsman during the course of a blank day.

Even bigger game figures in Lord Desborough's stirring reminiscences of battles with tarpon in the Florida Passes, reprinted by permission from the *National Review*, and in Dr. Holder's fascinating stories of spearing swordfish and playing tuna and other monsters of American seas, chiefly those that wash the charmed island of Santa Catalina. Those

of us who are so fortunate as to look back on happy memories of both Florida tarpon and the more varied big game of Californian bays, would find it hard to say which were the more enjoyable. True, the tarpon is always in evidence throughout the summer months, differing in this respect from the tuna, which, in California at any rate, is in some years conspicuous by its absence. Yet swordfish, yellowtail, sea bass and other game offer such prodigal compensation for the absentee on the Pacific side as to send no sportsman home disgusted, even after ten thousand miles of travel.

A word should, perhaps, be said on the subject of the illustrations. The colour photographs of the fish, the work of a member of the firm, were all taken direct from newly caught specimens, and for assistance with the tackle used in the photographs the editor is indebted to Messrs. Farlow. The trout came from Dulverton and were contributed by Mr. Tracy. The bass was caught in the River Teign. For the material used in the group of coarse fish, the book has to thank Mr. A. J. Combridge. Nearly all of the remaining illustrations were supplied by the contributors themselves, who selected them with due regard to their several requirements, while a very few—one or two of which the book owes to the courtesy of Sir Benjamin Simpson, K.C.I.E., Mr. Julian Dimock, Miss Esther Archer and Mr. A. R. Matthews—have been added where they seemed to fill a gap.

ODDS AND ENDS

ODDS AND ENDS

By The Right Hon. SYDNEY BUXTON, M.P.

In view of the pressure of prolonged and absorbing work and duties, which hardly tend to stimulate the descriptive mood, I ought, perhaps, to have declined the editor's flattering and insidious request that I should contribute some notes to this volume.

What follows makes, therefore, no pretence to propound any new doctrine, or to traverse any old one. The notes are merely by way of casual reminiscence and reflection touching a sport that I love, and which it is good to recall in imagination.

This book deals with Fish and Fishing—fly-fishing especially—and therefore, with all due respect to Shooting (to which I owe many of my pleasures of life), that sport must take a back seat.

It may seem somewhat superfluous to compare, to the detriment of one, two good things, two excellent enjoyments —fishing and shooting.

But, nevertheless, let us compare them.

I.—Fishing *v.* Shooting

In what does the difference consist? What, looked at from the point of view of enjoyment, of sport, of recreation, of rest,

are the respective pleasures of fly-fishing for salmon or trout as compared to grouse driving, partridge driving, or covert shooting? Why does fly-fishing hold the first place?

The distraction and interest which a sport affords is largely measured by the amount of effort and concentration involved in its pursuit.

Broadly speaking, in the case of shooting everything—except the selection of the bird, the aim, the pull of the trigger—is done for you. In the case of fishing you must do everything for yourself. Then in the former case you know beforehand pretty well what the bag will be; in the latter it is always an unknown quantity.

Further, in shooting the sportsman is not actually pitting himself against, or outmanœuvring, a particular bird. But success in fly-fishing, especially in dry-fly fishing, turns on the skill and intelligence of the fisherman matched against the wariness and increasing intelligence of the fish. The particular trout has to be made to believe that a tiny bundle of feathers and silk is actually a living creature, and but one of the natural flies with which it is competing.

Then, in shooting, no doubt there is a certain variety of shot. The driven grouse will come straight at you—a fascinating shot—sideways to you, past you, high up in the air, over, across. The partridge will twist and turn, the brown bird and the "Frenchman" differing in speed and in conduct. In covert shooting, again, one moment you may have the splendid rocketer sailing over Humiliation Valley, to be succeeded the next beat by the reluctant pheasant blundering out at

Slaughter point. But, in the ordinary way, each successive shot is more or less like its predecessor ; while each fish, from start to finish, is quite distinct from its fellows.

Further, the actual gratification of the particular shot is speedily obscured by the next ; and the ordinary hit or miss dwells but momentarily in the memory. But each fish pursued, whether caught or not, is a distinct and individual item ; while the pleasure, the interest, and the satisfaction connected with its capture is prolonged over an appreciable time. In dry-fly fishing the river must be scanned, a rise discovered, an approach effected, the cast made ; the fish must be risen and hooked, played and landed, the interest and excitement rising crescendo. The salmon pool must be carefully and accurately covered. Each cast is distinct ; each moment is occupied 'twixt hope and fear, waiting for the thrilling pull to come. The jumping salmon, even though its brethren may be unconscionably reluctant to rise, guarantee that there are fish about, and keep mind and hand alert.

And compare even the evil days which do unhappily befall in connection with either sport. A disastrous day's fishing is exasperating enough ; but a day's shooting, in which everything has gone wrong, including the weather, is far more depressing.

Further, a blank day, which to sportsmen in any other field is anathema, may have been to the fisherman full of interest and enjoyment. He would rather, of course, have caught some fish ; but he is often content even if he has not, for most of the day he thought, and he hoped, that he would catch fish.

But, all the same, one can have disagreeable days out fishing, though never, I think, quite so odious and depressing as a horrid day out shooting. Cold, abominable blustering wind, no fly, no rise, and when everything goes wrong.

A man built a house; the doors wouldn't shut, the windows wouldn't open. Said a friend to him, "Your house is built in Queen Anne's style, isn't it?" "No," said the owner gloomily, "Bloody Mary." How often one starts off anticipating a Queen Anne's day, and experiences——!

Nevertheless hope still rises eternal in the angler's breast, and he is convinced that he will catch fish next time; that next time he will combine better luck and better skill. In spite of experience, in spite of disappointment, he is always going to discover *the* fly, and to find the fish eager to take it. He is always going to cast a lovely, light, straight line; to strike exactly at the right moment, and to a nicety; to play wisely and well; to land cleverly and promptly; and to secure his record fish.

The morrow comes, and the real dissipates the ideal.

Then there are the quiet and the solitude incidental to fishing—the warm days, the delicious sunshine; the fragrance and beauty of the woods and meadows; the voices of the birds, and the enchantment of running water. It is all this combined which—without prejudice to the great enjoyment to be derived from shooting—makes fishing so absorbing, so enjoyable, so restful; and best "for yure solace, and to cause the helthe of yure body and especially of yure soul." No man

is the worse—most of those who fish are the better—for being fishermen.

Besides—and this is something—of all game sports, fly-fishing is the least cruel.

To the men or women who fish because they are fishermen, the extraordinary fascination of fishing with a fly-rod requires neither explanation nor elaboration. To the non-fisherman, no words, however eloquent, can thrill his pulse or move his soul, or endow him with this seventh sense.

A fisherman, after a prolonged and successful four hours' tussle with a large salmon, came back in triumph and related his tale to his aunt, laying wearisome emphasis, as fishermen will, on the time occupied, the muscle expenditure, the exhaustion, the anxiety, &c. "Well, but my *dear* Tom," she remarked at last, "why didn't you cut the string and get rid of the brute?"

II.—Bags, Flies, &c.

The Editor asks for a few bags.

What can one say? To detail heavy bags looks like affectation, or worse. To give blanks, or betwixt and between, would be of no interest.

I therefore obey, with this caveat, that these white-stone days are very rare; that they are due more to chance and perseverance than to skill; and that the number of blank or of mediocre days one has enjoyed are overwhelmingly numerous in comparison.

A friend remarked sympathetically to a fisherman trudging

wearily home with aching back after flogging the river all day for salmon, and with never a rise, "I hope you won't have any more blank days." "I hope to Heaven I shall. If I have no more blank days I shall have very little more fishing!"

But two blanks, unfortunately, don't make a fish.

My largest bags when dry-fly fishing for trout have been:—

In June, 1892, at Cassiobury on the Gade, in Hertfordshire, fifty trout over a pound; weight 66¾ lb. Many others under a pound were put back. May-fly.

At Littlecote on the Kennet, 1898, thirty-five fish weighing 37 lb. On 10th of June, 1899, forty of 42 lb. May-fly and small flies.

The next day—to make one remember that one was mortal—my bag was four fish only; yet the May-fly was just as fully "up" as the day before.

For weight, the best bag was on the Bean in 1899, twenty-three fish of 38¾ lb. On the Colne at Munden, 1892, fifteen of 22¼ lb. On the Mimram (both of these before the Water Companies fatally sapped the Hertfordshire streams), at Marden, in 1882, twenty-three fish of 46 lb.; and in 1893, in three days, fifty-one fish of 71½ lb. Most of the above on May-fly, or at May-fly time. The best bag on the Itchen was in August, 1905, when a "beasterly easterly wind" provided fifteen fish of 21 lb. The next day a mild and gracious south-west wind produced only four.

The best wet-fly day (on a river) was on the Deveron at Netherdale, in 1900: 23rd April, forty-two of 16¾ lb.; 25th April, forty of 18 lb.—fish that played like Trojans.

NEARING THE END

HOW TO DO IT

NEARING THE END

8

But these are all ridiculously phenomenal, though sufficiently satisfactory and exciting in the doing, and in retrospect. For instance, take Munden and the Colne; three consecutive days in June, in the same year as the above bag, produced three, eight, and one fish respectively.

The chief experience acquired in the course of dry-fly fishing for trout is, I think, to reduce the varieties of flies one uses to four or five. These are (winged and "spent") the olive, the iron-blue, the wickham, and the red quill, and in addition the "Tup." These will serve—the rest are but leather or prunella.

I fully believe that a similar policy, though not quite so drastic, might well be followed in regard to salmon flies. But my opportunities of salmon fishing are limited; and I don't feel disposed to muddle away valuable time in experimenting.

The number of recognised salmon flies (besides numerous local varieties) is, I believe, over three hundred, the changes being rung on black, yellow, red and blue, silver and gold.

While there may be, as indeed there must be, a considerable difference in the look, possibly in the attractiveness, for instance, of a Dusty Miller and a Thunder and Lightning, of a Black Doctor and a Blue Doctor, according to the light, or the height or colour of the water, it can hardly be seriously intended that a salmon can distinguish the nuances that to the fly-tier and the fly-buyer so often differentiate one fly from another. This fly, for instance, is called the "Delfur," that the "Gordon"; this the "Wilkinson," that the "Silver Doctor." But to the salmon in the swift stream the distinguishable

difference must be infinitesimal. Still, the variety of choice, if it does not specially hurt the fish, benefits the fishing-tackle maker, while in the fisherman any change of fly greatly stimulates the waning hope.

But it is idle to dogmatise, or even to speculate, about the likes and dislikes of the salmon. His growth, his digestion, his spawning, his goings out and his comings in, are wrapped in mystery.

Why is it, for instance, that day after day, when the day is not blank—it mostly is—that a single salmon, and a single fish *only*, is caught ? One would have thought that, by rights, the day's fishing for salmon, like a day's fishing for other fish, would, in the generality, be either a blank day, or that a fair number of fish would be caught, or, at least, risen. Yet the single salmon is the rule, and not the exception ; though scores, often hundreds, of fish will have seen the fly in the course of the day.

Is it that among so many fish covered by the fly there is each day, in one pool, only one fish more active, more enterprising, more alert, keener sighted, and more intelligent ? Or is he (or she) the village idiot, the slow-witted, the stupid and unthinking fish ? Or is it the fish that has the least jaded appetite, or whose curiosity is the most active ?

Who can tell ?

III.—Pike

As these are random thoughts on fish and fishing, and as, probably, less is known about the pike than any other non-

seagoing British fish, it may be of interest to help to throw a little light on his habits.

It is a disputed point at what age pike begin to spawn, and their rapidity of growth is but little known.

Curiously enough, I think that I can throw some light on both questions.

There is a moat, partly touching and partly round the house where I live in Sussex. The water is supplied by chalk springs, and no other water flows in, so that it is always clear, and level. It is also pretty deep in parts.

When I went there, the moat was full of roach and pike. I wanted to clear these out in order to introduce trout. I let down the water as far as I could, netted the fish, and then limed the springs and mud to make sure of killing any remaining fish or spawn. This plan proved very successful, for no pike or roach have ever appeared since.

This was in September, 1904. My predecessor had attempted in the spring of 1898 to do likewise, but, though leaving it exposed, he did not lime the mud. He had, however, as he thought, completely cleared the place of fish, especially of pike.

When I let down the water and netted it six years and a half later, I found (including five that had been caught spinning a little time before) fourteen pike of 6 lb. each and over, weighing 123 lb., or an everage of $8\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

The respective rough weights were as follows: lbs. 14, 13, 9, 9, 9, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

Besides these large fish, there were swarms of young pike

of that year's hatching, and about 120 jack of eighteen months old and upwards, weighing up to 1½ lb. But the striking thing was that there were no pike at all between about 1½ lb. and about 6 lb. weight.

It may be that the two large fish were two tiny individuals of the 1897 hatch that escaped extinction. But the rest of the larger fish were evidently all of the same year, *i.e.* they were hatched from the spawn of 1898, which survived after the water was let back into the moat. It is clear, therefore, from the gap in the size, *i.e.* none between 1½ and 6 lb. weight, compared with the known dates, that these pike did not begin to breed until they were three years old.

The theory, and the facts on which it is based, can best be put into tabular form:

	Original Fish	Subsequent Generation
1898 Spring	Hatched	—
1899	Growing	—
1900	Probably ¾ to 1 lb.	—
1901	Spawned (probably 1¼ to 1½ lb.)	Hatched
1902	—	Growing
1903	—	Probably ¾ to 1 lb.
1904	6 to 9 lb. (possibly up to 14)	About 1¼ to 1½ lb. (spawned)

As regards growth, it is clear that the fish of six to nine pounds had acquired the size in just about six years and a half. The moat was well stocked with roach and perch.

As regards the two large fish, it is probable that they also were

hatched in 1898, as a living fish would scarcely have survived the experience to which the mud was exposed. But assuming that they did so escape as fish a year old—no larger fish could have survived—this would make the 14-pounder seven and a half years when killed, and the 13-pounder seven years old when killed.

Both fish were in beautiful condition, and appeared almost about as broad as they were long, with small heads, and comparatively small teeth.

In this same moat, now clear of pike and roach, I have now brown trout, rainbow, and a few *fontinalis* of gaudy hue. They all spawn, but there is not enough stream to hatch the ova. They cannot get away, though the *fontinalis* make a gallant effort occasionally to jump the wire grating. But both they and the rainbow remain in condition for a few years only, and then become heady and lanky. The brown trout, on the other hand, keep their shape considerably longer.

SALMON FISHING IN THE SPEY

SALMON FISHING IN THE SPEY

By LADY EVELYN COTTARELL

We hear so much just now of the equality of the sexes in every walk of life, from politics to sport, that the editor evidently feels under an obligation to find room for a chapter written from a woman's point of view, and I am less reluctant to write what he wants than I might otherwise have been, because it really seems to me that in just this sport of fishing (and, let me say emphatically, in no other) we may claim equality with the men. On the moors, or even in the hunting-field, the superiority of men is, I think, undoubted, though this, of course, is a personal view only which may not receive the general approval of other women. But in fishing, and more particularly in fly-fishing for salmon or trout, we have all the qualifications of success: we can throw a light line, we can play a fish gently, and, in the matter of close attention to detail and obstinate perseverance in face of difficulties, some women are, if anything, superior to their men-folk. There are people, of course, who, not knowing even the meaning of enthusiasm for this sport of sports, express doubt whether any self-respecting woman would array herself in waders and face the rough-and-tumble of salmon-fishing in a big river. Well, I can only say that many memories of sport on the Gordon Castle water do not leave any lasting impression of regard for

THE ODD OUNCES

SALMON FISHING IN THE SPEY

By LADY EVELYN COTTERELL

We hear so much just now of the equality of the sexes in every walk of life, from politics to sport, that the editor evidently feels under an obligation to find room for a chapter written from a woman's point of view, and I am less reluctant to write what he wants than I might otherwise have been, because it really seems to me that in just this sport of fishing (and, let me say emphatically, in no other) we may claim equality with the men. On the moors, or even in the hunting-field, the superiority of men is, I think, incontestable, though this, of course, is a personal view only which may not receive the general approval of other women. But in fishing, and more particularly in fly-fishing for salmon or trout, we have all the qualifications of success: we can throw a light line, we can play a fish gently, and, in the matter of close attention to detail and obstinate perseverance in face of difficulties, some women are, if anything, superior to their men-folk. There are people, of course, who, not knowing even the meaning of enthusiasm for this sport of sports, express doubt whether any self-respecting woman would array herself in waders and face the rough-and-tumble of salmon-fishing in a big river. Well, I can only say that many memories of sport on the Gordon Castle water do not leave any lasting impression of regard for

appearances, though, for the matter of that, I doubt whether we who don the workmanlike kit nowadays considered essential for fishing are any better anglers than my aunt, Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, and the late Lady Sandwich, who, in their flowing skirts and " pork-pie " hats, killed fish with the best, and were, I believe, the first ladies to fish for salmon in this part of the Spey. Back in the early seventies very few ladies had ever thrown a line. Such robust sport was probably regarded as fit only for the men ; but these pioneers, after one of whom is named that very killing fly, the " Lady Caroline," have had a host of followers, so that salmon-fishing is nowadays considered the fashionable sport for my sex, and even among the greater tarpon of Florida and tuna of California women have carried off some of the prizes. Indeed, there are women to-day who even excel as hunters of big game ; but, without having acquired a taste for quite so dangerous and arduous a pastime, I do think that there is no sport like salmon-fishing, providing, as it does, healthy outdoor amusement, and calling for patience and perseverance as the conditions of success. Luck, of course, counts for much, as in all fishing, but in the long run the salmon will try the proverbial angler's patience more than most fish.

Most of us with any love of the sport at all can probably remember our first salmon. Mine was a twenty-pounder, and it kept me for a good twenty minutes struggling for all I was worth. I shall never forget how Geordie Shanks, the gillie whose name has long been famous on Speyside, shouted at me :

"Not too hard! Not too hard! Do not be too hard on him! Reel up! . . . reel up! Be canny, now!"

And at last the fish was gaffed, and lay gleaming on the bank. Surely that was the happiest day of my life, unless it was that other on which, two years ago, I landed nine salmon to my own rod. Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, fishing two pools below me, landed a fine forty-pounder. I had gone in for quantity and she for quality, and I hardly know which of us was the happier. My best season, by the way, was that of 1911, when I landed forty-one salmon in twelve days' fishing.

And now I am going to relate an incident which the charitable reader will probably disbelieve; and, indeed, I am tempted to recall it only because it seems to me to show that a boat rowed across a pool does not, as so often stated, frighten the fish in it. My sister, Lady Percy, was being rowed across the river to fish down on the opposite side, when, about half-way across, a fifteen-pounder, as it afterwards proved to be, flopped out of the water right into her lap. She was taken by surprise, but managed to clasp the slippery intruder tight in her arms till she could kill it with the "doctor."[1]

My sister had another curious experience which may also, perhaps, afford satisfaction to the sceptical. She had played a fish long and carefully, but could get little control over it. At last, however, it was gaffed; but when the gillie went to take the fly out of its mouth, there was no fly

[1] See cases of fishes jumping into boats in Lord Desborough's chapter on tarpon-fishing.—Ed.

there, and he found that the fish had been caught by the tail, round the narrow portion of which the line had got twice twisted. The hook was securely caught in the line, forming a perfect slip-knot. This, of course, accounted for the difficulty which my sister had in bringing the fish to the bank, as it was able to fight with twice the ordinary strength and staying power that it could have exercised if hooked in the jaw. All anglers know the strength of a good fish foul-hooked, and this reminds me that I have a confession to make about a good fish that I hooked, as you might say, accidentally on purpose. I was fishing in a pool close to the mouth of the river, and had noticed a fish jump twice in the same spot. This was quite close to my fly, and, when he jumped a third time, I struck and hooked him. Now, as the salmon was certainly not rising at the fly when hooked, this may perhaps be regarded as unfair fishing, but anyway he gave me one of the best runs I ever had. He was, in fact, the wildest salmon I remember hooking. To begin with, he tore upstream as hard as he could go. Then he changed his mind and bolted downstream, taking out the whole of my line, and apparently determined to get back to the sea, which was no great distance. He certainly made straight for it, I following as best I could, stumbling over big stones, through a backwater, over a railing, and so back to the shingle, where at last, after half an hour of this sort of thing, my gillie gaffed him in a shallow in midstream. Then we found that I had hooked him in the back fin !

Some of the angler's worst troubles arise from defects in

his tackle, and one of the most disagreeable moments that I can recall on the river was when, in the middle of playing a fish a screw, which regulated the run of the line, came out of the middle of my reel, and I had practically to handline the salmon to the gaff. This was successfully accomplished, but it was a near thing.

Those who always have a great deal to say about the cruelty of fishing (chiefly because they have no fancy for the sport themselves) are probably ignorant of the way in which a salmon will come again at a fly within twenty-four hours of being hooked and lost, even with another fly broken in its jaw. A case in point occurred some years ago on the Spey. The present Duchess of Abercorn was fishing in the Green Bank pool and using a Silver Popham. She hooked a fish and played it for some time. Then the casting-line broke, and away went the salmon with her best Silver Popham. Next day my father was fishing, and he killed the very same fish, with the Silver Popham still in its mouth. As a matter of fact, salmon probably suffer a great deal less inconvenience from such an accident than is commonly imagined. I have seen it stated that a fish that gets away with a fly in its mouth never rests until it has rubbed it off against a stone or in some other fashion. This may be the rule, but, like other rules, it has its exceptions, for I recollect that my father, with one of my sisters and myself, went down one day just after the end of the season, a few years ago, to look at the pool immediately below the iron railway bridge that spans the river between Fochabers-on-Spey and Garmouth. I have thought since that we may have

presented a somewhat curious spectacle, as we were lying flat on our faces between the railway lines and peering through the iron sleepers at the pool beneath us. The point, however, is that, the water being low and clear, we were able te see several fish lying in rows, and in one of them we could plainly make out a large-sized " Jock Scott " sticking in the side of its mouth. Some fisherman had doubtless had an exciting time, followed by bitter disappointment, but the fish looked comfortable enough anyhow.

Terns are very common on the Spey, and graceful little birds they are, though not too warmly regarded by owners of fisheries. Mention of them reminds me of an incident which, though it concerned a mere male, I may perhaps allude to in passing. In April 1911 Major Travers was fishing the Dipple Pool with a " Thunder and Lightning." It was a very bright day, and the water was clear. Suddenly one of the terns then dipping over the river darted at the fly, which it no doubt mistook for a small fish, and got hooked in the beak. The little bird, thoroughly frightened, rose about ten yards in the air, when Major Travers was able to reel it in and let his gillie carefully remove the fly from its bill, after which it flew away none the worse for its mistake.

A great deal has been written about the best kind of fly to use on a particular river, and it used, indeed, to be stated that none but a Spey fly could kill a Spey salmon. That idea is, however, long since exploded, and scarcely a season goes by without some angler bringing up a new fly that kills quite as well as the time-honoured local patterns. A year or two

ago, I remember, I was looking over some flies at Farlow's, preparatory to stocking my book for the autumn, when my eye was caught by a gaudy concoction of scarlet feathers and gold tinsel. I asked its name, and was told that it was called the " Prawn " fly. Knowing how fatal an attraction a prawn can be to salmon (a lure, in fact, prohibited on the Spey), I thought that this might perhaps furnish the nearest legitimate approach to that bait. It was a vulgar-looking object, very different from the sober hues of our modest Spey flies, but the result was wholly satisfactory. Other members of the party, and in particular Geordie Shanks, the old gillie, looked askance at the " Prawn," yet hardly a day passed without my getting one or two fish on it, and others took to using it as well. To some extent this illustrates the indifference of salmon to a particular pattern, yet the " Lady Caroline," " Purple King," and " Green King," with other well-known Spey flies, continue to hold their own against any gaudy newcomer. As a general rule, I fish—on bright days, at any rate—down a pool in the morning with a Spey fly, a modest brown-winged fly with a silver body, or with a " Thunder and Lightning," which shows up well in the water and does great execution in bright weather. Nor is it possible to lay down the law with regard to the best size of fly, for it is quite usual for two people to get fish, one with a tiny double-hooked fly, the other with a much larger pattern at neighbouring pools on the same day.

When I began my fishing, we used nothing but 18-feet spliced Spey rods. Then I was induced by Mr. Arthur

Coventry to try his 16-feet split cane made by Hardy. As luck would have it, I hooked and killed a beautiful thirty-eight pounder at almost the first cast, and since then, as the advertisement says, " I have used no other." The cane rods are not, perhaps, quite so suitable for the Spey throw, yet I have seen it done very efficiently with them. They are certainly more easily managed when overhead casting in wind, and I nearly always use the Spey throw myself with them, for, as the reader probably knows, it enables the fisherman to get out a much longer line, and with much less effort, than any other style of casting.

Perhaps I am expected to say something about the best weather for Spey fishing, but so many people have given their opinions, not always in harmony, on the comparative value of east and west wind, rain, snow, and all the rest of it, that I hesitate to add my own. The general idea is that a day of bright sun, with a blue haze over the hills, may be better spent at a picnic than in fishing, and that if you set forth on a cloudy morning, with a little bite in the wind, and the temperature of the water as nearly as possible the same as that of the air, you may reasonably be more sanguine of sport than when other conditions prevail. And at that I will leave it.

ON SEA TROUT

W. H. CAFFYN

ON SEA TROUT

And although May and June the favourite anglers may well be content to stay by a good dry-fly river all the time, having there the best and most interesting fishing that this part of the season can give him. But after June is over, good though some days in July may be, I often feel a curious feeling of restlessness comes over me. I almost regard it as a sort of disloyalty to the river which has given so much pleasure, but it is perhaps the migratory instinct, some of which leave their young warm days have come to an end dance of food and everything that goes on, it is felt more and more of the south of England is over, a sombre monotony and silence, One feels too that the water meadows and that the air lacks freshness; and desiring a change, one begins to air. The even-flowing chalk stream, and hatches, the river which is and perfectly under control, at last there rises up before one's

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD GREY, BART., M.P.

From a drawing by W. H. Caffyn

ON SEA TROUT

By The Right Hon. Sir EDWARD GREY, M.P.

All through May and June the keenest angler may well be content to stay by a good dry-fly river, for he is having there the best and most interesting fishing that this part of the season can give him. But after June is over, good though some days in July may be, I own that a certain feeling of restlessness comes over me. I struggle against it, for it seems a sort of disloyalty to the river and the country which have given so much pleasure, but it will assert itself, just as perhaps the migratory instinct works in the nature of birds, some of which leave their summer homes long before the warm days have come to an end, while there is still abundance of food and everything that they need. As the summer goes on, it is felt more and more that the glory of the woods of the south of England is over, that they have subsided into a sombre monotony and silence, which will last till autumn. One feels too that the water meadows are a little too soft and that the air lacks freshness; and so, without consciously desiring a change, one begins to think of rocks and keener air. The even-flowing chalk stream, with its mills and dams and hatches, the river which is so clear and gentle, so docile and perfectly under control, seems just a little tame, till at last there rises up before one's mind the full-formed images

of rough noisy streams and great brown pools clearing after a flood. One stands in thought beside them, and is impatient to be really there.

It may be easy to provide the change of scene, if that is the only thing desired, but how can this change be combined with the best of fishing from the middle of July through August and into September? Some salmon rivers may, with the help of lucky floods, give good sport at this time, but the angler cannot get the best of salmon fishing now. It is only grilse and small salmon that he can expect to get at their best. The bigger fish, with which it really needs a big rod and strong salmon gut to cope, will not, as a rule, be fresh run or in fine condition. There is, however, one sort of angling that is at its best, and indeed is only good at all in the months of July, August, and September. These are the months in which the sea trout run up fresh from the sea, and it is in pursuit of them that the best sport is now to be had. It is not to large rivers that one generally goes in search of sea trout fishing, and the reason for this is to be found partly in the habits of sea trout, and partly in the arrangements made by mankind with respect to rivers and their rents. Large rivers, to which sea trout have free access, will also have numbers of salmon, and, if they are let at all, will be let at rents for which the presence of salmon is entirely responsible, and which are far in excess of what is charged or paid for the best sea trout fishing alone. Sea trout in a large salmon river are not of much more account than grouse in a deer forest, and are even looked upon as a nuisance when they are running and take a salmon fly freely,

whilst the angler is expecting salmon. If one lived always upon a large river, and could fish all through the season, it would be better in the latter half of July and beginning of August to take only a small rod and fish especially for sea trout, but at this time of year the salmon and grilse are showing freely in the streams and pools where they lie, and the angler, who may only have a very limited amount of salmon fishing in the year, generally takes the chance of getting some of the salmon which he sees, and disregards the sea trout. It is difficult to fish contentedly for smaller fish and not to try for the bigger, when the latter are constantly showing themselves, and the result is that one sometimes wastes the opportunity of first-rate sport with sea trout in order to have a very indifferent day's salmon fishing. I remember one week in July, when sea trout were running on a first-rate salmon river in Scotland. They rested in numbers in a very long stream and pool where they could easily be reached by wading, but salmon and grilse were there too, and I fished with nothing but salmon flies and salmon gut and a seventeen-feet rod. I was continually hooking sea trout of all weights from one pound to three pounds, and of course getting no fun with them on such tackle: if I had used a small rod, and been content to fish the sides of the stream and the stiller parts with sea trout flies, I should have had wonderful sport with sea trout, and probably have hooked an occasional small salmon or grilse also, even though it was impossible to cover the whole water properly with anything but a salmon rod. As it was, my total for five days was four salmon (none of them large) and six grilse,

besides a number of fresh run sea trout, which were all wasted as far as sport was concerned. The memory of that week is one of wasted opportunities which have never recurred. On the other hand, if I were by that pool again and the same conditions were present, I should remember that once in July a friend of mine landed fourteen fresh run salmon and grilse in one day from the stream there, and if I gave myself up to sea trout fishing I might be tormented by the thought that I was missing an opportunity of having such a day as he once had. Such are some of the perplexities of sea trout fishing in large rivers.

Large rivers, however, are not the most suitable for sea trout fishing. The sea trout is not content to stay for days and weeks in running water or strong streams, as the salmon is. What it really likes is to get to deep, still water as soon as possible ; and small rivers giving easy access to lochs, or having deep still reaches of their own, are the best places for sea trout fishing.

The streams and shorter pools of these rivers give the best sport of all, *when the fish are there*, but it must be remembered that sea trout pass quickly through the running water, and the best river fishing for sea trout is limited to the particular weeks of the season and the special conditions of the river, in which sea trout run up from the salt water. The season during which these fish run in the greatest numbers is in July and August. During these months they accumulate at the mouths of small rivers and burns, going to and fro in the tidal water waiting for a flood. With each flood or spate, as it is called,

quantities of the fish move up the river, and when the water is still high, but falling, the angler has his great opportunity.

Let us suppose that he has been for some days on a good sea trout river towards the end of July, that there has been no rain for some weeks, and that he has wandered about for a few days catching hardly anything, but knowing that fish are showing freely at the mouth of the river and waiting to come up. At last there comes rain. First the dust is laid; then the water begins to show upon the road; and presently little white streams appear on the sides of the hills. Still the rain becomes heavier and continues, and the angler goes out in it late in the evening to watch the river beginning to rise. He listens to the sound of rain upon the roof at night, and with the increasing certainty of a really good spate a sort of corresponding current of excitement rises in him. If the morning is fine, small rivers will be high but will soon be falling, and he goes to a favourite part almost with the certainty of good sport. Wonderful indeed is the delight of standing by a pool which for weeks has been too low, the stream at its head a weak trickle, its deep part smooth and almost stagnant, the end of it shallow, clear and hopeless, and of seeing it now full of agitation, life and rich colour. The stream, which was so desultory before, now sweeps right down and through it, rough and noisy at the top, smooth and quiet in the deep parts, but always a good current; and the whole pool seems full of character. Anything may come in such a pool as this, it may be a small sea trout or one of two, three, or four pounds, or a grilse, or a small salmon. That is the first charm of this

sort of fishing, after fishing for trout in a chalk stream ; there is such great variety of size. The average weight of sea trout caught, including the small half-pounders, may be little over one pound, but there is the chance, sometimes the probability, of hooking something of five or ten pounds or more, for grilse and small salmon are always met with in sea trout rivers ; and even the sea trout itself gets to heavy weights, though fish of five pounds and upwards are not common. While the river is high and the stream strong, the best places are in the smooth currents at the tail of deep pools and heavy water, and in gentler rippling streams at the head of long shallow flats, but the only certain guide to the best places on each river is experience, and if the angler has no one to instruct him, he must learn by fishing all places which look as if they might hold fish. If he works hard, he will soon find out good places for himself. It is especially delightful to have knowledge of the water of a river and the ways of the fish which come up it, when this knowledge has been gained by fishing alone. The angler always believes that he has discovered some special places, which are better known to himself than to anyone else. This belief is very likely true, but it is also true of other anglers, for experiences differ, and each season, even on a known river, adds something to one's knowledge of it, partly because the bed of the river and its banks are altered from time to time by floods.

There is another uncertainty about sea trout besides the glorious one of size, and that is the uncertainty of where the fish are. They seem to run very much in shoals, and one

mile of a river may be full of them when there are comparatively few above or below. Whenever there has been a spate which has made the fish move, the angler has to find out where they are, and if he does not get them at once in what he knows to be favourite places, he had better try other parts of the river at some distance. He should always remember, however, that the fish may be in the pools he has already tried and may come to the fly later, and that it is easy to waste a whole day in running about without giving any part of the river a thorough trial. There is a tendency in sea trout fishing to spend time in trying to make sure where the biggest fish are. It is well to be on one's guard against this, and to remain where one meets with the first success, or where fish are seen. When a river is high and coloured, the fish do not, as a rule, show themselves much by splashing or jumping, but whenever and wherever sea trout do show themselves in this way, it is an invaluable help to the angler, whose first object is to fish where the fish are, and whose great difficulty often is to be sure that he is doing this. What a contrast this is after a Hampshire chalk stream, where one comes to have an idea of the number and size of the trout in each meadow, and how much it adds to the wildness and hard work of fishing! In sea trout fishing there is no waiting about for the fish to come on the rise, but constant fishing and walking and experiment, and on good days the day does not seem long enough to find out for certain where the best of the fish are.

The sea trout is a wild, mysterious animal without a home, and its habits differ as much from those of brown trout as the

habits of wild fowl or woodcocks do from those of partridges. Being such a vagrant, it never has the chance of the persistent, continuous education in the matter of angling and tackle, which some brown trout receive, and its standard in the matter of flies and gut and casting is not so high or refined. On the other hand, its appetite in fresh water is more capricious; it is hardly ever on the lookout for any special flies which can be selected; and the angler has to trust more to the mood of the sea trout and his own knowledge of the river after a spate than to any superior excellence of skill beyond the average, or extra fineness of tackle. When sea trout are in the mood, they take as freely as brown trout ever do, but in fresh water they are liable to longer spells of indifference or obstinacy. I think that, as is the case with salmon, sea trout do not enter rivers till they have stored up enough fat to last them, if need be, till they have spawned; but either because they still retain the power of digestion, or because they are more active and alert, more easily interested in what comes before them, they certainly rise to the fly much better than salmon do. One which I caught with a fly in a river after a spate disgorged several of the common black slugs, and it is clear therefore that they sometimes bring an appetite with them into fresh water. But for all that, sea trout cannot either expect or need to find a stock of food in clean rocky or stony fresh water, and the angler must be prepared for their often behaving like creatures that are quite independent of feeding.

The rise of a sea trout is generally bold and even fierce. Sometimes it takes the fly with a silent boil, or even without

any sign on the surface if the fly is deeply sunk. The typical rise, however, of a sea trout has some sound about it. There is a quick white splash in the dark water, and (if the line is tight) the fish hooks itself. So violent and rapid sometimes is the sea trout's manner of seizing the fly that it is not safe to use very fine drawn gut, for tackle which may be quite strong enough to play and land a three or four pound fish in open water, cannot always be trusted to stand the jerk of the sudden rush with which even a two pound fish seizes the fly. A sea trout is not in the habit of feeding quietly upon flies floating at ease upon the surface. It may do this occasionally, but it is not used to this method of feeding as brown trout are, and it takes a fly moving under water, as if the fly were a thing trying to escape from it. There are days when almost every fish that rises seems to hook itself without needing effort or attention on the angler's part ; and there are other days—generally in bright weather when the water is low,—when the fish rise short, because they are shy ; they just touch the fly, and on these days I think the angler can do a good deal to improve his sport by striking quickly, by using fine gut, and by fishing delicately with a long line. There are yet other days when sea trout rise boldly and playfully, but fail to touch the fly at all ; and indeed " fail " is the wrong word to use, for I think that on these days the fish do not intend to take the fly, and their rises are the results of high spirits and exuberant activity. And so the angler appears to have an excellent chance each time of hooking a fish, when the fish has perhaps never opened its mouth at all. Sometimes a sea trout that has risen and not

been touched by the hook will rise again, but they are very uncertain in this respect, and I do not fish over one a second time with the same expectation of another rise, that I feel in the case of a salmon that has risen once and missed the fly. Of course, one always feels wronged and aggrieved when a sea trout, which has not been pricked and has no excuse, refuses to give another chance, but there are days when fish after fish rises once, and only once, without touching the hook. On the whole, however, sea trout, when they do rise, may be said to take hold very well.

It was said just now that sea trout fishing was especially dependent upon the state of the water, and it is true that a falling river after a spate is the great opportunity, but the angler need not despair even when the water is at its lowest, if there have previously been floods to bring fish into the river, and if there are fairly deep pools and long stretches of deep, still water. The fish collect in these places when the water is low, and if there is a breeze, which blows fairly up or down the stream and so makes a good ripple, a very good basket may be made. Even when there is no breeze and a bright sun, it is possible to have some sport with the small class of sea trout known as "herling" and by various other names. These smaller fish run later than most of the large ones, and are often met with in shoals. They average only between half a pound and three-quarters of a pound, but they fight with extraordinary activity and strength, and they sometimes rise when no other fish thinks of doing so. I was once by a small sea trout river on one very hot, bright day in August. The streams were

shrunken and weak, the still places were smooth as glass, and the water, as is the case in bare rocky parts of the Western Islands, was very little tinged with peat and exceptionally clear. The fish were in the river, but there was only depth enough for them in quite still water, and to fish in that seemed hopeless. I sat down and opened my box of flies. Ordinary sea trout flies seemed double their proper size on such a day and by such water. One could not think of trying them, and one shuddered at the thickness of undrawn gut, and yet there was the river, and the day, and the fish, and I was alone and seven miles from the lodge. Something had to be done. So I took out a well-tapered trout cast ending in fine drawn gut, and added about a yard of transparent stout gut to the thick end of it. On the fine end I put a plain black hackle fly of a size suitable for brown trout. A really heavy basket was, of course, out of the question, and I did not rise any large fish, though there were some to be seen at the bottom of the pools ; but by using a small rod and this very fine tackle, I did succeed in getting about ten pounds' weight of the smaller fish and, though the largest was under one pound, I had many a good fight. The conditions made the fishing interesting; there was enough success to keep me at work; and if the result was not very remarkable, it was at any rate enough to give a feeling of having overcome difficulties, and saved what seemed at first a hopeless situation. It was very pretty fishing too, for one could see the gleam of the silver fish, even when they came short or took a fly under water. In similar conditions, but with a little breeze, I have found fresh-run fish up to a pound

and a half in weight rise freely. Fresh-run sea trout are at all times exceedingly tender-mouthed, and, with small hooks, one must expect to lose many of them, even with the most careful handling.

Of all fish, the sea trout fights the best in proportion to its size. Its strength when fresh-run is greater than that of a brown trout of the same size, and being, as it often is, a stranger to the pool, or at best only a temporary visitor, it does not so often concentrate its efforts upon getting to some known refuge, but rushes wildly from place to place. The fight of a sea trout is thus stronger than that of a brown trout and, if possible, even more active and full of quick turns. There is no fish with which one has to be so much on one's guard against being surprised, either by sudden rushes or by jumps in the air, and as far as the actual playing of a fish is concerned, for sheer enjoyment and rapidity of sensation, I prefer a good fresh run sea trout of three or four pounds in a river on a single-handed rod and fine tackle to anything else.

For this sort of fishing in a small river, I like to use a single-handed rod, but one that is very strong. One not only has more sport with the fish hooked on a rod like this, but one fishes more delicately, and can use finer gut than is safe with a double-handed rod ; and finer gut makes a considerable difference in the number of fish hooked, except when the water is very much coloured. With a small rod, an angler, who has nerve and patience, will land even salmon successfully on a casting line tapered to end with the finest undrawn gut, provided always that the water is free from obstructions, such

as tree roots and weeds, and that the angler can follow the fish either along the bank or by wading.

Every now and then comes the great event of hooking a grilse or salmon on a sea trout rod and fine tackle, and then there is a long and most interesting contest, to which the angler addresses himself, with every nerve strung by excitement. At first, his business is to be very modest in asserting himself, and to save his tackle by following the fish as much as he can, rather than by letting out line, which may get drowned in the current. But from the first he selects some favourable piece of water below him, and endeavours to conduct the fish towards it. Often enough, in spite of all he can do, the contest drifts away from the desired place; for the fish may get there too soon and carry the angler past it, in which case he must then select with his eye some other place and make that the object of his movements. The best place of all for the last stage of the fight, when the angler feels that the time has come to contend not only for the safety of his tackle but for victory, is a quiet backwater with a shelving bank of gravel, which is even, and free from very large stones. Any smooth, shallow place will do well enough, but a backwater sometimes brings sudden confusion and helplessness upon a tired fish. When a fresh grilse or salmon has been landed on sea trout tackle and a single-handed rod, the angler must have made good use of his resources of quickness, judgment, decision, patience and self-control, and should feel that, come what may afterwards, the good fortune of that day's angling has been made safe.

Hitherto angling for sea trout in rivers only has been dis-

cussed in this chapter, but probably more of these fish are caught by anglers in lochs than in rivers. It is a pity that this should have to be so, but, if a loch is accessible, sea trout will not rest till they get to it, and there they are content to remain till they go up the small streams to spawn. Loch fishing is for obvious reasons not so interesting as river fishing. There are not the variety and individuality of stream and pool and condition of water; whilst in most cases it is necessary to fish from a boat, drifting sideways with the wind, so that the angler is always moving involuntarily towards his own flies, which he is at the same time working towards himself. Most people very much prefer to fish from firm ground, where they can cast when they please, move as they please, and stop where they please to linger over a favourite place.

On some lochs, however, the sea trout lie near the sides, and can be reached either from the bank or by wading. There the angler can be independent, and may have very good sport, though the advantage of covering a large extent of water turns the scale in favour of a double-handed rod. Except on very rough days, fine tackle is important in loch fishing, and as, in angling from the bank, one cannot make sure of being able to follow the fish, it is necessary, not to have a heavier line, but to have more of it. I once hooked a grilse of nearly five pounds on trout tackle, and a single-handed rod, when I had only thirty yards of line on the reel, and when I was fishing from the bank of a loch on which there was no boat. Twice the grilse ran dangerously near to the limit of the line; twice, as a last resource, I slacked the line as much as I could, in the

hope of making the fish think it was free and cease its efforts, and each time it seemed puzzled, and let me very quietly and cautiously recover some line. Whether a catastrophe was really saved by these tactics I cannot be sure, but they are worth trying in an emergency. That grilse, at any rate, was landed.

In lochs, the fish are even more capricious in their moods than they are in rivers. One generally attributes these moods to the weather. There always seems to me to be something in the weather, on any given day, when the fish will not rise, which is the cause of my having no sport; and, being of an excessively sanguine temperament—of which I hope never to be cured—I discover that evening some change, actual or impending, in the wind, or the sky, or the temperature, which I am satisfied will make the next day entirely different. I look forward full of happy expectation. Yet with all this study of weather, I have not been able to arrive at any theory which is satisfactory.

The best day I ever had with sea trout in a river was when the water was not very high, and there was a gloomy gale from the east in August. The best day I ever had on a loch was bright and hot, and with only a very slight breeze—not nearly enough in appearance for fishing. Till midday I had not had one rise, and had only seen two fish. Then the breeze improved just enough to make a small ripple, and quantities of daddy-long-legs came upon the water; the little black loch trout all under four ounces were very pleased with these straggling insects, and pursued and took them. I did not actually see a sea trout take one, but the large fish began to

show by making boils on the surface, and my belief is that the daddy-long-legs were the cause ; and wherever the sea trout showed, and I could reach them from the bank, they took my fly.

There is very interesting sea trout fishing to be had in Shetland, of which I once had some experience. It was on a property of some 12,000 acres, remote from all hotels, and so indented by small and large voes that the actual coast line was about thirty miles, all wild and rocky. There were innumerable lochs, but the overflow of most of them fell into the sea over some precipice, which no fish could ascend, and the sea trout lochs were practically only two in number. Two burns flowed from these lochs to the sea, and joined each other about a mile from their common mouth. Very little was known about the fish, as far as angling was concerned, and I found myself—for I was alone in the first days—with the delightful prospect of exploring the possibilities of salt and fresh water, remarkable for both extent and variety. When first I saw the burn, it was very low, and the deeper part of it looked like a sulky, black ditch. This burn had so little water that it seemed impossible any fish could have got up the rocky places at the mouth, but even then there were fresh-run sea trout up to two pounds' weight in the black peaty holes, and they took a fly well. When a spate came in the last week of August, and in other spates during September, quantities of sea trout and grilse came up this burn, and we always found a number of fresh-run fish in its pools willing to rise at all heights of water.

The lochs were less satisfactory. There was no boat upon them, the bottom was of soft peat, and the wading peculiar. After wading a few steps into the water, one's feet sank into the soft bottom, masses of bubbles came up with a wallowing sound, and one had an impression of standing upon a yielding surface, which would collapse suddenly and let one down into an abyss. There was no firm ground in the lochs whatever, but we became used to the alarming feel of the soft peat and to the bubbles, and in time lost our fear, though we observed a certain caution to the end. The most troublesome habit of the lochs was that of becoming perfectly thick after a night of wind and rain, and even in the rare and short intervals of quiet weather the water in them was always full of floating particles. I think the fish would have risen better in clearer water, but, even as it was, we found that some fish would take so long as the colour of the lochs remained black; when the colour became brown, fishing in them was hopeless.

The third and most interesting sort of fishing was in the voes in salt water. There was one voe some two miles in length, with two small burns about a quarter of a mile apart at the head of it. It looked a likely place upon the large map, and we walked over to it one Sunday afternoon to see and hear what we could. There were a few crofters near the sea at the place, and we were told by one of them that fish were seen jumping in the voe in September, and that someone was supposed to have fished there once and caught nothing. We thought this hopeful, for where fish are seen in Shetland they may be caught, and one day I walked over to experiment. I

seldom spent a more wretched and hopeless morning. There was no sign of a sea trout, and to be wading amongst sea weed, throwing small flies in common salt water with a split cane rod, seemed perfectly foolish and mad. The burns were only large enough for minnows, and I could see that there was nothing in them. Discomfort was added to hopelessness, for my mackintosh had been forgotten, and some miles of rough peat hags and bogs were between me and the house: the morning had been fine, but about ten o'clock a series of cold, pitiless storms began, which lashed the voe with wind and heavy rain. This would not have been intolerable, if it had not been for the long waders, without which the deep water of the voe could not be reached; but to stand in heavy rain with waders nearly up to the arm-pits, and without an overcoat, is to turn oneself into a receptacle for collecting fresh water. Desolate hills rose immediately behind, and as each storm came frowning up over the top of them, I retired from the water and crouched behind an old boat on the shore till the fury was past. After some hours of flogging the sea, hooking only sea weed, and dodging the storms, there was no spirit left in me. Blank despair overwhelmed me, and I turned to go. My back was to the water, but I had got only a few paces from it when I heard a splash, and looking round, saw where a fish had jumped, the first sign of one seen that day. I went straight to the place and caught a sea trout almost at once, and in the few remaining hours of the day landed sixteen pounds' weight of fish with fly. It may not seem a very heavy basket, but it was something to carry over

the moor in addition to heavy waders, and not to be despised as a contrast to the prospect of the morning. I had a delightful reaction from despair to good spirits, and the satisfaction which perhaps a successful prospector or pioneer feels in a new country. The largest fish that day was under three pounds, but I lost one or two good fish in sea weed, and saw some much larger.

We still had much to learn about that voe and the trout there. They moved with the tide, and we had to understand their habits and follow their movements. Sometimes the burns had been in flood and brought down muddy fresh water which floated on the top of the sea water. A good wind soon carried this out to sea, but if the wind was blowing up instead of down the voe, it dammed back all the burn water at the head, and made fishing impossible. Much time was spent in learning these and other tricks or secrets of the place.

Some of the trout in the sea were brown trout. The largest we caught weighed four pounds and three-quarters, and several were over two pounds. They were perfectly distinct from the sea trout, and had yellow under-sides and some red spots, but their flesh was in colour and flavour that of sea trout. We saw several grilse and small salmon jumping in this voe, and in October they turned quite red without having been in fresh water at all, but we did not succeed in hooking any of them. I suppose that none of the large fish, neither salmon, sea trout, nor brown trout, attempted to enter the little burns till they were quite ready to spawn. They then

could have gone only a little way up in a flood, and no doubt returned to the sea immediately after having spawned.

We were told that there were no true salmon in Shetland, but we certainly caught many fish from three pounds to six pounds, which were exactly like grilse, and would have been called grilse without hesitation anywhere else. They were quite distinct from the sea trout, though the latter overlapped the grilse in size, and our largest sea trout were heavier than our smallest grilse. Some of the large fish, which were jumping in the voes, were apparently salmon, and perhaps we might have hooked some of them, if we had used some large bait instead of flies, but we were always having some success with flies, expecting still more, and experimenting with flies of different kinds, and so the time passed away. In spite of the forked tail and other distinctions, I cannot say that I always find it quite easy to be sure whether a fish which I have landed is a large grilse or a small salmon ; but the difference between sea trout and grilse seems to me clear enough, for the one is unmistakably a trout, and the other is not.

Migratory *Salmonidæ* are generally divided into three species —*Salmo salar*, *Salmo eriox*, and *Salmo trutta*. Of *Salmo eriox*, the bull trout, I have had no experience. It has the reputation of being a powerful fish, but a very bad riser, and in rivers such as the Coquet of being almost useless for angling purposes. As a kelt it takes a fly well enough in the spring. *Salmo trutta*, the salmon trout, is, I believe, the best sporting fish for its size in the world. There seem to me to be two distinct classes of *Salmo trutta*. There is the mature fish, which

ranges in weight from one pound up to five pounds as a rule, and may grow exceptionally to much larger weights; and there is a smaller fish, which enters the rivers rather later in vast quantities. This latter ranges in weight from four ounces to any size up to one pound. It goes by various names on different rivers, but is commonly supposed to be the grilse of *Salmo trutta*, and both in its appearance and in its rash, unwary nature, it has all the characteristics of being a young fish, which is mature in neither mind nor body. In most rivers, however, these fish of the smaller class seem to outnumber the mature sea trout of all ages, which is not the case, taking all the season through, as between grilse and salmon.

Sometimes I think that sea trout fishing is the best of all sport. It combines all the wildness of salmon fishing with the independence of trout fishing, and one may have all the excitement of hooking large fish without using a heavy rod and heavy tackle. There is less rule and less formality about it than there is about salmon fishing, and there seems more scope for the individuality of the angler. Perhaps this is partly because the sea trout season comes so directly after a long period of work in the stale air of cities, and coincides with the first burst into freedom and fresh atmosphere. The difference is so great in August, after a few days of exercise in the air of the North, that there come times when the angler, who wanders alone after sea trout down glens and over moors, has a sense of physical energy and strength beyond all his experience in ordinary life. Often after walking a mile or two on the way to the river, at a brisk pace, there comes upon one

a feeling of " fitness," of being made of nothing but health and strength so perfect, that life need have no other end but to enjoy them. It is as though till that moment one had breathed with only a part of his lungs, and as though now for the first time the whole lungs were filling with air. The pure act of breathing at such times seems glorious. People talk of being a child of nature, and moments such as these are the times when it is possible to feel so ; to know the full joy of animal life—to desire nothing beyond. There are times when I have stood still for joy of it all, on my way through the wild freedom of a Highland moor, and felt the wind, and looked upon the mountains and water and light and sky, till I felt conscious only of the strength of a mighty current of life, which swept away all consciousness of self, and made me a part of all that I beheld.

DAPPING ON LOUGH DERG

DAPPING ON LOUGH DERG

"May-fly fishing; come at once."

This telegram on my London breakfast-table puts thoughts of all else out of my head. The irresistible call of the west is in my ears; and nothing else matters.

A visit to the fishing-tackle makers; the rest of the day devoted to the settling-up of such odds and ends of business as can be settled, leaving the remainder to settle themselves; and by 8.45 P.M. I have done with Fleet Street and din of the Great City, and glide out from Euston into the night.

The opal-tinted hills of Wicklow smile a welcome, as the mail-boat enters Dublin Bay next morning. Our breakfast-tray waits us on the Kingstown jetty; Dublin is soon left behind. By 9.30 the train has dropped me at the little way-side station—its station-house buried in yellow laburnums—on the border of the promised land.

An hour's drive brings us to a grey village nestling among leafy trees, where we stop at the Post Office, ostensibly to give directions about letters and suchlike abominations, but in reality to shake hands with the genial old postmaster, while the young ladies of the establishment cluster round; and between them we are told of all the things of moment in the district since our last visit a year agone. Of how Father Pat

TROUT

DAPPING ON LOUGH DERG

By Sir THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE, Bart., M.P.

"MAY-FLY rising; come at once."

This telegram on my London breakfast-table puts thought of all else out of my head. The irresistible call of the wild is in my ears; and nothing else matters.

A visit to the fishing-tackle makers; the rest of the day devoted to the settling-up of such odds and ends of business as can be settled, leaving the remainder to settle themselves; and by 8.45 P.M. I have done with the dust and din of the Great City, and glide out from Euston into the night.

The opal-tinted hills of Wicklow smile a welcome, as the mail-boat enters Dublin Bay next morning. Our breakfast-car waits us on the Kingstown jetty; Dublin is soon left behind. By 9.30 the train has dropped me at the little way-side station—its station-house buried in yellow laburnums—on the border of the promised land.

An hour's drive brings us to a grey village nestling among leafy trees, where we stop at the Post Office, ostensibly to give directions about letters and suchlike abominations, but in reality to shake hands with the genial old postmaster, while the young ladies of the establishment cluster round; and between them we are told of all the things of moment in the district since our last visit a year agone. Of how Father Pat

sold the young bay horse—a grand lepper—to Colonel H—— at his own price ; and how a new master—out of England—is coming to hunt the hounds next season. Of how Paddy Mack has built himself a new house ; and how Bessie Kennedy has been left a fortune in America. And then we talk business ; and we hear that Mrs. E—— killed the first fish of the season yesterday off Fool's Island, and how Mr. D—— lost a monster in the evening by Clondegoff, and nearly went into the lake after it. Followed by a chorus of good wishes for our success at the dapping, we drive on again.

Our road lies through an undulating country magnificently cultivated, chequered with patches of brown, where the rich soil is ploughed for the turnip crop ; the rest a study in greens, where barley, oats, and potatoes alternate with grass fields well stocked with cattle and sheep. Scattered all about are the houses of the people, their little gardens gay with flowers, in nearly all of them the inevitable bee-hive—truly a land flowing with milk and honey. Our horizon is bounded by hills—some green, some grey, some cut into fantastic shapes ; others with dark masses of woodlands on their sides—while as far as the eye can reach Celtic raths and duns, and battered Norman towers sentinel the greater eminences. And the air is heavy with the scent of may and lilac and gorse, and over all broods the languorous haze of an Irish summer's day.

We climb a steeper gradient on our road, and away to the left glitters a silver crescent between two rock-capped hills. I take off my hat to it, for that is our Mecca—incomparable Lough Derg.

DAPPING ON LOUGH DERG

Another twenty minutes and we reach our destination, where the welcome of the country greets us. There are friends to meet—some old, others new. There is the news of the fishing to discuss, and the all-important topic of the weather. There is luncheon, and we do justice to it. Then there are rods to unpack; and finally there is Danny to find. Of Danny more anon.

Dapping is a peculiarly Irish form of sport, with a fascination of its own. I have delightful recollections of Lough Corrib, and of the Westmeath Lakes in this connection; on both I have had good sport in good company. But of all our dapping districts I prefer Lough Derg. I admit that I fish Lough Derg under specially favoured conditions, but I know of no place where this fishing is to be carried on amid more romantic surroundings or lovelier scenery. And nowhere are there better fish, heavier or stronger fighters, than in the great lake to whose shores I have brought my readers.

Nearly half of its splendid length now lies before us. Its lower half is invisible behind a range of hills to the left, but away in the blue sky, some twenty miles off as the crow flies, we can see the black mass of the Keeper Mountain frowning down on Killaloe at Lough Derg's southern extremity; and the broad waters before us, varying from three to ten miles in width, are dotted with rocks and islets—some bare, some tree-covered—and are narrowed by promontories or widened by bays. Here, surely, is an ideal home for sportive trout, a fisherman's paradise!

Into the technique of dapping I do not go. Technicalities

are odious anywhere, and specially so on paper. Their safest atmosphere is that of the smoking-room after dinner, when fish stories are in order. There one may comfortably lay down laws with which nobody else agrees; and debate the many moot points of flies, and hooks, and blow-lines, and light and wind and weather, and all the rest of it.

Taking these minutes as read, we will deal briefly with the question of Dannies.

To the dapper a Danny is absolutely indispensable. The success or failure of your operations, the pleasure or otherwise of your experiences, depend mainly upon him. Your Danny is a good fairy in homespun. He does everything, or thereabouts. He takes charge of you, protects you, teaches you, cheers you up, rejoices with you appropriately when the occasion arises, catches flies for you, puts up your rod, mends it when necessary, directs you as to the number of flies to mount, puts them on for you when you fumble with them, decides as to the weight of line to use, navigates your boat, hooks your fish sometimes; and, if you are wise, invariably lands them; lights your fire, boils your kettle, saves you from a watery death now and then; and generally does all things needful. And what your Danny does not know about the etiquette of Dapping, of winds and waters, of where to go for trout, and what to do when you hook them, you certainly don't know, whoever else may.

On Lough Derg all the best people have Dannies. There are Dannies and Dannies, of course; but in my experience there is no Danny like my Danny. Year after year we have

dapped, almost unbrokenly, since we were boys together. We have had red-letter days of glorious sport. We have had many a bad day as well. But when the may-fly appears on Lough Derg we are inseparable, and when one season ends we look forward to the next ; and we are both inclined to think that when our course is run, and the kindly Irish earth covers us over, we won't be completely happy, in that place to which all good fishermen go, if we can't still go dapping together.

And now that we have been properly introduced all round, we will proceed to business.

A furious sou'wester is raging up the lake and shrieking through the trees. The black waters are covered with racing white horses, and the yeasty-coloured foam flies round Danny as I meet him by the little pier among the rocks below Drominagh Castle, the ruin of which is about the only thing that seems unmoved by the war of the elements. It has seen too many storms in its five hundred years to mind this one.

" What of the day, Danny ? " I query.

" The win's in the right point ; an' if we're goin' to be drowned, we'll be drowned. Come on, sir."

Danny wears a headpiece something like those weird arrangements that lovely ladies considered fashionable a year or two since, and it is excellent for dapping. He draws this down below his ears with both hands, and off we go. A fairly stiff pull, and we reach the other side of the bay, where we find ourselves in comparative shelter. We try a drift or two—but no ! The boat moves too quickly. The wind, coming round the trees, strikes the water in vicious squalls ; our flies are

drowned ; and besides, the storm churns up the yellow sand from the bottom ; and no self-respecting trout will feed under such conditions. So we pull back into shelter again. Danny lights his pipe, looks round over the troubled waters and at the ragged clouds overhead ; and by and by—

" We'll try the point of Bownla, sir. We'll take the passage. She'll float all right."

I am a child in Danny's hands, so I agree. We turn the boat to the east, and creep along the shore to where a jungle of tall reeds and water-lilies—yclept " the passage "—divides our bay from the next. The reeds are bending nearly double as the gale rushes over them—we pole the boat over the shallows ; and then our work is cut out for us, for this next bay is some three miles wide. There is no more shelter, and there are many rocks. After a strenuous struggle, sometimes with both oars out on the lee side, we win through, somewhat damper than when we started, and get our wind behind the " comb," a curious serrated boulder that spouts and whistles. And then says Danny :

" Three flies, sir ! You do the fishin' till I get her past the Table."

Obediently I make it three flies, and my line flies out ; while Danny, oar in hand astern, watches intently until we are safely by a gigantic mass of submerged limestone covered with seething breakers. Then, dropping the centreboard to steady the boat, he starts fishing from his end. It was blowing a gale ; but the wind blew steadily, now that we had cleared the land, and though the waves were middling ugly, our boat

was well balanced, and we drifted over them well enough, and could fish in comparative comfort, and we had a mile of good fishing water before us. I watched my flies sailing up the sides of the waves, over their crests, and disappearing into the hollows beyond. An exclamation reached me.

" What's the matter ? " I ask.

" Missed him ! Bad luck to him ! They're risin' now, sir. We'll get a fish yet," comes back the answer, as Danny brings in his line, and puts up three more flies. And we drift on over the black rollers to the tune of the whistling wind. Suddenly !—is it fancy ?—a swirl drowns my flies. No ! it's a rise ! A big tail flickers for a fraction of a second, and vanishes. The regulation pause—a firm strike—

" Got him, Danny," I shout as my line screams through the reel.

" Well done, sir ! Keep him," says Danny, as he continues to fish imperturbably.

Twenty yards off my fish flings himself furiously out of the water, and disappears again with a splash like the break of a wave. The top of my rod goes down automatically—I feel him again gently. Away goes the line with another scream.

" He's makin' for Connaught," says Danny, as he follows the fight with a critical eye. (Connaught is some four miles off.)

This time my fish goes deep, and does not break water. By and by the line slacks ; I reel up gingerly.

" What about the net, Danny ? " I venture.

" No fear," he answers promptly. " That's a fish, and no pinkeen. He won't die so easy." And Danny knows.

As soon as I feel him, my fish is off once more. Another ten yards of line flies out, and the spurt ends in another magnificent leap into the air that brings my heart into my mouth. But happily all is well. I feel him again, and we settle down to a good straight fight. I try to bring him round to windward, according to rule, but the fish is a heavy one, and the water is too bad, so, after several cautious attempts, I abandon the idea. As we drift up towards the centre of the lake, the waves grow bigger, but we are clear of rocks, and that is a relief. We are now in very deep water, so Danny brings home his rod, lights up his pipe, and watches. I take in line carefully when I can. My fish comes a little way towards me, and then starts off again down wind. He has given up the Connaught programme and heads for Clanrickards Castle, six miles away. I have never had so interesting a fight, and against all rules ; but then I have rarely if ever dapped in such a storm—and a floss silk line takes some handling in a gale, with a jumpy boat at one end and a game fish at the other. On this occasion happily the line held good. Some four miles from where he rose, after a struggle of close on forty minutes, my fish lay on the bottom of the boat.

" Between 5 and 6—and nearer 6 than 5. It was a grand fight, sir ! We did well to come out," was Danny's comment.

The trout scaled very nearly 6 lb.

One day, when deserted by Danny, who had to attend a funeral, a fair compatriot took pity on me, and consented

to dap in my boat. It had been blowing and raining during the night, but with the morning the wind moderated, and the sun came out. The lake was moving in long rollers crossed by those stretches of foam that the experienced dapper loves to see. It was obviously a fishing day ; and as we pulled to our beat we noticed several rises ; while every now and then a green may-fly, freshly risen, scudded past along the waves. The " white crows," as terns are called thereabouts, followed in our wake, swooping down continually to pick up one of these tempting mouthfuls. Altogether things looked promising, though the going was none too easy. We made our tryst eventually, went about, and let our lines go.

We had a peck or two—but the fish were coming short, until presently a very fine fish jumped clean out of the water, but outside our course. We drifted on ; and then, as I looked back, I saw the fish rise again, evidently feeding greedily. This decided me ; and pulling the boat round, and well outside of where the big trout was disporting himself, we drifted down on him again. Fortune favoured me. As we reached his locale, he came at my fly like a terrier pouncing on a rat. He was so much in earnest that I could see him on the top of the water, and half out of it, as he snapped greedily at the fly. He was on ! But instead of behaving in the usual manner, as soon as he felt the hook he made straight for the boat like a torpedo, dived under it, and came up with a rush and a whirl of spray on the other side. Then he continued his mad race up wind, and this saved me, for, by the greatest of good luck, my line did not foul in the keel ; and thanks to my rod—a split

cane Leonard, an old and reliable and much-travelled friend—I got round the bows, and was soon in a position to talk to my impetuous antagonist. But he was an unconventional character, and tried the trick again as soon as I tried to check him, and raced for the boat once more while I took in line for all I was worth. Happily he kept a bit away this time, and, passing the boat, he ran down wind at his best pace, ending this second run with a Catherine wheel in the air, like a thoroughbred *ouananiche*. There was nothing for it but to treat him with all the respect and skill I knew, for he was a most disconcerting customer. Eventually he condescended to come round to windward, and I began to breathe more freely.

Just then a horrible thought flashed into my mind. The shoal we were over was studded with upstanding rocks. You could see their tops below the water in calm weather, when one could drift over them easily. But on a day like this it was a different matter. Many of them were much too high; and there was one reef in particular I had no wish to come upon—a long sharp edge, rising from goodness knew how far down, like the crest of a broken pyramid.

Just as this horrible recollection came into my head there was a bump and a jar! The stern of the boat stood still, and my end began to swing round at a decidedly unpleasant angle. My fair companion was fishing at the time. In the rolling water the dark ridge had escaped her eye; and she had never been on that coast before. I could do nothing. I simply sat, and held on to my rod. But she proved herself more than equal to the situation. Indeed, but for her the story might

never have been written. She flung the butt of her rod into the boat, seized an oar lying beside her, and pushed against the ridge with all her strength. And the boat slid off, just as a big wave thumped against the side, and deluged us both with part of its icy contents. We were safe, however, and, but for the wetting, none the worse for the adventure; and, miracle of miracles, my fish was still on. But we were not yet out of the wood, for the wind had shifted more to the west, and we were drifting into a small cove littered with rocks, some above water and more below; and it was blowing harder. I proposed to break with my fish, but my companion would not hear of it. Instead, she volunteered to take charge of the boat as long as I did my duty by the trout.

And she carried out the compact magnificently. For not only did she bring us out of the dangerous cove, but she kept me off a long lee-shore; and finally, as the squall increased in strength and the sea grew worse, she rowed me round a sheltering point where, in comparatively smooth water, my fish eventually yielded himself to her net. That fish was certainly a gentleman. He weighed 5 lb., and his colour underneath was something quite unusual, almost an orange-red.

The best day's dapping Danny and I ever had opened with one of those lovely mornings on which one feels glad to be alive. The cuckoos were answering each other across the water, and the cackling jackdaws circled round the ivy-clad Keep, as we pushed off after an early breakfast. The coots were squabbling and splashing all along the shore; and away in the reeds the wild duck were vociferously debating questions

of domestic economy as we paddled leisurely to a favourite haunt of ours where we had decided to begin operations. There was just wind enough to carry a light blow-line, and fleecy clouds tempered the sun's rays, and prevented that glare on the water which is one of the dapper's inconveniences. We started fishing. Danny was in the bows, within a stone's throw of the shore. He wanted to turn the boat's nose out to sea, but I was lazy, and insisted on starting as we were. I was sitting in the stern with my flies in my hand drinking in the beauty of the morning, and watching the effects of light and shade caused by the slowly moving clouds in the Camintha Hills opposite, when something impelled me to look in Danny's direction. As I looked, his fly vanished with scarcely a ripple. It was a rise ! Danny struck, and almost instantly a huge fish flung himself out of the water, so close to me that I could hear the whirring of his fins, and plunged in again with a spout of spray like a diving pelican. A Homeric battle then began. My laziness bore at once its retributive fruit. The boat was lying the wrong way. We were in an exceedingly tight place, close inshore and surrounded by rocks and clumps of up-standing reeds. The trouble was of my own making, and I had to get out of it. Danny said nothing—the occasion was too solemn for words—but sat quite still and played his fish like the consummate artist he is. Eventually I got the boat round, and manœuvred her out into the open, thanks indeed to luck rather than to skill, while all the time the fish raced and jumped and dived to the bottom, and shot up again, and twisted and turned and threw somersaults, and did all those

things that a Lough Derg trout knows so well how to do, behaving in short like a creature possessed, and in the grandest manner. At last we gained the open, and it was my turn to smoke and look on—and it was grand. A good Lough Derg trout is livelier than any salmon ; and this particular trout was a champion. He was on the right side of the boat, however, and that made all the difference, for we kept gradually drifting, and he had to come with us ; unlike the case I have already described. All the same, he had no inclination to come to close quarters, and it was some thirty minutes later that Danny was first able to bring him within hail. When I saw the long glistening side shining through the wavelets for the first time I was amazed.

" Danny," I said, " he's too big for the net."

" Don't be flustered, sir ! Do the best ye can ; but don't let him go," panted Danny, nearly breathless from his exertions.

But the champion did not like my appearance. He righted himself and sailed off majestically into the deeps, Danny wisely making no attempt to stop him. When the run was ended, he brought him round a second time. But there was fight in the champion still.

" I'll take no risks, Danny," I said. " Let him go again." And away he curved, but not so far this time.

Once more Danny brought him round, slowly, carefully, the ripples running over his golden flank.

" Take him now, sir," he pleaded. " There's luck in odd numbers, and I'm fairly bet."

The big net slid under the semi-conscious champion.

He was the heaviest fish, bar one, I have yet helped into a boat on Lough Derg. He now displays his fine proportions in a glass case with the label " 8 lbs.," and the date underneath. While Danny rested after this memorable achievement, I went on dapping ; missed a fish or two and then hooked another. At first I imagined he was a second champion, he fought so gallantly ; but he was 3 lb. lighter than the great fish when we got him in. Then Danny, fired by my example, brought home a fine 4-pounder ; and then the breeze died away. So we made leisurely for the shore ; landed, laid out our prizes in a shady place, and covered them with cool rushes. Next we chose a soft spot among the aromatic juniper bushes, carpeted with long yellow moss, and yielded ourselves to the charm of the scene, while the sunbeams danced across the lake to the music of the curlews and the ringdoves, and the drone of myriads of insect wings.

By and by Danny, the energetic, proposed boiling the kettle, an invitation to which I readily responded, and we made tea. That much accomplished, Danny suggested that we had done well. I agreed. He further opined that we might do better. I had no valid objection to urge, though, to tell the truth, I was loth to exchange my soft cushions of yellow moss for the hard seats of the boat. But, as usual, Danny had his way, and off we paddled again. And eventually the breeze came up, and we let out our lines. Shortly afterwards Danny missed a fish, and I missed another. Then Danny missed a third, whereupon he began to grumble, and to say unkind things about my fish-hooks ; but almost immediately there was a splash about my fly, and I had a fish on. Danny cheered up,

and eventually that fish came on board—another 4-pounder. Then came Danny's turn, and he brought in two, and soon I followed him with a third. And then our lucky breeze left us—and left us for good. We had made our record : 29 lb. of trout.

The fish continued feeding. We watched them as they moved on every side. The lake lay like a sheet of glass, and everywhere round the shores and over the shoals, and even in deep water, we could see the widening rings as the flies resting on the surface were drawn down. It is curious to watch a string of flies floating on the water these calm evenings. A trout sails along, his back occasionally breaking the surface. He discovers the first fly, and most methodically he proceeds to suck them down, one after another until the last is gone. Suddenly, as if by signal, the feeding stops. Not a ripple stirs the surface, not a ring is to be seen. As Danny puts it, the fish are gone to bed.

We wait on and watch the sunset. These Lough Derg sunsets are indescribably glorious. The sun hangs low in the west—a great crimson ball swinging in ultramarine deepening to darkest sapphire. He drops lower and lower, and his reflection streams across the black water, a broad pillar of fire. A cloud swims in front of him and the whole western sky is red, and the waters turn blood colour, reminding us of the legend from which Lough Derg derives its name. And the mountains to the west stand out black as ebony, with a fringe of fire, and the eastern hills light up with the afterglow ; and then the gorgeous spectacle fades away, and Danny shivers, and says, " It's time to go home, sir ! " So we go home ; and

no sound breaks the stillness of the night save the creaking of the tholepins and the gurgle of the yielding water at the bow, or the far-off lowing of the cattle on the Galway shore.

And then the grey seabirds come. They come from the east, and they go to the west. Why? No man knows. But they come, and float over us noiselessly, unswervingly; in thousands they come. There is no sound from their waving wings. Silently, mysteriously, they pass over us, following some inscrutable law of their own. They come from the east, they vanish in the west like wraiths; without a sound, without a trace—they are gone.

I think of them as the spirits of the many races that have lived and loved and warred and passed away over this mystic land. Fomorians, Milesians, Celts; Danes, and Normans and Saxons—they have all left their traces here for those with eyes to see. We carry on our dapping—and this to me is almost its greatest attraction—in a region inconceivably rich in legendary lore: of Maeve, and Finn, and Oisin: of Bryan of Kincora, when he crushed the hosts of Asmond, and the Leinster men broke before the Dalcassian battleaxes. Of the wars of the Geraldines and the Butlers, of Confederates and Covenanters; and even still in the homes of the people they tell of Sarsfield and his irresistible dragoons. And so my story ends.

Next morning Danny and I exchange regretful but not hopeless farewells.

"Ye'll be back for the dapping next year, sir?"

"Please God, Danny; good-bye."

He returns to his fruit-trees and his flowers—and I to noise and smoke and civilisation!

SALMON FAILURES AND SUCCESSES

SALMON FAILURES AND [illegible]

BY THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY

THIS is not, let me say at once, a chapter of so-called "secret information," the value of which, so far as fishing goes, I profoundly mistrust whenever I see it in print. A few hours spent by the riverside attending and, so far as is possible, imitating a master of the art who illustrates his valuable precept by example, with brief explanations of the reasons that govern his actions, are worth all the contradictory hints printed in all the books collected for his famous fishing library by the late Alfred Denison, however choice, and they are many in number, which have been added since his death. In so far, however, as my text is furnished by some memorable failures, I may perchance point a moral while endeavouring to adorn a tale, and if the reader will only take warning from my confessions and resolve never to use a line, hook, or fly without careful examination and testing, I shall have taught a more useful lesson than will be found in whole volumes of instruction in the arts of casting a fly and landing a fish.

I have fished for fifteen salm almost every year since [illegible], when, on a day to be for ever marked with a white stone, I landed my first real "fish," a grilse of some 7lb. weight, in the Stavora, then rented by that prince among fishers and sportsmen, the late Bromley Davenport. During that period

HOLDING HIS OWN

From a photograph by Miss Esther Archer

SALMON FAILURES AND SUCCESSES

By The Hon. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY

This is not, let me say at once, a chapter of so-called "useful information," the value of which, so far as fishing goes, I profoundly mistrust whenever I see it in print. A few hours spent by the riverside, watching and, so far as is possible, imitating a master of the art who illustrates his valuable precept by example, with brief explanations of the reasons that govern his actions, are worth all the contradictory lore printed in all the books collected for his famous fishing library by the late Alfred Denison, and in those, almost as many in number, which have been added since his death. In so far, however, as my text is furnished by some memorable failures, I may perchance point a moral while endeavouring to adorn a tale, and if the reader will only take warning from my confessions and resolve never to use a line, trace, or fly without careful examination and testing, I shall have taught a more useful lesson than will be found in whole volumes of instruction in the arts of casting a line and landing a fish.

I have fished for *Salmo salar* almost every year since 1865, when, on a day to be for ever marked with a white stone, I landed my first real "fish," a grilse of some 9 lb. weight, in the Rauma, then rented by that prince among writers and sportsmen, the late Bromley Davenport. During that period

I have had fair measure of success, having captured fish in England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and Norway. Once, in five rapturous days, I caught thirty-five on a ten-foot trout rod and light tackle, without any gillie to help me, so that I had to strand nearly all of them unaided. And yet, in all these pleasant memories, there remains the *amari aliquid*—the drop of bitterness in the cup of happiness! The trouble is that I have never caught a really large salmon. I have killed my fair share of fish of 20 lb. and a little over, but the heaviest only turned the scale at 26 lb. This may be in part accounted for by the fact that, between 1875 and 1893, my holidays were spent at Poltalloch, in Argyleshire, where my beloved little Add winds its devious course through Crinan Moss, a prolific and delightful salmon river, but one in which a fish of 20 lb. is very near the record, being, in fact, as rare as the giant fifty-pounders of Tay or Tweed. I believe that the record for the Add is still held by a fish of my own, just exceeding 20½ lb. when I got it home, and probably a trifle heavier if I had had a steelyard handy to weigh it on the river. I fancy that my brother-in-law, Colonel Malcolm, now Laird of Poltalloch, once caught one of about the same size, and that Dr. Henderson, who is as successful on the river as his blue-and-black namesake, has been equally fortunate. The average fish, however, caught with rod and line in the Add is about 7½ lb. Yet I have heard of forty-pounders being taken in the nets, so a day may perhaps come when some thrice-blest angler may outdistance all rivals.

Meanwhile, though it took place some thirty years ago, I

still have a lively recollection of my battle with my one twenty-pounder in the long pool by Dunadd. There had been a good soaking night, but the rain had stopped about four in the morning, and the water had begun to run down before I reached Kilmichael Bridge. I therefore started to fish down the right bank with those sanguine expectations that no amount of adverse experience has ever succeeded in altogether destroying. I was using a rather large single-handed rod, twelve feet long, one of Farlow's earliest split-cane models; and, as the water was heavy and dark, I put on a larger fly than I generally try in the Add, where most fish are generally caught with one dressed small as for sea trout. The sky was bright, and there were glimpses of sun through flying clouds, so I am pretty sure that I must have been using a Blue Doctor. Whatever it was, it answered, and I had caught two or three nice silvery fish, weighing from five to eight pounds, before I got to the stone wall at the head of the long pool above Dunadd farm. I have already mentioned that I was on the right bank of the river. This is not the usual side from which to fish this part of the water, as in most of the best pools the deep water is under that bank and the shallows are on the other. I do not now remember my reason for taking so unusual a course, but it may have been because, using a small rod and not wearing waders, I preferred to be near the deep water, although I was not ignorant of the fact that salmon generally rise better when following the fly as it sweeps round over the deep water and begins to approach the shallower part of the stream. About the third cast, after I had crossed the wall, I felt a heavy pull somewhere out in

mid-stream, and soon my little rod was bent nearly double, and I was battling with something which I soon perceived to be quite out of the ordinary run of Add fish. There was no rush at first, but a strong and determined progress downstream that I was quite powerless to resist, though the bank on which I stood was more than six feet above the water, so that, in spite of the shortness of my rod, I had ample leverage. Although I kept as much strain upon the fish as I dared, it bored heavily downstream, never showing itself for a moment, and I followed breathlessly, feeling more and more excited as it became apparent that this was no foul-hooked grilse, but surely a giant of the stream. Soon we had reached what is usually considered the second Dunadd pool, where the water breaks white over a row of boulders stretching right across to the flat shelving rock under the opposite bank. On the south side the stream is bounded by a rushy pasture reclaimed from the bog, and the north side, on which I was standing, was arable land planted that year, I remember, with a fairly heavy crop of potatoes. It was here that I had my first sight of the fish as it dashed through the white water of the short rapid, and I breathed again as I realised that it was still on and that the line had not caught against any of the projecting rocks that threatened it. The pace quickened as the salmon dashed from mid-stream right over to the far side, then turned and came at the same pace straight towards me and slightly upstream, so that I had some difficulty in keeping the line from slackening, though I was able to supplement rapid winding of the reel by a retreat through the potatoes. Once again the fish turned

and went back to its old tactics, quickening its pace and flinging itself high out of water as it shot the second small rapid into the third and last part of the pool. Here the water runs deep and still all the way down to the bridge above the farmhouse, but that bridge, a solid arch of stone, threatened disaster to my hopes if the fish once succeeded in reaching it. There could have been no possibility of following it under the arch in the then condition of the water, so that, if it once reached the obstacle, a break was inevitable. The distance was less than a hundred yards now, but I did not lose all hope, as it was evident that the strain was at last telling on my gallant antagonist, which now began to come to the surface and, for one moment, even floundered on its side. For the first time Duncan removed the cork from the point of the gaff, and his face wore a less dolorous expression. He was by no means at his ease, for he had been accustomed to see much heavier rods always used on his river, and he considered that I was only tempting Providence by my originality in using a single-handed rod. So conservative was he, like all gillies, that I think he was divided in his mind between his wish to gaff the fish of his life and the desire that I should be taught a salutary lesson on the imprudence of fighting with unorthodox weapons and disregarding the advice of age and experience. All, however, went well. The fish was well in hand at last, and was, without further difficulty, guided to the spot where Duncan crouched under the bank, gaff in hand ; and as he lifted the spent giant on the gaff and deposited its gleaming body at my feet, it was clear that he had no thought but for the

triumph in which he had had his share. From start to finish the fight had occupied more than half an hour, and the distance travelled was perhaps a quarter of a mile. This does not sound very thrilling, but I never remember any other fish taking me so far in the Add, though I have persisted in, and even exaggerated, the heresy of angling with small rod and light tackle. The stream nowhere runs strong; the banks are everywhere clear; and the only way to get real sport out of somewhat undersized fish is to adopt the practice of duellist's and, in a manner of speaking, give the challenged the choice of weapons.

As usual, I have been led into a digression. I began by lamenting the fact that I had never been so lucky as to catch a really big salmon. I pleaded, in mitigation of sentence, that most of my fish have been taken in the Add, a river in which the run of fish is small. And now, behold, I have strayed from my theme to tell of my triumph over a comparative giant. Yet I still bemoan my ill-luck. It is all very well to derive what consolation I may from the reflection that fishing is all a question of tackle, and that it is in reality as easy to capture a monster with suitable appliances, that is to say big rod, large winch and treble gut, with the help of a good boat and a clever assistant, as to conquer much smaller fish alone, with light rod and line and small flies. All of this may be true, but it is not really much comfort, and I still yearn with unsatisfied longing for something that my steelyard will not weigh, something to make

"The boldest hold his breath
For a while . . ."

as he flings his silvery body, or even, if better may not be, his red but heavy carcase, out of the water. Would that my fish might weigh 60 lb., but, since I may not ask impossibilities, fifty, forty, nay, even thirty would be better than my best.

How often have I been near the realisation of my dream! That is the worst of it. I remember a day in the early seventies when I was a happy guest at Murthly with Fred Milner, still famous among sportsmen and politicians. The Tay was in order, and we sat facing the stern, harling with three rods, a fly on each of the outer rods and a minnow on the middle one. The skilful boatmen left not a yard of the water unsearched as their strong arms turned the boat back and across the big pool opposite Stenton, where, every now and again, an encouraging splash betrayed the presence of abundance of active and heavy fish. The chances on that occasion were all in my favour, for the spin of a coin had assigned to me the first run at the middle rod. As has been said, we were harling, a sport for which I have since learnt a measure of contempt, though always effective and at times, particularly in very big, broad rivers, the only way. At any rate, it was the only way in which to provide sport for all the guests who found hospitality in that delightful spot, where moor, moss, stubble and stream gave to each of their best. About half an hour had gone when suddenly the stone flew off my line, and the stiff rod bent as I hastened to pick it up, while my less fortunate companion began to reel in the other two lines so as to get them out of the way. Before, however, he had given more than a

turn or two to one of the reels, there was a heavy splash and a scream of the check, and it was evident that he was into a big fish. Ten minutes of breathless anxiety followed, but by great good luck we managed to reach the bank without the lines fouling, and with both our fish still well hooked. Mine proved to be but a paltry ten-pounder, and was soon got out of the way, nor was there anything remarkable about the capture of Milner's fish, which came to the gaff in about twenty-five minutes, after disturbing the greater part of the pool, for, in spite of its great size, it had never once sulked, the one expedient that never fails to prolong the period of suspense. It weighed, if I remember right, 36 lb., but, after all this lapse of time, I should not care to assert with any degree of certainty anything more definite than that it was certainly well over thirty.

On another day, while still a guest at Murthly, I was detailed to fish the even more prolific and sporting water near Stanley, then rented by John, and William, Graham, the latter of whom was the well-known art collector, the friend of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. On this occasion my companion was a lad who shall be nameless, who had never caught a salmon, or, for the matter of that, had hardly ever handled a fishing-rod in his life. He had novice's luck. Everything seemed to come to his side of the boat. For once, however, he did not have novice's success, for he kept on hooking and losing fish, and two at any rate of the many that broke away looked to my envious gaze well over the coveted 30 lb. His failures were the result of a combination of sheer bad luck and want of skill. The stream was very strong, and his hands trembled

more each time he grasped the rod, so he could not put a sufficient strain on to keep the line taut, and he would not reel up and quickly recover the line taken out at the first rush. Over and over again the fish succeeded in drowning the line, turning upstream and jumping close to our boat, while the unfortunate angler was still labouring under the delusion that it was still far downstream, the direction in which the upper part of the line continued to cut the water. Not one salmon out of at least half a dozen was landed, and more often than not the cast came back without the fly. All this time I never had so much as a pull !

Then there was another day on which I had Burnmouth and Isla mouth all to myself and did nothing, when Henry Graham, who had been fishing the next beat, came back with a big red kipper weighing 46 lb. Since that time I have been among the monsters in the Tweed, not very often, perhaps, but frequently enough to catch an appreciable number of good fish, though never a monster. I have tried Bemerside and Mertoun as the guest of my friend the late Walter Farquhar ; and Dryburgh and Coldstream, with Sir William Scott and Egremont Lascelles. Clean fish and good fish fell to my rod, but nothing of exceptional size, though I was not, on the other hand, tantalised at any of these places by seeing some more fortunate angler attain the bliss denied to me. Indeed, the most exciting struggle that I saw all the time was when Egremont and I were enjoying a morning's trouting at Coldstream, and he hooked a very large spring fish on a small March Brown when wading in a broad and rapid cast not far

from the village. It was a hopeless fight from the first. He had no backing on his reel, and little more than thirty yards of trout line. He had no boat in which to follow the fish if it left the pool. He had no gaff, and he had no gillie! The result, then, was foregone; yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, he managed to keep up the unequal struggle for nearly two hours, with a patience and skill that few could rival. In fact, we had sent a stray passer-by for a gaff, and were even beginning to hope against hope, when the end came, for, with one sullen flounder on the surface, the salmon broke the slight hold and went free.

Once more the scene of my retrospect shifts, and this time I am in Norway, at the beloved Hvilested, where the glorious Sundal River winds through the valley beneath precipitous mountains whose perpetual snows swell the abounding waters discharged some seven miles lower down into the long, narrow fjord stretching from Sundalsoren to Christiansund. Here I am no guest, but the proprietor *pro tem.* Here, too, the real "stor lax" is fairly common, though, as it is now August, the run of heavy salmon is over, and most of the biggest fish have gone far upstream to the distant valley in which our Sundal goes by its true name, the Driva. Sundal, or "South Valley," is really the name of the glen and not of the river, but on our side of Gjora I never yet heard anyone speak of the Driva. Here grilse and sea trout provide the best sport in the latter half of the season, but there is still a sprinkling of straggling giants, and day after day my sanguine temperament bade me hope that the long injustice of years might even yet be redressed.

FAILURES AND SUCCESSES

One day, when I was driving up the valley to Trondhjem, I stopped at the Skyds station at Gjora, and there, on the step, lay the ugliest red kipper I ever remember seeing, with a hook projecting from its lower jaw that might almost have been a gaff. Yet this monstrosity, which weighed over 45 lb. even then, must have exceeded 50 lb. when first it entered the fresh water in perfect condition; and, ugly as it was, I could have kissed its repulsive mouth if only the fish had been my own! I fancy it had fallen a victim to the fascinations of the prawn, a lure that I have never persuaded myself to use, not from any narrow-minded objection to bait-fishing, but rather because being a hide-bound Tory in matters sporting, I am too lazy to change my methods and master a new art. In vain I explored the deepest pools with big Wilkinsons; again, something about twenty pounds was the limit that I reached pretty frequently. There are times when I recall the last minute of the last day of my second year at Hvilested as having all but given me my heart's desire, for the fish that I hooked in the pool just above the bridge, immediately beneath the terrace in front of the house, certainly behaved like a veteran, and sulked with a pertinacity which defied all the strain I was able to put upon it. A gallery had gathered overhead to watch the fray, which, to me at any rate, was particularly exciting, since on the issue of it depended whether my bag of salmon for the season would equal the fifty I had caught the preceding year. Alas! the fly came away, the gallery dispersed, and I retired discomfited, leaving the record fish, as I still, though upon very imperfect evidence, believe it to have been, safe for another year.

There was yet another time, in Norway also, when I believe I lost an equally golden opportunity, and this time the disappointment was the more bitter because entirely due to my own carelessness. Fish will escape now and then, and fishing would, indeed, be dull work if they did not, so that we fishermen should either acquire or assume so much philosophy as will enable us to bow to the decrees of Providence without repining too bitterly; but the regret is aggravated in cases where the loss of a fish is due to carelessness. Let me cite a typical case. You are fishing with a rocky slope behind you. The cast is difficult, and you have to cover a wide expanse of water if your fly is to cover the pool properly and to hang temptingly in spots where the best fish lie. In such circumstances prudence dictates that the hook should frequently be examined with care to make sure that the barb has not been knocked off against a boulder. Everybody is quite aware of the need for this simple precaution, yet I feel pretty confident that I am not the only fisherman who has put off the necessary inspection for just one more cast, only to feel a tug and find his line come back slack to him, simply because he is fishing with a barbless hook. Or, again, towards the end of a long day's fishing, you look at your cast and notice one place where the gut looks a little frayed, possibly from a fish having rubbed it against a stone. In your inner consciousness, you know perfectly well that the cast ought to be changed, or at any rate tested; but, after a half-hearted tug, you decide that it will do till you get down to the boat where you have left your box with the mackintosh. Then comes the rise, and back comes the line, minus

fly, in your face. Even worse is the case in which you hook a good fish, play it for some time, and then see the frayed gut give way just as you are bringing the fish to the gaff, the moment of greatest strain in all the struggle, and the salmon half floats, half rolls back to safety. The worst crime of all, however, is that of neglecting to dry your line thoroughly after use, and almost as bad is that of failing to test both reel line and backing on a reel that is being used for the first time after being laid aside at the end of the previous season. It is to this last, and least excusable, piece of carelessness that I must ascribe the minor tragedy which I am about to relate.

Once again it was August, and I had crossed the North Sea and left the *Tasso* at Christiansund, not on this occasion bound for Sundal, but for Todal, which lies on the other side of the long peninsula bounding the Sundal fjord on the north. The Todal River, which falls into a little bay on the south-west of Sundal, is only a short reach for salmon and sea-trout, as a mighty foss, which comes thundering down a narrow gorge some three miles above the sea, presents an effective obstacle which no fish could possibly surmount. Below this, however, runs the little river, with plenty of salmon pools, some natural, some artificial, and all of them the more attractive since, with a reasonable amount of wading, they can be fished from the bank with quite a small rod. My own favourite was a stiff 11-ft. split cane made by Hardy, and carrying a disproportionately large winch holding a hundred and fifty yards of stout backing in addition to forty of reel line. One year I rented Todal myself, but on this occasion I was the guest of

my friend Lort Phillips for a short but blissful fortnight. The early part of the season had been hot, and most of the lower snow had melted, so that we were dependent on rain for a much needed flood. The river was, in fact, very low, and there had been no fresh run of either salmon or sea trout for some time. For a day or two we amused ourselves with the brown trout in the upper stretches above the foss, or by sea-fishing in the fjord, where, in the clear water, we could see plenty of good fish only waiting their opportunity of getting up the stream. On the third night the rain came down with a vengeance as we were smoking our after-dinner pipes, so we turned in early to dream of good sport on the morrow. Next morning we could already see from the verandah that the river had risen nearly two feet, and, as the sticks and rubbish on the bank indicated that the water was falling, all signs pointed to the probability of a successful day. My host started for the upper water ; the pools immediately around the house were left for his wife, most skilful and accomplished of lady anglers ; and I had the rest of the river down to the sea, an arrangement which gave me command of the Long Pool, which, from earlier experience, I regarded as a very likely spot to provide sport. A little below the spot at which a cart bridge crosses the road, about half a mile from the house, the river takes a sharp turn to the right and, after brawling down a length of shallow rapids, the water settles into a steady and somewhat rapid pool, deep only on the south-west bank and shelving on the other, a pool easy for a wader to cover with a moderate cast. I threaded my path through a little thicket of alders which fringed the

pool, waded in as far as a well-known boulder that marks the head of it, and began to cast with every hope of success, for the water looked in perfect condition. Almost immediately something took me deep under water, and the line began to run out very deliberately with a strong, even, strain straight down the middle of the river and without the slighest check or intermission. It was not the swift, impetuous rush of a grilse or sea trout, but the even, deliberate progress of something much larger, and I felt thankful that I had nearly two hundred yards of strong backing behind the reel line. As my fish got farther and farther away, I was all the time edging cautiously towards the bank, where I could have followed it more quickly. Alas ! there was no need. When the salmon had got a little more than a hundred yards away, the line, without any increased strain or sudden jerk, parted, the rod straightened, and I was left helpless, *minus* fish, reel line, cast, fly, and some seventy yards of backing. Depressed and conscience-stricken, I seated myself beside the pool and, doing what I ought to have done before starting to fish, tested the remnant of damaged silk, which snapped like packthread at every pull. What probably happened was that the boatmen whose duty it was to wind the used line on the drier, had confined their attentions to the first hundred yards, so that the remainder, wound damp on the reel, had gone all to pieces when put away at the end of the season. There was nothing to be done but to recognise that I had paid the price of my carelessness, to shoulder my useless rod and bloodless gaff, and to tramp wearily home in my waders. As I crossed the

bridge below the house, I saw Mrs. Lort Phillips fast in a fine sea trout in the next pool, and had the melancholy satisfaction of landing it for her before pouring my woes into sympathetic ears. Then I tramped uphill to the front door,

"Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore . . ."

The other day I was reminding Lort Phillips of this never-forgotten tragedy, when he related a somewhat similar incident which had, curiously enough, befallen him on the same river in the following year, when, by a happy combination of good luck and skill, he managed to avoid a like catastrophe. He had been spending the early part of the season at Alfheim, his delightful home on the high Fjeld, where, in the upper valley, far above the Sundal, he and his fortunate guests breathe the pure mountain air among the soeters on the banks of a charming lake that yields heavy toll of large trout, pink of flesh and excellent of flavour, whose worst fault is that they rise but poorly to the fly. It is but a step from the stoep to boat or canoe, and merry parties are constantly embarked upon the sparkling water at all hours of the day or night with one or more rods, trailing minnow or fly to catch the fish, which are forthwith conveyed alive to a stew in the garden, and there kept till wanted for the table. It was on the first day after the return of the party to Todal that the "Laird," with his attendant, Gunder, who combines the accomplishments of engineer, builder, boatman, fisherman and gamekeeper, was strolling along the stream to see the condition of the pools, many of which are either constructed or improved by artificial stone

dams designed and carried out by master and man. He was, indeed, more intent on inspection than sport, but made a cast or two in likely spots with a small ten-foot trout rod just brought from Alfheim, where he had used it for harling for trout as above described. In the road Pool, some two miles above the scene of my disaster, a heavy fish took the fly. The right bank is high, possibly seven or eight feet above the water, and, as the line ran merrily through the rings, Lort Phillips wisely climbed to the top so as to get as much leverage as possible to make up for the shortness of his rod. The fish bored towards the opposite bank, and the line, which had not been dried—even Homer nods at times !—parted close to the reel. The rod straightened, the hold slackened, but the fish, as sometimes happens, ceased to run the moment it felt itself free. The bank, as has been said, was long and sloping, and, as the line, now clear of the rod, glided over the boulders, Gunder, who was standing with the gaff on the rocks below, managed to catch hold of the end of it, before it reached the water. Providentially, the fish remained quiet. The point of the rod was lowered till within his reach, and, with breathless haste, Gunder began, and Lort Phillips completed, the task of passing back the slack line through the rings and knotting it hastily to the axle of the reel. Once more the rod was lifted and the deceived fish felt the strain anew. Then, after a long and cautious battle, in which no risks were taken with the weak line, a beautiful fourteen-pound salmon fresh from the sea was successfully landed.

SALMON AND TROUT MEMORIES IN MANY LANDS

SALMON AND TROUT MEMORIES IN MANY LANDS

" Once a fisherman, always a fisherman," they say, and I believe the saying to be true. [illegible] not remember his first [illegible] I [illegible] as I remember mine. [illegible] that I found myself, at the [illegible] of the Orkla River [illegible] long vacation [illegible] hills covered with [illegible] rushing Orkla [illegible] Trondheim [illegible]

[illegible] and I—were [illegible] on a stretch of the Orkla [illegible] Oh, for the eager enthusiasm of a new experience, the [illegible]

NORWEGIAN MEMORIES

SALMON AND TROUT MEMORIES IN MANY LANDS

By Sir HENRY SETON-KARR, C.M.G.

"Once a fisherman, always a fisherman," it is said; and I believe the saying to be true. What salmon-fisherman is there who does not remember his first salmon hooked and killed? Well do I remember mine. It was long ago, in the early 'seventies, that I found myself, as an Oxford undergraduate, on the banks of the Orkla River in Norway, in the month of July, during a long vacation holiday. The dark-green pine woods, rocky hills covered with lichen and heather, and mountains of the Trondhjem Amt, ran high above me from the banks of the clear, rushing Orkla River which flows north from the Scandinavian fjeld into the Trondhjem fjord. Woods of birch and mountain ash, interspersed with patches of green meadow, clothed the river banks. Ole, or Lars (I forget which it was), my Norwegian gillie at the time, steadied the boat preparatory to taking me out to the head of a splendid salmon pool, some ten miles from the river-mouth, where my first attempt to hook a Norway salmon was to be made. We—my undergraduate companion and I—were just out from England, and had haply chanced on a stretch of the Orkla then unlet, and all was fresh and new. Oh, for the eager anticipation of a new experience, the thrill

of a first draw on the salmon-line of a novice! There is nothing quite like it in all the after-years of fishing. And it came within half an hour of the start. No doubt the line was clumsily flung, but there was a strong convenient stream at the head of the pool which kindly straightened the running line, and gave the fly—I forget what fly it was—life and movement in the water. There is a beneficent deity that, under the law of compensation, watches over novices and duffers, and so arranges the affairs of sport and life generally that experts shall not have things entirely their own way. So, presently, there was a draw upon the line, then an almost involuntary strike or quick raising of the hand on my part, a tight line, a bending rod, a screaming reel, and I was into my first salmon. How those Norway salmon used to play! Many a time has my finger been cut, often to the bone, by the running line in the first wild rush of a 20-lb. Orkla salmon. What happened exactly in those delirious twenty minutes or so after hooking that first fish in the strong, clear, rushing water of this Norwegian river I do not clearly remember. Ole gradually worked the boat back to the bank, shouting words of advice or encouragement to heedless ears. I remember well how once my heart almost stood still, as, towards the end, Ole (or Lars) missed his first attempt at gaffing, and another thirty yards of line were snatched off the reel as the salmon rushed out, for the last time, into mid-stream. Finally came the happy moment when a 15-pounder, fresh from the North Sea, lay in all its silvery beauty on the grass at my feet. These are incidents that always live in the memory.

SALMON AND TROUT MEMORIES

It must be the uncertainty of fishing, and particularly of salmon-fishing, that constitutes its chief attraction. We cannot see into another element, or know what is going on beneath the surface of these broad, rippling, shining salmon-pools, beyond what we learn from such fish as occasionally show. But then they do not always show, though they may be there in plenty, newly arrived, perhaps, in their migration from the sea. Very often, too, they are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and so we never really know what is going to happen. The very next cast may hook the monster of our dreams.

On this Orkla beat, which, long years ago, we fished for several seasons, there was a favourite pool known as the " Long Pool," where schools of salmon rested for a few days before ascending some stiff rapids just above. One season this pool had been, for some unknown reason, fishing very badly. Then arrived a day when my turn came to fish it, and I proceeded perfunctorily to do so. It had not yielded a fish, or even a rise, for a week or more. My companion, whom I thought more favoured, was fishing the higher beat above the rapids. At the third cast, at the head of the pool, I was into a good fish and killed him. For the next hour or more I was continually hooking and playing fish, and presently my companion from above appeared on the scene, with an empty bag, to find me contemplating a pile of seven fresh-run salmon newly extracted from the Long Pool. I had been fortunate enough to meet a school of fish just arrived and in taking humour.

Down this same Orkla River in those days there existed an extensive lumber trade. Logs of pine, cut from the forest

above, were constantly floating down to the sea, piling up in the backwaters, and sometimes bumping into the angler wading up to his armpits in the salmon-throws.

Occasionally we would rope four logs together into a raft, and with an oar as paddle and rudder, float through rapid and pool to our farmhouse some miles below. On one occasion the logs must have been a little small. But the raft being made in a backwater, we deposited thereon a 16-lb. newly caught salmon, our fishing bags, and then my companion, whom I had carefully carried out on my back, I having waders and he none. Last of all, our boatman and I got on the raft, which promptly sank to the bottom, wetting my waderless friend to the skin. His language on that occasion is not worth repeating. Then we sent the boatman home by road, and proceeded gaily on our way downstream on the raft, which just sustained its reduced crew. We managed safely to reach the pool below the farmhouse, when forty yards from the shore and in twenty feet of water the raft upset. Somehow I managed to accomplish the swim ashore, in waders, though my very clear recollection is that I have never desired to repeat the experiment. My companion climbed on to the raft again, and was eventually retrieved, with the salmon and fishing tackle, some half a mile lower down the river. But this was our last experiment in raft-navigation.

The Norway rivers that I know best are those of the Trondhjem Amt, the Orkla, to wit ; its parallel sister river, the Gula, where I once killed a 17-pounder on the afternoon of a memorable day in September when I had killed my first bull-elk ;

the Stjordal ; and, a little farther south, the Surendal and the Sundal. This latter is a noble river, one of the longest and finest in this part of Norway, and, like the Rauma, a true glacier stream. I once hooked the monster of my dreams in the Sundal, on the Gravem beat. Alas for the bitter disappointments of fishing ! This particular monster—he showed a back like a porpoise, and tore the line off my reel for 150 yards at a stretch like a runaway grampus—took me down the river, after I had just managed to scramble into the boat with a few remaining yards of line on my reel, for half a mile or more. Then, just as I had retrieved most of my line and thought to be on terms with a great fish, the hold gave, the rod straightened, and the sickening sense of irretrievable loss, familiar to all salmon-fishermen, seized me in its grip. No language is equal to occasions such as these. All a man's philosophy is required to stand the strain. Let us hope that such episodes supply the necessary discipline and corrective in all true sport.

But the Sundal recalls the more agreeable recollection of a red-letter incident on its Gjora beat, where one season I was fishing with a friend. The weather had been clear and bright for some days, the water had run somewhat low, and sport was poor in consequence. So we, my partner and I, had taken to prawning. But opinions differed as to the best time of day for tempting the apparently jaded appetites of our salmon with the crimson bait. My partner was a firm believer in the evening cast, and " rest the pools in the middle of the day " plan. Nevertheless I eventually persuaded him, more by example than precept, that in the bright noonday sun it was possible

that salmon might be on the move. Only the day before I had risen a fish to the fly in the pool below the house, and after vainly waiting for the cloud which would not come to veil the bright sunlight, had, just before lunch, thrown a prawn, by means of a Malloch reel, far across the stream and above his lie, and so hooked and killed an 18-pounder. Next midday found me on the upper beat, which always held a few good fish. Standing on the steep bank above the top pool, Hans (my Norske boatman and gaffer) and I could see almost every rock in the river bed, lit up by the bright rays of an August sun. Hans shook his head. I took to worming for trout, caught enough for the morrow's breakfast, and we then walked down to the next pool below, where no bank overhung the stream.

"Hans, I shall try a prawn." And so the Malloch reel was produced; a startlingly red, glycerine-shining prawn was by Hans deftly put on the line along with six feet of single wire trace, and bristling with three sets of triangles, and the boat rowed up the shallow to the pool head. Hans was distinctly depressed in demeanour, and perfunctory in his work at the oar. It was obvious that he had no faith in the fishing. Nevertheless I had that sort of feeling or presentiment, not uncommon with fishermen, that something was going to happen. And so I took particular pains with every cast. The prawn flew forty yards across and downstream, flopping quietly into the current at the far side, and then went sailing round the pool. About the fourth cast came a gentle draw. I raised my hand, and thought I had hooked a rock. Presently the rock began to move. The unlikely thing had happened. I had hooked a

good fish in brilliant sunshine, in the middle of the day, in water as clear as gin. Hans woke up to enthusiasm, rowed to shore, seized his gaff, and after twenty exciting minutes, during which a lusty salmon fought in vain for liberty and life, inserted the steel point into a broad silver side, and presently deposited a noble 35-lb. fish in the well of the boat. We fished down the pool with a fresh prawn, lost another fish—how a salmon can seize a many-triangled prawn and then get off is one of the many inexplicable mysteries of fishing—killed a grilse, and then returned home to lunch, to find two 25 lb. salmon caught by my partner lying on the doorstep. And so was confidence established in the occasional efficacy of midday salmon-fishing in brilliant sunshine.

Some of the finest and most prolific of Norwegian salmon rivers are those north of Trondhjem. Of the mighty Namsen I know only by hearsay. But it was my fortune for a few years to be lessee of the famous Forsjord beat of the Vefsen, a river of great size and volume still farther north, near the Arctic Circle, where in July 1907 I enjoyed some of the best salmon-fishing I have ever experienced. About twelve miles up from Mosjoen, the town at the north of the Vefsen, is the Foss pool, about the size of Trafalgar Square, the cream of the Forsjord beat.

Never shall I forget my first morning on that pool, the day after my arrival, and before I had had full time properly to sort my tackle, or get fairly attuned to the feel of rod and scream of reel. Ole, my boatman, was a taciturn, gloomy individual, somewhat unlike the usual run of cheery, willing, simple-

minded Norwegian boatmen and hunters, with a varied assortment of whom I have fished and hunted through a long series of years. But Ole improved on acquaintance, was a first-rate boatman, knew the river to a yard of lie and an inch of height, and, later on, when combined achievement had created confidence and brotherhood between us, even developed some restrained enthusiasm.

The first evening out I killed a 30-lb. salmon on a stretch of water below the pool, Captain S., my partner, fishing the lower water. But in the pool itself we had done nothing. Of its possibilities I knew naught, and beyond a grumpy " meget daarlig " (very bad) as we rowed over it, Ole vouchsafed no remark as to its merits. In response to my query, he said its height was wrong, and that was all I could get out of him.

Next morning it was my turn on the pool again. We " shifted " beats every afternoon. Wearied with many days of continuous travel, and with no inkling of the sport in prospect, I dawdled over an after-breakfast pipe in that glorious northern air, admired the scenery, messed about with rods and flies and casts, and only started to fish shortly before noon. It was clear that Ole had a better opinion of the pool that morning. He appeared to row with more confidence and zeal. The river had fallen half a foot, and was in better trim, it appeared, for fish to take. So we started. Four hours or so after, with aching back and shaking wrist, I was standing on a shingle beach at the tail of the pool, playing my tenth salmon—not counting several hooked and lost—a 24-pounder, which Ole duly gaffed. A splendid pile of fresh-run, silver-

sided beauties the ten salmon made, all laid out on a sloping water-worn rock, and in due course photographed in the rays of a northern sun. There were two grilse as well, but these we thought nothing of, and subsequently took to marking and turning back all such youthful salmon caught, to mature for another year.

Occasionally on this our river fishermen get a " right and left " of salmon; that is to say a salmon, hooked on each rod simultaneously. It happened to me one day at any rate, and we managed—Ole and I—to land them both, a 27-pounder and a 17-pounder respectively. I was mildly proud of the feat, as it involved my playing a 27-lb. salmon with the left hand, after being landed from the boat, while I simultaneously gaffed the 17-lb. fish—played to a standstill by Ole—with the right hand. After that, of course, Ole resumed his proper function with the gaff, and the 27-lb. fish was also duly gaffed.

How these Nordland salmon—fresh-run, early summer fish —did fight, to be sure ! One hundred and fifty yards of line were constantly run out without a stop. Many a time my fingers were blistered with checking line or reel during a furious rush. Below our pool was a rapid, navigable in a boat, but still a rapid. It was considered *infra dig.* by old habitués of our river to be compelled to go down the rapid after a salmon ; besides, it was loss of time. But about one fish in five generally managed to take us down the rapid all the same, and so added to the excitement of the sport.

A day or two after my ten-fish morning I had another record

fishing on the pool worth mentioning, this time in the evening. We usually dined at 5 P.M., and then fished from 6.30 P.M. or so on into the Arctic night. On the evening in question I had landed nine salmon by 11 P.M. or thereabouts, and thought of going home to bed. " En til " (yet another), said the inexorable Ole. Out we went and hooked a tenth, then an eleventh and a twelfth in rapid succession, both these last two over thirty pounds in weight, after which I struck work, much to Ole's disgust—he wanted to establish a new record—and went home to bed. Next morning I took seven more salmon out of the same pool, and so, I believe, established a new record of nineteen fish, averaging nearly twenty pounds, in an evening's and a morning's fishing on this celebrated pool. What we might have caught had we fished all night, as Ole was prepared to do, I cannot guess; but it was certainly a very heavy run of fresh-run fish that I had been lucky enough to meet.

Every salmon hooked in the pool was manœuvred (or such, at any rate, was our endeavour) to the still water at the side, and then played from land in comparative security. It was a curious fact that, with light pressure and steady, careful rowing, heavy salmon could as a rule be quietly led out of the rough, boiling current of the pool into the smooth, slack water before they began to run and fight. Apparently they were not quite sure at first what strange, compelling insect they had got hold of. Then came a moment when alarm seized them, and a hundred yards rush back to the centre of the pool might be the result, with the work all to do over again. One was never quite certain at first how heavy the salmon might be. One

A GOOD DAY ON THE SUNDAL

fishing on the pool worth mentioning, this time in the evening. We usually dined at 5 P.M., and then fished from 6.30 P.M. or so on into the Arctic night. On the evening in question I had landed nine salmon by 11 P.M. or thereabouts, and thought of going home to bed. "Encore" (our mother), said the inexorable Ole. Out we went and landed a tenth, then an eleventh and a twelfth in rapid succession, both these last two over thirty pounds in weight, after which I struck work, much to Ole's disgust—he wanted to make a new record—and went home to bed. Next morning I took eight more salmon out of the same pool, and so, I believe, established a new record of nineteen fish, averaging nearly twenty pounds, in an evening's and a morning's fishing on the Alten pool. What we might have caught had we fished all night, as Ole was prepared to do, I cannot guess; but it was probably a very heavy run of fresh-run fish that I had been lucky enough to meet.

Every salmon on A GOOD DAY ON THE SUNDAL (or such, at any rate, was our calculation) in the still water at the side, and there played them back to comparative security. It was a curious fact that, with light tackle and steady, careful rowing, heavy salmon could be led quietly out of the rough, boiling current of the pool into the smooth, slack water before they began to run and rage. Apparently they were not quite sure at first what strange, compelling insect they had got hold of. Then came a moment when alarm seized them, and a hundred yards rush back to the centre of the pool might be the result, with the work all to do over again. One was never quite certain at first how heavy the salmon might be. One

particular monster, I remember, was led quietly behind the boat for two hundred yards. "Not over twenty pounds," I prematurely observed to Ole, as I prepared to step out of the boat. Hardly were the words spoken when there came a mighty rush that tore nearly all the line off my reel, and far in the centre of the pool leaped high in the air one of the largest fish I have ever hooked. A hundred and fifty yards away he looked like a silvery porpoise. As he fell with a resounding splash into the water the hold gave, the rod straightened, and Ole and I, in profane and tempestuous silence, began another harl.

I have already mentioned the Gula River, in the valley of which a friend and I for many years rented an elk-forest from the Norwegian Government. We also came in for some late September salmon fishing at the same time. I was going up one day in 1903 to a farm at the head of our elk-forest, above the upper Gula Foss, for elk-hunting purposes. Our road took us along the river-side, and the sight of an ideal-looking stream for salmon, some 200 yards below the deep fosspool, to all appearance in excellent order, promptly impressed upon my mind the stern necessity of providing fresh salmon steaks for supper. Thought was promptly translated into action, and I alighted from the carriole, sent Ole, the chef, and Hans, my hunter, on to the farm, and descended alone to the rocky river-bank, with a favourite nine-foot split cane trout-rod in my hand, an old salmon-cast, and some Irish Erne salmon flies in my pocket.

Here the river ran fairly deep and rough—but not too

rough—through the rocky gorge, and with the nine-foot cane rod I could just manage to switch out the fly half-way across the comparatively narrow throw. I proceeded to fish the said stream with that feeling of confidence occasionally experienced, that sooner or later a fish would come. And, sure enough, three parts down the stream there was a draw on the line. I raised my hand, and found myself fast in something fairly heavy. The situation was sufficiently exciting. It was the first salmon I had hooked that year. The bank was rocky and steep; there was no convenient place to land a good fish. I had no gaff. And, lastly, the tackle was old; the little nine-foot rod was bent into a hoop, and there were only thirty feet of trout-line on a small reel. There was also a very practical consideration, above all these things, firmly fixed in my mind. My supper partly depended on what was going to happen during the next fifteen or twenty minutes.

But the Fates were kind, and the fish, a clean 14-pounder, was considerate and obliging. He sailed conveniently up and down the stream, but did not try to run out of it. He neither jumped too violently nor sulked beneath any of the numerous rocks in the bed of the river. And, finally, having kindly allowed me to put a string glove on one hand, he eventually consented, after twenty doubtful minutes, to be led into a small rocky bay just above the brink of the pool, and to lie there for five thrilling seconds until I grasped his tail in the gloved hand, heaved him up on the slippery rock on which I stood, and incontinently fell on him and slew him. So my supper was secured; and as I walked the three miles

to Aasen farm with the fish wrapped up in a mackintosh under my arm, I began to think it weighed, not 14 lb., but 40 lb. To complete the pleasing memories of that particular day, a few hours later I received a message that my friend had killed his first bull elk in Laerdal.

Some of my happiest fishing memories are of Scotch and Irish rivers. Want of space will not permit me to recall numerous incidents of angling sport on Dee and Don, on Earne, Tweed and Stinchar rivers, on Beauly, Conon and Helmsdale rivers in the north. I once remember throwing over a London dinner engagement in order to accept an invitation to fish a well-known beat on the Dee on its opening day in February. Five fresh-run salmon rewarded my faithlessness to a London hostess, who was subsequently placated by one of those same fresh Dee salmon sent as a peace-offering to her larder. Another pleasing recollection is of a week's combined deer-stalking and salmon-fishing holiday at the head of the Beauly River early one October. I was then one day fortunate enough—the river was in fine order and full of fish—to kill three salmon and one stag, and on another day three stags and one salmon.

But in many respects the rivers of the Emerald Isle have a charm and attraction all their own, and difficult to surpass. For one thing, they are usually fishable in summer when days are long and grass and foliage is green, whereas the best Scotch fishing is usually in very early spring or late autumn, when days are shorter and weather colder and less propitious.

The Shannon I have never fished, but, apart from this

grandest of streams, I know no much finer or more beautiful river than the Irish Erne. If you would know more of it, then away to the north-west coast of Ireland, where the Atlantic breezes blow straight and fresh from the ocean. There it is that the river Erne, flowing along the boundary-line between Donegal and Fermanagh, drains Lough Erne into Ballyshannon Bay. Lough Erne is one of the largest lakes in Ireland, second only in size to Lough Neagh. From the head of the upper lake, south-east of Enniskillen, down to Belleek, where the salmon-river proper begins, is a distance of something like fifty miles. The main lake, extending north-west from Enniskillen for about thirty miles to within three miles of Belleek, is a lovely piece of water, studded here and there with islands, bounded on the south with high green hills, and famous for its trout and pike.

It is fitting, then, that the outlet of this great lake should be a correspondingly fine salmon-river; only three Irish miles of fishing water, it is true, but a river of noble proportions, with splendid pools and ideal salmon streams.

Whatever the immediate result may be, no salmon-angler can fish Erne water without pleasure, for it is a summer river yielding its best sport in the long days. It runs through typical Irish banks and leafy woods, crystal-clear, with swirling streams, rocky lies, and deep pools, all of which salmon love. In some places the angler may wade as deep as he dare and throw as far as he can, yet without crossing lines with his rival on the opposite shore. Hook a 20-lb. salmon in Knather Lane, the Tail of the Island, or in the Fall Hole, and

he may take you, panting and breathless, a quarter of a mile downstream, and over and over again put a hundred yards of rushing Erne water between you and him before, if you are lucky, you can kill him. Until the gaff is in his silvery side, there is always, in the throws I have mentioned, and several others, a good shade of odds upon the fish. To follow a heavy fish down Kathleen Falls, involving a steeplechase in waders over rocks, banks, and walls, and then see your gillie gaff him in Jack's Flat, is an event that lingers long in the memory.

In days gone by, I have killed twenty-five fresh-run Erne salmon in a week, and can yet recall the incidents of nearly every kill. Well do I remember some years ago coming to the " Garden Wall " late one July evening with two salmon and three grilse in the bag. I was flushed with success, and somewhat lazily inclined, but Paddy insisted on putting a small Green Parson over the pool. In another hour two fresh-run fish, 20 lb. each to an ounce, lay side by side on the bank, and I had made no more than six casts in the pool. The first was hooked at the head of the pool the third cast, played for twenty thrilling minutes across and back a hundred yards of rocky stream, and was gaffed. Its mate was hooked lower down three casts after, played in like wild manner, and accorded a similar fate. Curiously enough, as each fish was gaffed the fly dropped out of its mouth. We staggered home that night with four salmon and three grilse, weighing 89 lb. in all. Such as these are red-letter days in one's calendar. My next best day was below the bridge, when, in a gale of wind, I killed seven fish weighing 82 lb., and lost four more.

There are still salmon in the Erne, for in July of 1903 I was fortunate enough to kill seventeen fish—seven salmon and ten grilse—in seven and a half days' fishing, the largest of which was a 28-pounder.

So much for salmon-fishing memories. I now pass to trout recollections. Fishing, as I have already said, is a sporting relaxation that only seems to grow in fascination, and in the hold it exercises over its devotees, with the growth of years. There are times when it is good for a man to be alone with Nature, when the best holiday he can take in this busy, strenuous city-living age of ours is, now and then, to pass out into the wilderness. And by the wilderness, if it be well chosen, I mean the lonely moorland loch or the side of the mountain-stream, where man's only companions are the curlew and the plover overhead, the natural wild life of the green forest, or, maybe, the wild deer on the open hillside. Around him are the everlasting hills, and in his ears the soothing, murmuring noises of wind and tree and stream. Then, amid such surroundings, give our lonely fisherman a trout-rod to handle, and, as objects of pursuit and capture with cunning fly and light-thrown line, the speckled fish of loch or burn, and the picture is complete.

It has been my fortune to enjoy for a space all these conditions of a perfect fishing holiday in the heart of the Wyoming Rockies, and the recollection of that holiday is with me still. In the year 1898 I was in Wyoming on ranching and other business, but managed to snatch six weeks for a hunting-trip to the head of Green River, which rises in some of the wildest

mountain-ranges of the Great Divide. South and west of the National Park, in the north-west corner of Wyoming, are a series of rocky, snow-clad peaks and deep cañons, with mountain, forest, lake and river in between, that will always remain a more or less happy hunting and fishing ground. Near it is the National Park, whence overflow the wild game from a preserve, the sanctity of which is absolutely and strictly maintained. From its streams and lakes, 6000 feet above the sea, amid the wild fastnesses of this great rough country, the speckled mountain-trout will never, as I imagine, be fished out; and here it was, in a splendid bracing climate, that I found myself towards the end of August in that year.

I had driven for 150 miles in a buck-board from Opal Station, on the Oregon Short Line railway, to a hunting camp near the source of the Green River, in the beautiful, wild, mountainous country south of the Wyoming National Park.

The day after our arrival, I rode about four miles up the river with one of the boys of our party, for an afternoon's fishing. On the way up from Opal, I had caught a few trout in the creeks tributary to Green River, but this was my first attempt in the river itself. None of the boys in the camp knew anything of fly-fishing, and my tackle was at first regarded by them with some contempt. A stiff fishing-pole, with stout line and hook baited with a "hopper" (grasshopper), was good enough for the local angler, and when a trout was hooked he was promptly heaved on to the bank or over the angler's head without ceremony.

So we came to our fishing-ground. Andy took charge

of the horses, and I commenced operations. The river was about twenty-five yards broad, with beautiful streams and pools of clear mountain water which, from an angler's point of view, left nothing to be desired. The question that chiefly interested me was: would the Green River trout take my Scotch flies?

The problem was soon solved, very much to my satisfaction. Within a few moments I had hooked and landed a good 2 lb. trout in the best of condition. So it was clear the trout were there and would take. During the next three hours I killed forty-two trout, averaging just under 1 lb. apiece. The largest fish weighed 2½ lb. It was one of the most enjoyable afternoons I have ever experienced.

Green River trout are fine, free takers, though what kind of insect they thought my flies to be is a conundrum I have not yet solved. There were no flies on the water like the large Silver-body, Zulu, and March Brown that I used. Then I changed to small Irish Erne salmon-flies, and did just as well.

One of the main features, as I have said, of this particular hunting-trip was the trout-fishing. After the first day we left Green River behind us, it is true; but everywhere through the mountains where we roamed were crystal-clear streams fairly well stocked with trout, of which I took sufficient toll to keep the larder well supplied. We were four able-bodied men, for whom a certain amount of fish diet was voted to be absolutely necessary, and many a subsequent fishing picnic was therefore undertaken. In many of the pools I fished I doubt if the trout had ever seen an artificial fly, and their conse-

quent voracity was highly interesting. The water, as a rule, was so clear that I could often see the trout before I caught them. It was, of course, necessary to keep out of sight. If this condition was duly observed, I found that a fish that was moving here and there in a pool or stream, obviously on the look-out for food, would always come like a tiger at my fly. Occasionally, in the first headlong rush, he missed it. When this happened, it was only necessary to wait a few moments, and then cast over him again, when the fly would usually be taken with savage greediness. On the other hand, if the trout were lying motionless on the bottom, as I often saw them, no fly would move them. They were in this case not feeding, and apparently alseep.

There is a great fascination in fishing unknown waters in foreign lands. It was my lot to be one of the pioneers in a hunting expedition to the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming more than thirty years ago. For some mysterious reason, the streams flowing eastward from the Great Divide were troutless—I say " were " advisedly, for rainbow-trout have since been successfully introduced into these same eastern streams —while the western streams teemed with fish. In the Big Horn, in those days, the trout were numerous and quite unused to the wiles of the artificial fly. Any kind of lure dropped in the streams and beaver-pools of the western watershed was voraciously swallowed. One of our hunters was most successful with a pole, string and hook, baited with fresh bear-meat, which was cast with a splash into the beaver-dam pools, and promptly seized by the smartest trout, often 2 lb.

or more in weight, when the fish, with a mighty heave, would be flung far over the angler's head. I once took sixteen trout, averaging ¾ lb. in weight, out of one mountain pool. Then the rise ceased, because I had caught every trout the pool contained.

Rainbow trout have been referred to. This game and delightful fish was first discovered, or invented, I believe, in the inland waters of the North American continent, for which discovery let all anglers be duly grateful. During later expeditions to the North Platte River in Wyoming I found that the whole situation for the angler was changed by reason of the successful introduction by Wyoming State authorities of rainbow-trout into this river and its tributaries. The trout throve amazingly, and increased rapidly in weight and numbers.

I strolled out from the Old Pick Ranch one autumn day in the year 1897, with my trout-rod in my hand, intent on casting a fly into the streams and pools of the river I had known for so many years, but had never previously fished. Our ranch manager said the trout were there, though, not being a fisherman himself, he had not caught any. The statement was, of course, accepted, but I wanted practical proof nevertheless, and in my own mind was not fully convinced without it. As a matter of fact, none of the boys on the ranch knew anything about fly-fishing, and no trout had been so far caught in this particular part of the river, though thousands of trout-fry had been turned in twenty miles lower down at Fort Steele during the previous two or three years.

So I put up a cast of three fair-sized Scotch flies, and com-

menced fishing in the first good pool near the ranch. The weather was turning cold—the month was October—and the fish were somewhat sluggish it appeared. But in course of time I rose a fish, obviously a trout; then hooked something strong and lively, and played for five minutes or more, and finally landed a beautiful 5-lb. rainbow-trout, a perfect picture of a fish in shape and colour.

A day or two after the capture of my first rainbow-trout, I learnt that there were heavy fish in the Platte. Jim Deacon, the factotum at the Pick Ranch, had somewhere picked up an old "Jock Scott" salmon-fly with a length of gut attached, and pressed me to try it in a deep pool under the cliffs about a mile above the ranch, and below an old dam, which had originally been built for the purpose of supplying water to an irrigating ditch.

I thought the fly too large, but Jim insisted that heavy fish had been caught higher up the river on similar flies, and so I took the first opportunity of trying it in the cliff pool. The result was that half-way down the stream I felt a draw, raised my hand, and the next moment my little cane trout-rod was bent double, while a heavy fish, playing like a salmon, ran up and down the pool. I never saw him, and presently the old gut-cast parted. But I felt satisfied that this was a considerably heavier fish than anything I had yet hooked.

My next experience of rainbow-trout was in the Mississippi Valley. I had been staying for a week on a business visit in the large western town of Minneapolis, situated on the banks of the Mississippi River. A blazing August sun made the

dusty streets distinctly unpleasant, raised a thirst difficult, though not altogether impossible, to quench, and by contrast brought to my mind longing thoughts of the purple heather and rippling burns of my native land, some 4000 miles away, where grouse were falling, and trout were being captured by my more fortunate countrymen, while I was transacting business and drinking lager beer in the State of Minnesota, with the thermometer 95 degrees in the shade.

I was lunching that day with one of my business friends. Our American cousins are the most hospitable of mankind. The conversation turned on fishing. With insular prejudice, I openly and most unfavourably contrasted the muddy Mississippi and its catfish and "suckers" with the salmon and trout-stocked waters of bonnie Scotland. "Would you like to catch some rainbow-trout?" said my host. "Where are they?" I doubtingly asked. "Thirty miles away I can show you plenty," he answered. I had three days to spare, and the matter was at once arranged. My incredulity as to the existence of the trout, or indeed of fishable water anywhere within reasonable distance in which to catch them, was, I trust, more or less successfully concealed. The country was dried up with drought. It had not rained for two months, and at that moment extensive forest fires were raging in the northern part of the State.

The next afternoon, in company with two grain-men, a learned judge, and a doctor, we started on our fishing picnic, thirty miles by rail and four by road. In the evening we found ourselves at our destination, a temperance country

hotel (where, by the by, some of the best bottled beer in the State was obtainable), kept by a naturalised German, and situated in the rolling and wooded uplands of Northern Minnesota. At supper, where a dish of fresh trout finally dispelled my doubts as to their existence, the situation was more fully explained. Close to the hotel were at least a dozen natural springs of the clearest water and of considerable united volume, permanently feeding a stream that ran for some two miles in alternate rapid and pool to the river below. At its head this stream was dammed back into two miniature lakes, where the trout were every season artificially reared, and thence stocked the stream for its whole length to where another dam and pool, with protected outlet, prevented the escape of the fish to the river below.

Our landlord was a practised fisherman, as I soon found out; and, moreover, he thoroughly understood the artificial rearing of trout. He was inclined to look with contempt on the fishing capabilities of the parties of town-bred Americans who periodically visited him on fishing picnics. The gentle art of fly-fishing is not generally practised or understood on the banks of the Mississippi. Would his trout rise to the fly? Certainly they would. What size did they run? Up to three pounds; average half a pound. What flies did they take? Specimens were shown me—three-quarter-inch flies of a size and shape calculated to put down any well-brought-up Highland trout for a week. I had a few Scotch flies with me, and produced them. They were not thought much of, and I held my peace. Evidently Minnesota trout had views of their own

on the subject of flies. The evening was spent in fishing yarns, in which the landlord took a prominent part.

Next morning, soon after daybreak, armed with a ten-foot split cane fly-rod and a cast of three Brobdignagian flies, I was taken to a causeway between the ponds at the head of the stream, and requested to begin. The water was like glass. A blazing western sun had just risen, and my heart sank. Who could catch trout in water like that with three-quarter-inch flies? was my unspoken thought. But my American hosts were looking on, and I began to throw towards the shade of the opposite bank. At the third cast the still water was broken by a swirl at the tail-fly, and I hooked and landed a ½ lb. rainbow-trout. This looked like business. I was left in possession of the causeway, and had an excellent morning's sport. Such simple-minded and voracious trout I have never previously come across. Size or colour of fly, within reasonable limits, was to them a matter of complete indifference, and the play they gave was excellent. During that day and part of the next I killed 137 trout, averaging about ½ lb., the largest over 2 lb., all well-shaped, good-conditioned fish. The hotter and brighter the sun, the better they seemed to take.

I will now, in conclusion, turn again to my first fishing love, the lakes and streams of the Scandinavian Peninsula. The salmon-rivers of Norway I have already touched upon. Its trouting waters yield equally pleasant memories of sport, and in point of numbers and innocence of their fish rather tend to spoil one for Scotch and Irish trout-fishing.

On the island of Hitteren, for example, which is full of small

lakes and streams, I have frequently caught four or five dozen trout in the intervals of deer-stalking, weighing three to the pound ; while on one occasion two of us ran into three figures in an afternoon's fishing. In the streams and lakes of the Dovre Fjeld, in the intervals of strenuous days after reindeer in the 'seventies, we thought nothing of a dozen or so of trout averaging 1 lb. in weight, caught in an hour or two in stream or lake near our hunting soeter, chiefly to vary a venison diet. It was at the head of the Romsdal Valley, in the upper waters of the Rauma, that I once made an excellent bag of grayling mingled with a few trout, in the month of August. This is the only occasion on which I have ever caught grayling outside the British Isles. The largest of them weighed about 1 lb., and, though the sport they afforded was good, they did not equal the trout either in this respect or for the larder. In no other Norwegian streams, of the many that I have fished, have I ever come across grayling.

Some misguided British sportsmen, it is said, many years ago introduced that poaching instrument, the wooden otter, to the inhabitants of the Dovre Fjeld. The result is that many of the lakes of this region have been completely spoilt for ordinary trout-fishing. I shall never forget how our reindeer-stalking party once half filled our boat with splendid lake trout running up to 3 lb., and over, in weight one Sunday afternoon, by means of a long cross-line and an otter, and with what a guilty conscience I returned with the spoils to camp, even though there was good use for them.

I will now bring my fishing recollections to a close with

the account of a red-letter trout-fishing day. The scene is a rocky-sided open fjeld-valley in Norway two thousand feet or so above the sea. The invigorating fjeld air on these breezy open uplands is a joy to breathe. Around us are the reindeer fjelds of the Dovre Fjeld, whitened here and there by snow glaciers. Rocky peaks and clear-cut mountain ridges surround us and jut up into the sky, sometimes shrouded in mist, or perhaps bathed in the glorious summer sunshine of the North. At the head of the valley in question was a long narrow lake, near the summit of the watershed, and distinguished by the size and flavour of its trout. On its shores was a comfortable fishing lodge, where relays of our party used to come in turn, some for sketching and climbing, others for trout-fishing, and all for the enjoyment of the fresh mountain air.

One day stands out distinct in my memory, when the air was soft and clear; occasional fleecy clouds concealed a brilliant sun, and a gentle breeze, ruffling the surface of lake and river-pool, made the trout an easier prey to a light-thrown artificial fly.

From the lower end of the lake a clear-running mountain stream, widening out here and there into long, deep and rocky pools, ran meandering through the valley down to great falls below, and then rushed onward through deep gorges to the salmon river miles away. The portion of the stream from the lake to the falls, about four miles or so in length, was famous for the number of its trout; and so we were bent on beating all records that day, if possible, both for numbers and for

weight. Some of the party were harling on the lake; others were exploring a distant fjeld. But we had an expedition and a purpose of our own. About 10 A.M. accordingly found us where the stream issued from the lake, duly equipped with a nine-foot split cane rod, and tackle to match, also with wading stockings and all complete, intent on seriously fishing down-stream to the falls below, with a view to ascertaining how many trout one rod could catch in an ordinary reasonable working day. Ole carried the landing-net and luncheon bag; also the fish as caught.

We started with a 2-pounder in the first five minutes. Just where the lake began to merge into the stream, in the neck above the first pool—always in my experience a good taking spot for large trout—our flies, a cast of three, were gently dropped across the water. At once came a good rise, and, after a preliminary half-pounder or two, a bigger boil than usual at the tail fly, but without a touch, caused a change of lure. A small golden spoon was deftly cast across the stream, then came a check, a strike, and the light rod was bending double. After some minutes' hard play a 2-pounder was duly netted, and our desire for some quality of size was partially satisfied. But we were out for numbers that day. So, after extracting another good pounder from the next pool below, our cast of three flies was replaced, common or garden Scotch loch-trout flies of ordinary variety, and we laid ourselves out to show the said flies to as many trout as possible. With intervals of quiet, particularly at midday, the trout took well that day. Nor did they show either severely restricted

range of appetite or delicacy of choice. Red hackle, silver body, black or purple wing, all were more or less alike to these voracious upland trout, provided the gut-cast was fairly fine and the flies were presented in clean and lively fashion. Sometimes I had three trout on at a time, and I made it a point of honour to net every trout myself. Have you ever tried, gentle reader, to net three lively trout simultaneously hooked on one three-fly cast, while you are wading in eighteen inches of rocky-bottomed water, and with a short-handled net? It is quite amusing and requires some handiness and skill. The tail-fly trout must first be netted, then the dropper, then the bob. These particular trout of whom I write all ran from half a pound in weight to one-third of a pound (good herring-size), and they fought most lustily. So the day wore on. Now I would fish a stretch of stream for two or three trout, and then, from some rocky wind-swept pool, would extract a round dozen or more while standing on one spot.

My wrist came to work like a machine. Almost at every cast, as the afternoon wore on and the trout were well on the move, would come the rapid, vicious rise, a turn of the wrist, a bending rod, a lively dashing to and fro, and a leaping from the water of a gleaming yellow speckled nine inches of trout fighting for its life, and then another seven ounces or so added to Ole's burden of fish. We came home that night with a bag of trout that ran into three figures in numbers, and two big figures in pounds of weight. But what matter the actual score and scale? We had had a glorious day in the open air, amid wild scenery, and face to face with Nature in its pleasantest and most captivating mood.

SALMON AND TROUT MEMORIES

The balmy mountain breeze, nicely warmed and tempered by the sun, had delightfully fanned our cheeks, and conveniently rippled the surface of the clear running pools. It had been a pleasure, during the midday rest, to lunch and smoke in comfort on the bank, soothed by the music of rippling stream and murmuring wind. We were at peace with all the world, and thankful to the clerk of the weather, knowing full well from past experience how rude and stern and harsh can Nature be at times, even in summer, in these northern uplands, with apparently gratuitous occasional gales and rain and cold and mist and turbid, flooded streams.

Apart from, and in addition to, favourable weather, it is difficult exactly and precisely to define in what lies the charm of catching small mountain-trout on fine tackle in beautiful scenery. But—for some of us at least—the irresistible charm and attraction is there. To be thoroughly and completely enjoyable, however, among other conditions, there should be plenty of trout. Then, if the mind be at ease and the conscience (reasonably) clear, with the nervous system soothed and invigorated by mild exercise and the wholesome mental stimulant of sport, all in magnificent and bracing air, a day so spent will always linger fondly in the memory. For the benefit of the humanitarian philosopher, I may perhaps mention that our bag of trout, duly distributed, appreciated, and subsequently fried, tickled the palates of a wide assortment of British visitors and Norwegian peasantry. On the other hand, if left uncaught, these same trout would eventually and undoubtedly have eaten one another.

HOW TO MAKE TROUT-FISHING

HOW TO MAKE TROUT-FISHING

America has a more permanent hold upon its citizens than any other field-sport. Upon its votaries, I say, being quite aware that the passion is far from universal. Were it expedient, I could name a round dozen of landowners who own also some of the choicest salmon waters in the realm, and the last thing they think of doing for recreation is to stretch a line upon one of them. Two or three years ago I was the guest of one who [illegible] rivers in the world, yet who never [illegible] I doubt whether he has ever killed. [illegible] my thing as a blessing. During [illegible] breakfast with the usual [illegible] I was charming [illegible] to hear [illegible] I only thought what [illegible] would have [illegible] 'rather' rather [illegible] I thought the [illegible] would [illegible] that he could [illegible] spring salmon. [illegible]

A LESSON WITH THE DRY FLY

From a photograph by the Editor

A LESSON WITH THE DRY FLY

From a photograph by the Editor

HOW TO MAKE TROUT-FISHING

By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart.

Angling has a more permanent hold upon its votaries than any other field-sport. Upon its votaries, I say, being quite aware that the passion is far from universal. Were it expedient, I could name a round dozen of landowners who own also some of the choicest salmon waters in the realm, and the last thing they think of doing for recreation is to stretch a line upon one of them. Two or three years ago I was the guest of one who possesses exclusive rights over three of the most delectable and productive salmon rivers in the north, yet who never has killed a salmon. I doubt whether he has ever tried. Upon one of these rivers I was to have my fling on a blustery April morn. Having bolted breakfast with the usual feverish impatience to be off, I was stamping about the entrance hall waiting for the motor that was to bear me to the riverside, when my host's son made his appearance. A pang shot through what a classical Greek would have referred to as τά σπλάγχνα, but what a modern ladies' tailor would indicate as my "lower chest," for methought the youth would surely come with me—naturally, seeing that he could not possibly have nobler game in view than the capture of spring salmon. He had not broken his fast yet; his repast

was sure to be more prolonged than mine had been ; it would be eleven o'clock before we reached the river !

" You're coming to fish ? " I asked, with an effort to purge the question of the tremulous impatience that lay behind it.

" No," replied he. " I haven't had breakfast yet."

" Oh, but I can wait for you," said I, with feelings very far from the amiability which the words conveyed.

" No, thank you," said he, to my unspeakable relief. " I don't care for fishing ; I'm going to shoot some rooks ! "

In a few minutes I was under way. I returned at nightfall with eight lovely spring salmon in the bag, and many times that day had I reflected with wonder upon the caprice of fortune that had endowed this young man with command of unlimited salmon-fishing, and at the same time with a taste that made him prefer potting a few dirty rooks. Be it temperament, idiosyncrasy, or what not, the fact remains that some persons most favoured by circumstance to become adepts in angling remain insensible to the fascination that casts so powerful a thrall over others.

And those others—is there one of them who will dispute the sentence at the outset of this discourse ? Fox-hunting, shooting—*j'ai passé par là*—like many another who, after years of devotion to both or either, has given them up, with a sigh, perhaps, but not inconsolable. But who has ever known or heard of an angler wearying of his craft ? " Ance fisher, aye fisher," is the one rule to which, in the history of civilisation, no exception has ever occurred. Memory and experience may be cited to confirm that. I recall a morning in a far-off

June when I saw four fishers descending the steep path leading down the brae between Saltoun House and the Haddingtonshire Tyne. Each of them had a trout-rod in his hand; the flush of expectation lit up their faces; they were as keen and jealous as schoolboys on an *exeat;* yet of the quartette only one was less than fourscore years of age. They have all crossed the bourne long since, but in that year Lord Wemyss was eighty-one, Sir George Grant-Suttie and Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun were eighty, only Mr. Fletcher Campbell was but seventy-nine.

Nay, but have we not one with us still whose prowess has been recognised by the unique distinction of naming two very dissimilar flies after him—the Greenwell salmon fly and the Greenwell trout fly? Nor need any angler—not I, at least—think that any disability were imposed on him if he should be restricted to the exclusive use of these two well-tried killers. Turn up Canon Greenwell's name in *Who's Who*, and you will notice, at the end of a list of erudite works whereof he is the author, the words, "*Recreation:* angling (trout and salmon)." You will also note that he was born in the year 1820, and is therefore in his ninety-third year, yet last summer he was at his beloved waterside, and the contents of his basket proved that his pristine skill had not deserted him.

Enough said (though much might be added if need were) to support my thesis that, of all the forms of pursuit included in the category of sport, angling creates the most enduring passion in those who once become enamoured thereof. And in this twentieth century so vastly has the number of the enamoured increased that rich men are tumbling over each

other for the privilege of paying rents which to their grandsires would have seemed basis for a case *de lunatico inquirendo*, in order to acquire fishings which, fifty years ago, might have been had for the asking, and a hundred years ago *without* the asking. What array of numerals, think you, would be required to represent the annual rental of the rivers, lochs, and moors that Colonel Thornton fished and shot over in the course of his famous sporting tour through the northern counties? Nobody thought of interfering with him, although from first to last throughout his two years' trip it does not appear that he either sought or obtained permission from anyone. Angling, indeed, in those days was held in little repute; the few gentlemen of position who indulged in it were deemed somewhat eccentric, the prevalent sentiment in regard to that pursuit being expressed by Porthos, one of the immortal Three Musketeers, when he said: "La pêche est un plaisir roturier: je le laisse à Mousqueton."

Very different is the state of matters now. Not only is good fishing among the most highly coveted pleasures of the affluent, but in the industrial districts of midland and northern England and in lowland Scotland the membership of angling clubs consists of thousands of artisans and miners. Nor is there any reason to doubt that these numbers would be vastly increased if only there were angling waters to accommodate them. It is the purpose of this concluding chapter to show that a great deal might be done to meet the growing demand, at least in the wilder and less densely populated districts of the north, to which access is now so cheap and easy.

HOW TO MAKE TROUT-FISHING

For all who have the true interest of the sport at heart the position has become threatening. The cry for free fishing has gone forth; candidates for Parliament are peppered with questions about it at election times, and the parliamentary candidate, no matter what his particular political plumage may be, is a peculiarly plastic creature, prone to move along the lines of least resistance; and whereas the prevalent conception of self-government seems to imply the confiscation by the majority of the property of the minority, nobody need be surprised if some fine day the Mother of Parliaments should decree that all fishing shall be free. Now we anglers know very well in what free fishing would result. It would mean that it would not be worth any man's while to preserve, protect, or improve angling water. The Scottish Trout Anglers' Association are fully aware of that, and have prepared a Bill, which was introduced into Parliament last year, whereby, if I remember right, the sheriff of any county in Scotland may direct the appropriation of private fishing rights and bestow them under certain conditions upon local angling clubs. It may occur to old-fashioned constitutionalists that there is nothing inherently different in angling rights from rights in any other form of property, and that this specious form of nibbling and filching will not stop there; but I do not here propose to follow that line of thought, which might lead into the murky atmosphere of political controversy. My purpose is to draw attention to the almost indefinite extent to which good angling might be developed in many parts of the British Isles, without trenching upon anybody's rights. If that were

done by landowners themselves, there are few districts where they might not recoup themselves for the expense by leasing their rights to local fishing clubs; or, on the other hand, they might on reasonable terms give such clubs or associations facilities for making fisheries for themselves.

In discussing this matter I must leave salmon-angling out of account. That must always remain a sport for the few, owing partly to its limited extent in the United Kingdom, partly to the irreconcilable conflict of interest between nets and rods, and partly to the wholly negative results of artificial propagation of salmon in hatcheries. Upon this last point I am aware that I may be called to account. Well, I have had long acquaintance with salmon fisheries both in this country and in Norway; I have seen hatcheries maintained over a very great number of seasons, admirably managed, wherein as much as 95 per cent. of the ova laid down are successfully hatched; but never yet have the owners of these rivers and hatcheries been able to demonstrate the smallest perceptible result upon the stock of mature fish. The futility of attempting to replenish by artificial means a salmon river which has been unduly depleted by netting has been thoroughly proved in the Oder, once a most productive fishery. German pisciculturists are no bunglers at their business; diligently have they wrought for years to repair the exhaustion of this river by turning in hundreds of thousands of fry, but all in vain; salmon have become so nearly extinct that the capture of one weighing 13 lb. in the autumn of 1912 was recorded in a local newspaper as a notable event.

The fact is that, despite all the accidents of frost and flood, all the risks from predaceous foes to which salmon are exposed at all stages of their growth, the number of fry produced by the ordinary process of nature from a good stock of breeders is so enormous that the output of any hatchery can be hardly appreciable in comparison. Nobody, I think, who has watched the descent of smolts in May over the shallows of a well-stocked salmon river can entertain much doubt upon that matter. Why, a flock of herring gulls, allowed to collect on one of these shallows when the smolts are moving, will devour in a single day as much as a well-regulated hatchery can produce in a year. Moreover, the injury done by disturbing and stripping spawning salmon in order to replenish the hatchery can hardly be calculated. I feel convinced that far more fruitful results might be attained if the money and labour spent on hatcheries were applied to the effective protection of salmon on their natural spawning grounds, to the netting of pike in the still reaches of such rivers where these pirates abound, and to vigilant watching of all the principal fords and shallows during the descent of the smolts in order to scare away seagulls. The precaution last mentioned I have never seen put in force; but the immense increase of seagulls in consequence of the Wild Birds Protection Acts renders it *of prime importance* to the welfare of the fishery. The number of beautiful silvery smolts devoured by these insatiable birds can hardly be calculated, and can only be imagined, by one who has watched them at work. To protect these fords and shallows will certainly entail some expense, for watch must be kept during

all the hours of daylight; but it is only necessary during a month or six weeks in spring. If it pays a farmer to herd rooks off his corn, surely it is worth the while of the owner or lessee of a salmon fishery to scare away marauders from his precious shoals of potential twenty-pounders.

Artificial propagation of trout is quite a different matter. There you have the fish under your eye, so to speak, from the ovum to maturity. There is no limit to the number of trout that can be turned out of a hatchery, and the parents, unlike salmon, can be kept in captivity until ready to shed their precious burden in the boxes. I confine these observations to trout, because fly-fishing for trout ranks next in quality to fly-fishing for salmon; indeed there are not wanting good sportsmen who declare that it is the higher branch of the craft. Moreover, trout adapt themselves to almost any character of water, running or still, provided pike can be excluded. That, indeed, is a very serious proviso. Next to the wholesale pollution which has been allowed to ruin some of the finest angling waters in the United Kingdom, the presence of pike is the chief hindrance to the maintenance of a good trout fishery. There can be no doubt that we owe the wide distribution of pike in British and Irish waters largely to the piscicultural energy of ecclesiastical communities. It is safe to say that there is not a stream or natural lake in the United Kingdom below the 2500 or 3000 feet level which did not at one time contain trout. One of two agencies, pike or pollution, must be held to account for their dis-

appearance. There is a legend that pike are not indigenous to these islands.

> Carp, pickerel, hops and beer
> Came into England all in one year—

runs an old saw. Whether that be literally true or not, certain it is that the monks of old set a high value upon pike as a fish of rapid growth, easily transported, of immense fecundity, providing a welcome and abundant diet for fast days ; wherefore they took special care to plant them in natural waters and artificial stews conveniently near their religious houses. There is not a single lake or river in Scotland, with a ruined abbey or priory on its banks or on an island therein, that does not abound with pike, whereas it may safely be predicated of any lake containing trout and no pike that no remains of a religious house may be found in its neighbourhood.

The very first thing, then, to attend to in setting about the improvement of an existing trout fishery is the destruction of pike—would that I could say their extermination, but that is impracticable. Their reduction in number and size (the latter a most important object) is, however, perfectly within the scope of well-directed effort. Loch Leven is a conspicuous case in point. There you have on St. Serf's Island the remains of a monastic house ; consequently pike abound in the lake, or did abound, until Mr. P. D. Malloch undertook a campaign against them in his successful enterprise of regenerating that famous fishery. How successful that has been, let the following figures testify :

1910	*Trout*	*Weight*
April	434	320 lb. 8 oz.
May	4,246	3,212 ,, 4 ,,
June	11,019	7,899 ,, 12 ,,
July	17,974	7,965 ,, 0 ,,
August . . .	12,683	8,519 ,, 4 ,,
September . . .	1,706	1,284 ,, 0 ,,
Totals	41,064	29,200 lb. 12 oz

Average weight 11$\frac{1}{7}$ oz.

1911	*Trout*	*Weight*
April	536	448 lb. 10 oz.
May	946	785 ,, 11 ,,
June	4,220	3,473 ,, 4 ,,
July	7,520	5,743 ,, 7 ,,
August . . .	7,577	5,825 ,, 8 ,,
September . . .	1,744	1,533 ,, 11 ,,
Totals	22,543	17,810 lb. 3 oz.

Average weight 12$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

1912	*Trout*	*Weight*
April	884	668 lb. 1 oz.
May	13,943	9,260 ,, 9 ,,
June	16,520	10,500 ,, 0 ,,
July	7,832	5,527 ,, 13 ,,
August . . .	8,226	6,264 ,, 5 ,,
September . . .	1,651	1,336 ,, 0 ,,
Totals	49,044	33,574 lb. 12 oz.

Average weight 10$\frac{35}{36}$ oz.

It will be observed that the average weight bears some proportion inversely to the number of fish taken. The highest average recorded was in 1903—1 lb. 5$\frac{3}{4}$ oz.—but in that season

the total of fish taken was the lowest recorded, viz. 2002. The main factor in redeeming the fishery from its low estate has been the systematic measures taken to put down pike. Mr. Malloch took over the management in 1908; the pike destroyed in that year were numbered by the thousand. In the twelve months ending in September 1912 only fifteen pike were accounted for.

Of the 49,044 trout taken in the season 1912, 13,166 were landed by 2052 anglers fishing in club competitions, leaving 35,878 as the booty of those in pursuit of fair sport, untinged by any mercenary consideration. One very satisfactory feature in the case is that, whereas in former years minnow-fishing was much in vogue on Loch Leven, that inartistic and (as I think) reprehensible device has become the exception, as it ought to be in a lake so manifestly suitable for fly-fishing.

The moral of all this is that, if sagacious management has so largely increased the natural resources of Loch Leven as to render it capable of providing excellent sport for thousands of anglers, similar measures applied to other waters would produce like results, and thereby much might be done to satisfy the demand for trout-fishing with which all good sportsmen ought to sympathise, and which, if neglected, may give some trouble in the future. I could name a score of towns in Scotland in the near neighbourhood of which there are waters worthless through neglect, which could be turned into excellent fisheries if properly taken in hand and treated.

In the clear chalk streams of southern England pike are certainly not indigenous. Doubtless they owe their presence

there to escapes from monastic and domestic stew-ponds in pre-Reformation times. Trout-fishing in these waters is now so highly esteemed and commands such handsome rents that the pike are well looked after. Hundreds are whipped out every year with a wire noose at the end of a long bamboo, and very interesting it is to watch the astonishing dexterity of an adept at this beneficent business. He adjusts the snare over the snout of a jack six or eight inches long with as perfect accuracy as when dealing with a heavy fish.

But more than dexterity is required in fighting this foe. Vigilance and industry must never be relaxed, else your fishery will be overtaken by the fate that has been allowed to ruin one of the most prolific trout streams whereon I ever floated a fly—to wit, the Gade in its course through Cassiobury Park. I chose this water, on 3rd June 1897, for a pioneer experiment with the heretical Mayflies, which my lost friend Andrew Lang dubbed Bloody Marys and Blue Devils. My purpose was to test the colour sense in chalk-stream trout, or, at least, to ascertain whether they really are so fastidious as to the exact shade and tint of a fly as many good fishers believe them to be ; so to attain that purpose I had a quantity of Mayflies dressed of the usual materials, but dyed—some a screaming blue and others a flaming scarlet. The result of this experiment, and of a subsequent one in a less populous water, has been described elsewhere.[1] Suffice it to say here that I landed that day thirty-one trout, whereof only one weighed less than a pound ; and, had I chosen to persevere, might have

[1] *Salmon and Sea-trout*, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, pp. 129–137.

pulled out many more. My limit was four brace ; accidentally I exceeded it by one, and kept nine trout weighing 13½ lb. Still more convincing proof of how trout swarmed in the Gade at that time was forthcoming just after I was there, when the Hon. A. Holland Hibbert landed with the floating Mayfly no fewer than eighty trout weighing 120 lb. in a single day, a performance which, I fancy, has never been equalled in English waters. Now, they tell me, it is hardly worth anybody's while to go fly-fishing in the Gade of Cassiobury, so utterly has the water been neglected. Mud has been allowed to silt up the channel till the old deeps and runs have become unrecognisable ; pike have been suffered to propagate unchecked, and there are few trout left.

To deal effectively with the evil of pike, all that is required is perseverance with nets and snares, followed by incessant vigilance to keep them down once they have been reduced to a minimum. But while by a systematic campaign of this nature the area and quality of trout waters might be very largely increased, that in itself will not suffice to meet the constantly-increasing demand on the part of the public. To do that, new fisheries must be created, and I hope to show how that may be effected to an extent almost without practical limits.

Wherever there is a perennial rivulet it is possible to store its waters so as to harbour trout of good size. Of course in highly cultivated districts this is not to be done except at considerable expense, owing to the value of land which it may be necessary to inundate permanently. But even among

rich arable farms there are often deep glens or little ravines cut by the streamlets running through them. The sides of these glens are usually waste ground, growing gorse, fern, or perhaps coppice, once regularly cut in rotation for hurdles, firing, or the tannery, but now practically valueless, owing to the general use of wire fencing, modern methods of baking, and the substitution of chemicals for oak bark. In any one of such glens or combes it requires very simple engineering to construct a series of pools which, varying in extent and depth according to the contour of the ground, will yield excellent sport when stocked with trout. In pastoral and moorland regions the difficulties to be encountered are much slighter. There are tens of thousands of acres in the northern counties of Great Britain yielding an annual rent of no more than sixpence an acre. The annual value of such land is a negligible quantity. Create a lake of 100 acres in extent, and the loss of grazing rent is only fifty shillings per annum. Add to that the interest and sinking fund at 6½ per cent. on the cost of constructing the necessary dam, which, in broken and undulating ground, will seldom exceed £500, and you have to meet an annual charge of £35, whereof £32, 10*s*. will be wiped out in thirty years, leaving a permanent loss of £2, 10*s*. representing the former grazing rent. It will go hard if, considering the clamant demand for good fishing, you fail to recoup yourself handsomely for the outlay.

But this is an ambitious scheme ; a lake of 100 acres is a large sheet of water. Operations on a much humbler scale will ensure sport where now there is none. Think of the

myriad brooks and burns that seam the land all along the west coast from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, and so down the east coast as far south of the Humber. Nearly every one of these is capable of being engineered into a productive fishery. No rivulet so trivial, provided it is perennial, but can be harnessed to supply a chain of pools of greater or less extent. The resources are here, there, and everywhere, only waiting for development.

In setting about the construction of a fishery such as this, one cardinal principle must be kept in view. Merely to throw a dam across the main channel of a stream will never give a satisfactory or permanent result. A pool will be created, no doubt, but the process of silting up will begin immediately. In mountainous districts a single winter spate may bring down such an accumulation of grit, gravel, and shingle as will obliterate the pool altogether. In lowland districts the process is slower, but it is not less sure, sand and mud taking the place of gravel and shingle.

Instead, therefore, of damming the main channel of the stream, the flow must be diverted so as to run at a higher level than the surface of the proposed pool. In glens the gradient is usually sharp, and in such places a new lade or channel of no great length will have to be cut to convey the main run past the pool, which is fed by a side runner. The number of pools which may be so constructed depends only upon the length of the glen, the nature of its sides, and the enterprise of the owner of the ground. Of course, if the sides of the glen are rocky, the expense of cutting a new channel for the stream may

be prohibitive ; but I have in view that type of glen which occurs so frequently on our western coasts, deeply cut by small streams through boulder clay, or " till," as they call it in the north. The sides of such a glen are usually steep, but not so steep as to offer any difficulty in cutting a new channel along them, through the grass, fern, and gorse with which they are generally clothed. Farther inland, in moorland or hilly districts, the plan of campaign must be modified ; but the cardinal principle holds good, namely, that the main channel of the stream must be diverted, and the pools to be formed must be fed by a runner from the stream, not by the stream itself.

There remain two questions to be considered : (1) What quality and quantity of trout may be expected in fisheries formed upon this system ? and (2) What purpose is there in forming them, supposing the owner of the ground to be indifferent to the attractions of angling ?

(1) It is an established fact that the size and quality of trout which any water is capable of producing are in inverse ratio to their number. The food supply in every stream or lake is a fixed average quantity. Trout, unlike the higher vertebrates, such as men or mice, have no average standard of dimension ; they are of so plastic a nature that the weight and size of individuals conforms in proportion to the amount of nutriment each can obtain. Assuming, therefore, that in any water there is a good or fair supply of food, the average size of the trout therein will vary according to the spawning accommodation. In swift streams with extensive gravelly

shallows, and in lakes fed by a number of hill streams of that character, the trout will be numerous and small. In deeper streams with a gentle flow, like those of the southern English counties, and in lakes fed chiefly by springs and with few surface feeders, trout will be less numerous and of goodlier proportions and quality. Hence it follows that in a fishery such as I have sketched above, the average size of trout may be regulated almost to a nicety. Spawners can be admitted to or excluded from the running water at the discretion of the manager. It is true that food supply varies according to the soil; it is scarce in streams flowing over granite or plutonic rock, more abundant in limestone districts, and profuse in water flowing through alluvium or other sedimentary deposits. But even the hungriest waters may be improved by the formation of still deeps where a certain amount of sediment will accumulate, wherein insect and crustacean life may find shelter.

Two examples from my own experience may serve to illustrate the capacity of small sheets of standing water to produce trout of the finest quality. Both of these ponds are on my own property, and contained no trout until they were introduced some years ago. One of them lies in a hollow formed by digging out marl, much valued as a farm fertiliser in the eighteenth century. In extent it is only about four or five acres; the water is nowhere more than nine feet deep, and, being chiefly supplied from springs, is of crystal translucency. A small runner enters the tarn, but is of no use as spawning ground, for it runs by a couple of cottages, the inhabitants whereof keep a number of ducks, which may be

relied on to gobble up any spawn that might be deposited there. The stock of trout, therefore, depends entirely for continuance upon annual replenishment with fish conveyed from elsewhere.

I began by turning in two or three hundred troutlets taken from a neighbouring burn, brightly-coloured little fellows, spangled with vermilion and splashed with gold on their flanks, running from two to four ounces in weight. Two or three years later, I forget which, I went up to this lochan one morning in April to see whether any of these trout remained. There was no boat, and a strong east wind only allowed me to cast from one part of the shore. I landed ten trout weighing 10¼ lb., so altered in appearance from those which I had turned in that it seemed hard to believe they were of the same species. The gold had turned to silver, the red spots had almost disappeared—quite so, in some of these fish—and their general colouring and shape were strongly suggestive of sea-trout.

That happened more than thirty years ago. Since that time the little loch has been regularly replenished, chiefly with two-year-olds from a hatchery, and has never failed to produce lovely trout up to 3 lb. in weight. I may add that both American brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) and rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) have been tried, with a result that seems to be invariable—namely, splendid promise during the first year, partial fulfilment in the second, total disappearance thereafter. The exit from the loch being guarded by a grating, the disappearance of these fish admits of no easy explanation.

The other example referred to is that of a diminutive tarn situated in a very lonely and romantic spot at the foot of a "fell" or rough hill on one side, and on the verge of a "heugh" or steep grassy cliff facing the sea. It must be fed with springs, for there is no water running either into it or out of it above-ground. Lying so remote and being very difficult of access, I regret to say that I have neglected to keep it replenished with trout, and it is many years since a number were turned into it taken from a stream some miles distant. Previous to this, the only fish inhabiting the tarn were some huge carp, descendants of those which a certain Admiral placed there about a century ago. We could see them rolling about in hot weather, but I never had the enterprise to try and catch them. The trout took kindly to these secluded quarters; but as the tarn lies five or six rough miles from my house and only a short distance from that of a neighbour, I have left them entirely to him, and he has killed some there up to 3½ lb. in weight.

(2) Now, as to the second question above propounded—What purpose is there in forming such fisheries as these apart from the private delectation of the owner and his friends? On the Continent of Europe, of course, sufficient reason would be found in connection with the supply of wholesome food, whether for the market or for home consumption. In our land some other inducement must be found, for we are a thriftless race, and the provision of fresh-water fish for the table is one of the last undertakings that would occur to a country gentleman. I maintain that the demand for good

angling has reached such dimensions and intensity that it would be prudent to meet it by the creation and development of the means of satisfying it. I am old enough to remember when it was a very rare thing to be asked for leave to fish, whereas now such requests are incessant. It seems churlish to refuse the majority of these requests; it is impossible to make the applicants understand that, in order to ensure sport for anybody, it is necessary to regulate and restrict the number of anglers admitted to the waters over which one may have control. Does it not therefore seem advisable to increase the area of such waters and to place some of them under the management of local angling clubs, the members whereof should contribute the funds necessary for upkeep and stocking? There are very few districts, except in the wilder parts of the Highlands, certainly no districts within easy range of any town of 3000 population and upwards, where there would be any difficulty in forming such a club. Such an arrangement would have this advantage, that, although the club would find it necessary to protect their rights just as jealously as any private owner and to restrict the number of fishers to the extent and capabilities of the fishery, the committee of management would not incur the same degree of odium and envy as falls to the lot of any landowner attempting the same thing. It will be known that the club pays a rent for the fishery, and that the members bear the expenses; and an association of this sort is not exposed to the imputation of selfishness in the same degree as an individual.

These reflections may seem to the reader to embody a

Utopian project; but it has been borne in upon the writer, through personal experience of constantly increasing intensity, that it is no longer possible—in the north, at least—to resist the pressure of the growing number of anglers, and that if a private owner is to reserve any fishing for the exclusive recreation of himself and his friends, he must adopt some expedient for satisfying the demand from outside. We see on a large scale on Loch Leven what may be effected by a judicious scheme of management, and there seems no serious obstacle, except a moderate expenditure of capital, to attaining similar results on a smaller scale.

TARPON FISHING IN THE PASS

TARPON FISHING IN THE PASS

CLOSE QUARTERS

CLOSE QUARTERS

TARPON FISHING IN THE PASS

By LORD DESBOROUGH

The tarpon is a big herring, king of the herring tribe. Structural differences there are, no doubt, apart from the striking discrepancy in size, and the most noticeable of these to the untrained eye is the disproportionately long ray of the dorsal fin, which sweeps back towards the tail and is thought by some to assist the great fish in those rapid twists and turns by which, in conjunction with high speed, it is able to avoid the sharks and other natural enemies that inhabit the Gulf of Mexico and other warm seas within its range, which is now known to embrace not only the whole of the West Indies, but also the West Coast of Africa, and at any rate the north littoral of tropical Australia. Many fish of both sea and river are loosely described as silvery, but to no other does the term apply more accurately than to the tarpon, for the tip of each of its large scales is thickly coated with silver, and as the tip is the only portion exposed to view in the natural state, the fish literally resembles a solid bar of silver as it flings itself high in the air on feeling the hook, and, with violent shaking of its massive head, tries, not always unsuccessfully, to fling that which hurts it from its bony mouth. Not at once did men realise that tarpon could be caught with rod and line. As in the case of other fish, the

knowledge was won only after long acquaintance with the fish in the nets, and in those early days these mighty fish were considered a nuisance and a danger, since, when trapped in a seine, they played havoc with the net, and are even said to have caused the death of fishermen against whom they leaped in their wild dash for freedom. Gradually, however, the angler subdued the Silver King to his purpose, and already science has bestowed on it the name *Megalops thrissoides* or *M. Atlanticus*.

The tarpon grows to an immense size and weight. Specimens of over 7 feet have been recorded, and the highest authentic weight is 210 lb., though one American work on popular natural history refers to a maximum weight of 300 lb., without, however, giving chapter and verse. Apart from its size, which alone would make it a formidable foe on the rod, the tarpon is a keen fighter. It behaves, one might say, like the orthodox salmon, only more so, and, but for the sulking, which is no part of its programme, it goes through the regulation performances with rather more than the regulation enthusiasm. When hooked, it scarcely ever omits to jump, and indeed the first indication of having hooked one of these fish in deep water is that of the line slowly rising to the surface, to be followed by the sudden apparition of the fish itself, perhaps six feet out of water and sometimes fifty or a hundred yards from the boat. Not all fish behave alike, and it is a common experience to have one run straight towards you, leaping within a few feet of the boat and drenching you in the spray that it throws off in its somersault.

There has been much argument over the greatest height

to which a hooked tarpon will jump, and in the case of so large a fish, and such rapid movements, this is liable to be underrated. Ordinarily the tarpon jumps only when hooked, for the obvious purpose of flinging out the hook, but these fish have also been seen to jump without such provocation, probably to fling off a remora, like the rays do, or some other irritant, and it may perhaps take the hook for some prickly kind of crab that it has inadvertently swallowed and desires at all cost to be rid of. Mr. Dimock, whose wonderful instantaneous photographs of leaping tarpon have lately familiarised people at home with a sight that we formerly had to go to Florida to see, gives the height as at any rate ten feet, and this habit of making several jumps while being played, much as it enhances the attractions of the tarpon as a sporting fish, undoubtedly plays into its captor's hands, tiring it out far more than its struggles under water. It is because the tuna, miscalled "leaping," never jumps when hooked, but at once settles down to a dogged fight for its life as deep down as it can get, that it is, weight for weight, a far more redoubtable antagonist. Yet any fish that jumps, be it salmon, trout, or tarpon, undoubtedly affords more excitement than one which, like a black grouper or jewfish, or some other bulldog of those seas, merely tries to burrow to the bottom and never gives the frenzied leaps and wild rushes so characteristic of the tarpon. Thus it is, for the angler, a fish above reproach, since even the most hardened salmon-fisher may well be taken aback by the speed and violence of its mad rushes. It is game to the backbone and is game to the last. Notwithstanding its great size,

it is as lively and active as a fresh-run grilse on a trout rod, and, in short, as fine a sporting fish as any man would wish to handle on rod and line.

Though the merits of tarpon fishing, viewed merely as a sport, cannot well be denied, there is certainly some little drawback to the pleasure of catching these fish in the reflection that they are not, when caught, appreciated as an article of food. I believe that at Key West a tarpon steak is much relished, and there is perhaps no reason why it should not be; but elsewhere in Florida, where the population is sparse, and where so many fish better worth eating are wasted, it is hardly to be expected that the fishermen should sit down to a seven-foot tarpon. There is, however, the comfort of knowing that, at any rate in pass-fishing, there is no need to kill the fish. It can be either played to a finish and lightly gaffed with little damage to its vitality, or it can be handlined to the beach without using a gaff at all. Indeed, with the protection of a thick pair of gauntlets, the guide can, even in deep water, release the hook from the exhausted fish and let it depart in peace, when its only risk would be a sudden onslaught from a hungry shark.

Mention of pass-fishing suggests the distinction between this preferable mode of catching tarpon and the alternative known to Americans as still-fishing. The latter may be said to comprise those forms of fishing which aim at getting the bait swallowed, as in gorge-fishing for pike. It was, in fact, the only style attended by much probability of success in the days before hooks were designed capable of holding in the

bony structure of the tarpon's mouth; but unless tarpon are seriously on the feed, still-fishing cannot claim to be a very exhilarating pastime. The bait, half a mullet, is allowed to lie on the bottom of the river or lagoon, and the angler then exercises all the patience he has at his command. When, at length a tarpon takes the bait, it is allowed to run out line, either off the freely working reel, or ready coiled in the bottom of the boat, till he has had time to swallow hook and all. Then the fisherman picks up his rod, puts the brakes on the reel, raises the point, tightens the line, and strikes home. Thus, when the fish is struck after such interval, the hook enters its gullet and takes hold, and any one with the merest knowledge of playing a fish has the odds largely on his side. The worst of this still-fishing is that it entails long waits, vain hopes roused by sharks, catfish, and other undesirables, and constant trouble from crabs, which often steal the bait and leave the angler sitting, all unconscious of his loss, and in a state of repressed excitement, with a bare hook at the other end of his line. The rod and reel are the same as for pass-fishing, but the hook is larger, and is not attached to piano wire, but to a snood of raw hide, which has the advantage of being easily bitten through by sharks, sometimes so plentiful in these smooth inland waters that, if each had to be played to a finish, they would easily waste a whole day without giving the tarpon a chance.

Pass-fishing is a more recent innovation, not, in fact, much more than fifteen years old. It was, as has been said, impracticable with the old style of hook, which was, with

unfailing regularity, hurled back in the disappointed sportsman's face at the first jump of the fish. The hook still used in the passes was patented by Mr. Van Vleck, himself an enthusiastic tarpon fisherman, and consists of a finely tempered hook attached to four inches of fine chain, which gives with the tarpon's desperate struggles, and then to a cast of thin piano wire ending in a swivel. Still more recently, Mr. Mitchell Henry has invented a double-barbed hook which seems to take even firmer hold of the fish without making a bigger hole than those of ordinary pattern. The orthodox tarpon hooks varied, in my experience, in strength and temper much more than they ought to. Now and again, one came across a super-hook, such as one with which I landed eight tarpon in succession, not to mention other fish; but it was an exception to the general run of them.

Pass-fishing is as superior to still-fishing as spinning for pike to gorge-baiting. At Captiva, the original home of this method, the boats were usually moored, and as soon as a fish was struck, a buoy was thrown overboard, and the occupants of the other boats took in their lines and helped the favoured fisherman with encouragement and criticism. At Boca Grande, however, which has of late years been the more popular fishing ground, the method is conducted after the fashion of harling, and the variety and exercise of rowing up and down the pass are certainly preferable. As soon as a bite was felt, I found it best to strike hard and often, in fact to go on striking until the tarpon made its first jump, after which, right to the finish, as tight a strain must be kept on it as circumstances permit. The

fish may jump times and again, which will make its capture all the easier, but the line should be kept taut, even when the fish is in the air, because its mouth is so hard that, with any slack line, it will throw out the hook four times out of five, so that this is not a case for lowering the point of the rod as is done with a jumping salmon The best proof of the need for a taut line is found in the fact that the hook generally drops out of the tarpon's mouth the moment the fish is gaffed.

The Pass of Boca Grande forms the main entrance to Charlotte Harbour. Through it come and go the steamers and four-masted sailing ships which carry the phosphates of Florida all over the world. The pass separates the islands of Gasparilla and Cayo Costa, islands fringed with a hard white beach of pounded shells and clothed in a stunted semi-tropical vegetation. With the arrival of May, they provide an unlimited supply of sand-flies and mosquitoes. The wind usually blows hard up or down the Pass, a condition which, while mitigating the evil of these insects, also nearly rolls the masts out of any little yacht at anchor. Boca Grande long held a bad reputation, not only for its strong tides and fierce gales, but also on account of the sharks which always infested its waters and caused sportsmen to doubt whether it would be possible to land a tarpon without having it seized by them. Gradually, however, it superseded the older fishing ground in Captiva Pass, and has since been the rendezvous of tarpon fishermen. Tarpon, like most fish, have their days, and even their hours, and when the moment arrives it is essential to have everything in readiness. There are deceptive times when the

great fish may be rolling and bubbling all round the boat though not a fish will look at the bait. I remember once pursuing a school of tarpon for two miles, getting in front of them and pulling in the same direction; yet, although the lead sinkers were continually passing over their backs, not one of them took the slightest notice of the dainty strip of mullet that hung in such close proximity to those cavernous mouths.

A good deal of the sportsman's success or failure depends on the efficiency of his guide, and the less the visitor knows of tarpon fishing himself, the more necessary does it become that his guide should be able to make up for his ignorance. There was always a good supply of guides, both white and coloured, at Boca Grande, and some of them were all that could be desired. My own man, Santa Armida, was young, experienced, and keen, and a novice could not have fallen into better hands. He knew the habits of the tarpon, when and where to fish for it, the strength of the tides, and the most artistic manner of cutting each mullet into the regulation six strips, and he always had his tackle and bait in readiness when required. The last condition is more assured to those who stay at Useppa Inn, as the guides have ample time to make ready while the launch is towing the skiffs down to the Pass.

During my first day in Boca Grande, kingfish were much in evidence, and took the bait greedily. The kingfish is a violent cousin of the mackerel, and the experience of catching several weighing up to 30 lb. each is no bad introduction to the sterner business of playing tarpon. The tarpon itself is in a class apart. The first makes your arm and back ache,

with partial paralysis of the thumb that has to press on the brake from start to finish. When the first mad rushes are over, the boat is headed for the beach, where an attempt is next made to land the fish. Some fishermen use the leather rest in a belt, holding the butt of the rod in it and walking backwards up the sloping beach till the guide can get close enough to the fish to gaff it. Others, however, finding that the belt throws too great a strain on the stomach, prefer to remain in the boat, with the butt of the rod in the rest screwed to the seat, and in that position to play the fish to the gaff. The great weight and strength of the fish, even though handicapped by the shallower water, makes either performance an arduous one, and more than once I have seen the angler more exhausted than the tarpon, which, at the last moment, would once more run out all the line and break away. On another occasion, I saw a fish played by three men in succession, with the honours divided. The most exhausting fights I ever had with tarpon were with three fish that I hooked exactly in the middle of the back. How they manage to get hooked in that spot, no uncommon experience, is not easy to determine. In all probability they roll over the bait whenever it is allowed for a moment to lie on the bottom, and get impaled as soon as the angler reels in. They were all large fish and very difficult to manage or guide. Indeed, each of them required an hour of brute force before yielding, and, even so, one of the biggest towed me some distance out to sea. Another source of trouble was a five-foot shark hooked through the fin, but it did not hold out so long as the tarpon. After a little experi-

ence of the ordinary method, it is a better plan to gaff the fish from the boat, as this alternative saves time otherwise lost in rowing to the shore and back, and this plan must be adopted by any one who wants a big day, as the opportunity of catching a considerable quantity in a tide is rare so early in the year, and the sportsman must make the most of it. The fish have a way of coming suddenly on the feed, and not a moment should be wasted. You must row hard, work hard, and play your fish hard. Allowing half an hour between the landing of one fish and the landing of another, twelve tarpon would take six hours to catch, and the rise rarely lasts so long. Moreover there are sharks, which also take their toll, to be considered, as well as such fish as are played for some time and lost.

The presence of a certain element of danger adds to the excitement and attractiveness of any sport, and the element of danger is not wholly wanting in the Pass. I do not allude to such commonplace risks of tarpon-fishing as cutting the finger with the line, or breaking the thumb with the reel handle when the fish makes a sudden and unexpected rush, but rather to three possible sources of danger more or less confined to the Pass: the presence of enormous quantities of sharks, some of great size; the chance, by no means remote, of being carried out to sea; and the risk of fish jumping into the boat itself.

Sharks were always plentiful in Boca Grande, and their numbers must have increased since the fishing had such a vogue, as the bodies of rejected tarpon would groundbait the Pass and attract fresh hordes. They lie in wait in a deep hole

off Gasparilla Island, waiting to dash at such tarpon as are being landed on the beach. They circle round each boat on the chance of a fish being hooked, and thereby rendered an easier prey than when free to outdistance their pursuit, and they seem devoid of fear or respect of the fisherman and his little skiff. There are large brutes among them, for we found that even the largest shark hooks that could be had in New York were all taken away, the chain being snapped through like so much rotten gut. On one occasion, when we were towing some tarpon to the yacht, I counted no fewer than eighteen large sharks following in our wake, and a vigorous splashing with an oar barely made them keep their distance. Another time, when returning from the fishing grounds at night, than when there is no better time for enjoying the full excitement of playing great fish that you cannot see, I just managed to see a great fish closely following our boat. Its form was barely discernible, but the protruding back fin proclaimed the nature of our convoy, so, as its attentions became rather pressing, I tapped it on the back with an oar, quite respectfully, and merely as a reminder that its company was not needed. Apparently I did not irritate or insult it, for it obligingly made off in the darkness, unlike that which Mr. Mygatt once hit unceremoniously with an oar, with the result that the shark first bit the oar in two, then charged the boat with sufficient violence to upset its occupants, and subsequently pursued it to the yacht, for which they hurriedly made tracks. I do not suggest the likelihood of any shark deliberately attacking a boat, but it is advisable to bear in mind that these fish

are present in Boca Grande in large numbers, and that they seem to lack the fear of man usual in their kind. It would not, moreover, take much to upset one of the skiffs used for fishing, as these have to be lightly built for use in these passes, where the tides run strong, and a sudden squall or an over-anxious gaffer, more particularly at night, might easily send the occupants overboard. True, no harm might result, yet large and audacious sharks might conceivably attack a white man struggling in the water, and I think that a word of warning on the subject may not be out of place.

The next danger, that of being carried out to sea while fishing on the ebb tide, is a very real one. The ebb tide runs at Boca Grande with amazing swiftness, and once it starts the ordinary fishing-boat can make no headway against it. If, with any sea on, a boat is carried beyond a certain point, it cannot possibly get back without assistance. You may hook a fish some time after the tide has begun to ebb. Intent on playing it, you do not realise, until it is too late, that you have all the while silently, but with ever-increasing velocity, been swept right out towards the open gulf. During my stay at Boca Grande, I saw two cases of this which might have ended seriously. In the one, a lady hooked a shark after the ebb had begun to run, and in incredibly short time she was out of sight of the rest of the fleet, and was recovered only with the aid of a naphtha launch that was sent in pursuit of the truants. The second case was more serious. A friend of mine hooked a tarpon on the ebb tide, and it took him out to sea. After having played the fish for an hour, he suddenly realised

that he was very much further from the pass than he cared about, and that it would take him and his guide all their time to reach the shore. Indeed, so swift was the current, and so heavy the surf, that after a short time their entire efforts were directed not towards making any headway against the tide, but to prevent their unwieldy craft from swamping. They were thus fully occupied in keeping her head to the sea, and gave up all hope of getting back without help. When, in fact, they realised that, in spite of all their efforts, they were steadily losing ground, the only prospect before them seemed that of a night at sea. Fortunately, experienced eyes had already seen the inevitable result, the alarm had been given, and the yacht's gig sent after them, finding them in an exhausted condition, their boat half-full of water, and their boots off in anticipation of the ducking which at one time seemed imminent. It was with some difficulty that the two boats finally made the island, since which those who had profited by experience kept, after this unpleasant episode, within reasonable limits as soon as the ebb tide set in.

The third source of danger referred to above arises from the jumping propensities of the tarpon and many of its neighbours in Florida waters, including kingfish, whiprays, devil-fish, and, in fact, most, with the exception of the jewfish. Indeed, they are highly proficient in the art, and if one happens to jump on the fisherman, or even into his boat, the consequences may be disagreeable. It is no uncommon occurrence for a tarpon to jump into a boat, and most anglers who have fished much for them have generally come near receiving a flying visit from one

or more. The fish may be one that you have hooked yourself, in which case it is only anticipating the desired result. If there are many boats out, it may be a fish hooked by somebody else, in which case it adds injury to insult. It may, indeed, be a fish that is not hooked at all. Three cases of the kind came under my notice in the Pass. The first was an experience of my own. Trailing towards the tarpon ground, I struck a fish, and next moment got a blow on the leg. There was a heavy thud in the boat, and a 30 lb. kingfish was kicking on the bottom boards. The next happened to the friend whose misadventure through being carried out to sea has already been related. He hooked a tarpon, which dashed straight at his boat, jumped into it, broke the back of the revolving chair in which he was seated, and made off over the bows. The fish, however, being well hooked, was eventually caught.

The third, and by far the most serious case, was that in which Mr. Otis Mygatt was knocked overboard by a porpoise, which, leaping over the bow, just missed his guide, struck him on the side of the head, and knocked him, partially stunned, into the water. The porpoise lay, also stunned, in the bottom of the boat, and the guide, Santa Armida, managed, with great difficulty, to pull Mr. Mygatt back over the side. As the boat was filling, the next thing was to get rid of the porpoise. This, however, proved too heavy to move, so there was nothing for it but to overturn the boat and climb into it again. Other boats now came to their assistance, and Mr. Mygatt was taken to the Lighthouse on Gasparilla, from which he could not be moved for ten days, so severe had been the shock.

TARPON FISHING IN THE PASS

As this is not a technical book, I have given no advice on the matter of rods or other tackle, and will only, in conclusion, recommend the strongest. It is no good taking playthings to catch a fish like the tarpon, though, if time is no object, even these fish can, as has lately been demonstrated, be brought to the gaff with the light tackle in use at Santa Catalina Island. All the same, I broke four light rods in one morning, while on a stronger rod, with the aid of an occasional splice, I landed no fewer than ninety tarpon. Indeed, provided the point of the rod be kept up, and no rest allowed to the fish, swordfish of 600 lb. and jewfish up to 500 lb. can be played and brought to hand on such tackle. My last fish in Florida waters was a gigantic shark, which seized a 100 lb. tarpon that I was playing, and which, having swallowed it, got hooked itself.

Taking one thing with another, fishing in the Gulf, or rather in the passes opening out of it, is exciting work. At times the Pass seems fairly alive with fish, from the huge devil-ray (*Ceratoptera vampyrus*), which is said to grow to a breadth of twenty feet, down to mackerel, channel-bass, jack-fish, groupers, and so-called "sea-trout," while the fisherman is often startled by the sudden apparition of a loggerhead turtle coming up to blow. Thus there is ample material for lighter rods than those used for tarpon, and Mr. Dimock and others have had great success with the harpoon, not only for tarpon themselves, but also for the great rays, as a harpooned devil-fish makes light of dragging a string of three or four rowing-boats against the tide for hours, its strength being apparently equivalent to that of an eight horse-power steam-

engine. An ever-increasing number of anglers come from all parts of the world to enjoy this April sport in the Pass, and among them several ladies, some of whom, including my wife, I have seen holding on to the great fish with a determination worthy of their sex. It is said, indeed, that the record for the biggest tarpon ever caught on rod and line is held by a lady, but so many people have caught the biggest tarpon that I personally believe the best authenticated record in the tarpon line to be held by Mr. A. T. G. Parkinson, who, fishing with a fly in the Alva River, once caught a baby tarpon eighteen inches in length and weighing a pound and a half. Those of us, however, who travel six or seven thousand miles out and back for an Easter holiday in the Pass want the big things, and few return disappointed. Fishing is always a lottery, else it would not be the sport it is, but I know of few expeditions less likely to result in failure than that to the tarpon grounds of Boca Grande.

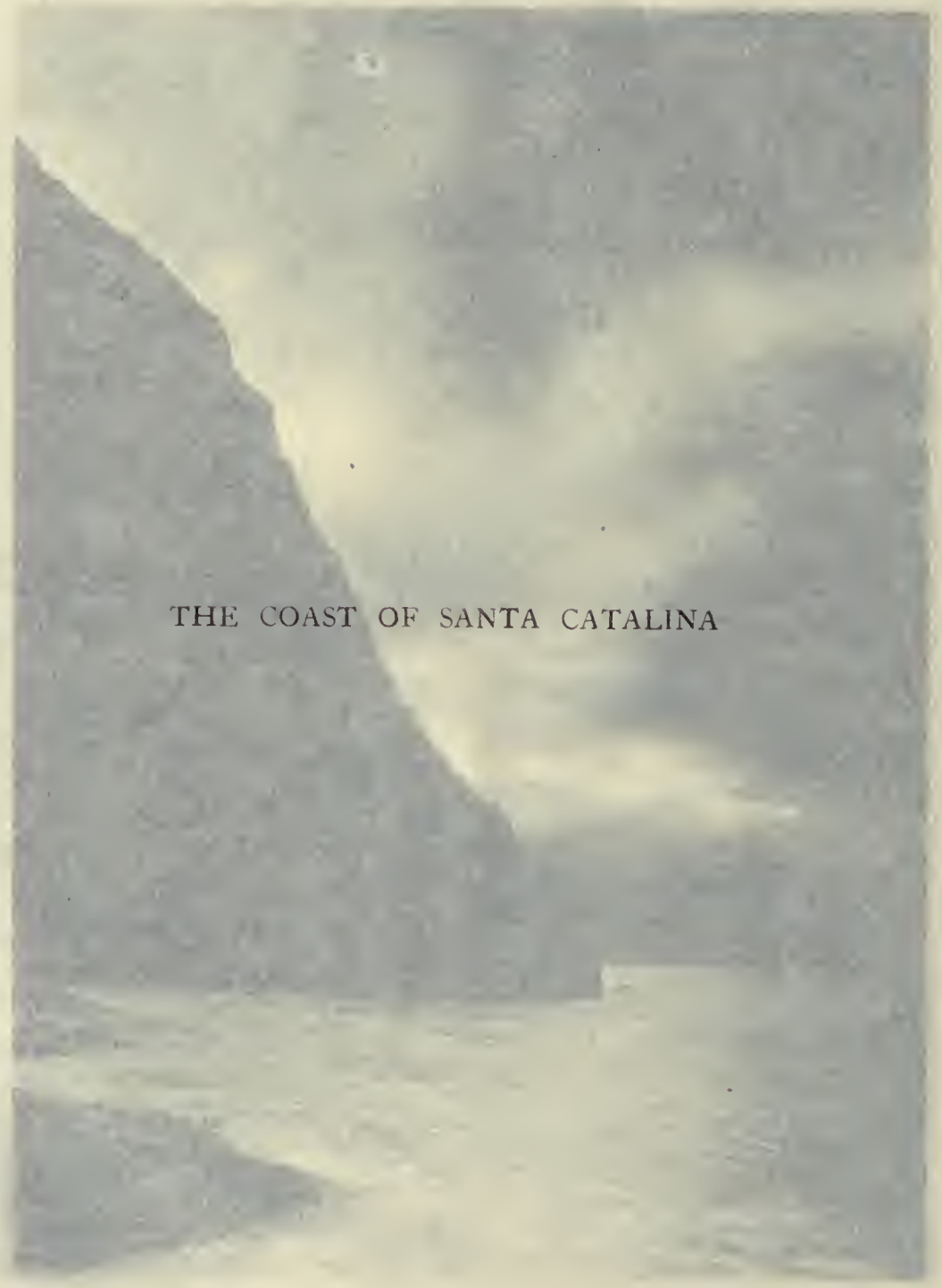
THE BIG GAME FISHES OF CALIFORNIA

THE BIG GAME FISHES OF CALIFORNIA

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

IN the acknowledgment of his election as President, Vice-President and members of the Tuna Club of Avalon, Catalina Island, California, ex-United States Senator [illegible], one of America's greatest statesmen, and [illegible] President of the United States had he not [illegible] in the Presidency of the Tuna Club [illegible] members of the Tuna Club for what I consider a [illegible] although I feel that I am hardly entitled to it. I have never had the [illegible] For the [illegible] I have ever come to it was many years ago, when as a small boy, with [illegible] *many or thirty other* boys, we conquered the use of a large horse mackerel, as the race is called on the Atlantic coast, near the Inlet of Florida. This fish had been [illegible] from the dock of a fishing smack, and when at last he was captured and hoisted on board he weighed, so we were told by the [illegible], between [illegible] *one* and *one hundred pounds*.

This is the fish that in the twentieth century, equipped with rod and reel, [illegible] of the power, strength and endurance can be given that the modern statesmen of one of America's most distinguished [illegible]



THE COAST OF SANTA CATALINA

THE BIG GAME FISHES OF CALIFORNIA

By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, LL.D.

In the acknowledgment of his election as Honorary Vice-President and member of the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina Island, California, ex-United States Senator George F. Edmunds, one of America's greatest statesmen, and who could have been President of the United States had he said the word, wrote to the President of the Tuna Club: "I thank you and the members of the Tuna Club for what I consider a real honour, although I feel that I am hardly entitled to it. I have never had the opportunity of fishing for the great and lovely tuna. *The nearest I have ever come to it was many years ago, when in a small boat, with twenty or thirty other boats*, we composed the tow of a large horse mackerel, as the tuna is called on the Atlantic side, near the Isles of Shoals. That fish had been harpooned from the deck of a fishing smack, and when at last he was captured and hoisted on board he weighed, to the best of my recollection, *between eight and nine hundred pounds*."

This is the fish that, in the twentieth century, anglers are taking with rod and reel, and no more graphic illustration of its power, strength, and endurance can be given than this modest statement of one of America's most distinguished men

and skilled salmon and trout fishers, that his boat was one of *thirty* towed by a fighting tuna of nine hundred pounds weight.

My first tuna fishing was begun in this very locality, in sight of the Isles of Shoals, back in the 'seventies, when almost every professional fisherman of Lynn had the crescent-shaped tail of the tuna nailed to his roof. I attempted to take a tuna or horse-mackerel with a rod, and spent many hours off Boon Island, about ten miles off the New Hampshire coast, in a dory, hoping to take one of the giants. But fortune did not favour me, and it was not until 1888, at Santa Catalina, in the Pacific, that I saw my 181-pounder come sliding into the boat on the gaff of my English boatman, Jim Gardner.

My first impression of the tuna is a mass of silver, with the turquoise sea of Santa Catalina beaten and churned into foam; of the air filled with those glistening insects of the sea, the big flying fishes; of the roar of waters in a dead calm, and of a moving picture of thousands of leaping, cavorting, whirling fishes, silver, purple and yellow. There is nothing quite like this rush of a school of maddened tunas seized with the blood lust. It is really beyond description in the peculiar excitement it produces in the angler.

No; there is nothing just like it. It is as unfair to compare it to river, brook, or lake fishing, as it would be to compare the tiger or lion hunt to beagling. If not so dangerous, it requires far more strength and staying power than most of the sports I know.

There is nothing quite like the onward sweep of this magnificent fish, as when a school of thousands rushes like a

marauding horde up the Santa Catalina channel. I have stood looking at the sea, as calm as a mirror, when the surface, like a disc of steel, merged or melted so imperceptibly into the sky that the line was lost. Suddenly, as though by some magic hand, the entire surface was changed into molten silver. I was a mile away on one such occasion and, putting on full speed, in a short time my boatman had the launch in the thick of it, in the centre of one of the maddest, wildest scenes ever witnessed.

Hundreds of tunas were in the air chasing droves of flying fishes, which struck the boat, passed over it, and landed in it, until we were constantly on the alert to avoid them.

One struck me so violent a blow that I fell backward into the arms of the boatman, who pushed me into my seat again; then, hooking on a living fish which had fallen in the boat, I hooked a tuna, which took all my line. One of these fishes leaped completely over the boat of a friend. Another flung itself forty feet on the rocks, and many tunas could be seen striking flying fishes in the air, sending them up twenty feet, whirling round and round like pin-wheels.

As these lines are written, the Tuna Club has recently given a banquet to one of its honorary members—Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Professor of Literature at Princeton University, the doyen of American fly-fishers and now American Ambassador at the Hague. Among the two hundred guests were some of the most famous tuna anglers of the Club, and pictures of their most remarkable catches were thrown upon a screen and the great battles between men and fish recalled.

Mr. E. L. Doran, who held the record of seventeen tunas in a season, was present.

As an illustration of the power of this fish, I was sitting in a skiff one day with Mr. Doran, behind the launch, purposing to take the oars if he had a strike. The latter came, and the angler, possibly the most powerful man in the Club, could not stop the fish until it had taken nearly six hundred feet of line in a vertical plunge that made it smoke. I have seen lines *ignite*. When Mr. Doran finally stopped the fish and held it, the stern of the flat-bottomed boat sank lower and lower until it was within an inch of going under. Then the line, a twenty-one thread, broke. If the line had been the rope by which Mr. Edmunds' tuna above referred to towed thirty boats, I have no doubt but that the tuna would have hauled the boat under water. In fact, there is no limit, apparently, to their strength. The fish in the finest condition, either never give up, or else suddenly die of heart failure, and the gaffing of a lusty tuna of one hundred and eighty or more pounds is a strenuous piece of work. One fish I recall nearly pounded the bottom out of my slight boat with its terrific bounds. Tunas have towed anglers all night; ten, twenty, even thirty miles have been covered by the tunas towing a boat by a line so delicate that had the act not been witnessed, one might well be pardoned for thinking himself the victim of some weird fish-story.

The tuna is a world-wide fish, ranging nearly all waters not purely tropical. The Mediterranean is a famous locality for it in Europe, and Nova Scotia is the summer home of the giants

of the species. Specimens are taken off the New Jersey coast in the open sea. Santa Catalina has become famous for tuna angling, owing to the fact that the waters round this island are a natural spawning and feeding ground for the tuna. Here it has thirty miles of quiet bays, and water absolutely as calm as a lake, though thirty miles out to sea. The tunas here run small. They average about one hundred and fifty pounds in weight, the record, by Colonel Morehouse, being two hundred and fifty-one pounds, almost the limit for practical work with rod and reel, and the 21- or 24-line established by the Tuna Club as a fine sporting limit, giving the fish all the advantage. That this is so is shown by the fact that thousands of men have attempted to take a one hundred pound tuna with this tackle (16-ounce rod), and not over seventy anglers, the voting members of the Club, have succeeded.

The Santa Catalina Channel, which lies between the group of that name and the county of Los Angeles, is famed for its big game fishes, as the black sea bass, the yellow fin tuna, white sea bass, many of which have been taken by the distinguished angler who edits this volume. Among them is one that, with all due credit to the great game fishes of the world, will, in all probability, take its place as the premier game fish of the Seven Seas; not for its strength or bulldog pertinacity, but for its remarkable versatility and its spectacular prowess on the line.

This is the Santa Catalina swordfish, a game that attains a length of ten or twelve feet, and a weight of two or three hundred pounds. This sport is but a few years old, and was

discovered by anglers searching for tunas some distance offshore. The swordfish arrives at the island in June, and a culmination of the sport is reached in September about the island of Santa Catalina and San Clemente. It is a most interesting fact that this swordfish was first discovered in Japan, was supposed to be a Japanese fish pure and simple, and has a Japanese name, but the only known locality where it is very common and can be taken in numbers is in the Santa Catalina channel; hence it is now known as the Santa Catalina swordfish, and when these marvellous schools of swordsmen of the sea come in and anglers flock to the islands with all the fervour of the old time enthusiasts, some remarkable sights are witnessed.

The Florida, or Gulf of Mexico, tarpon is considered a most active fish on a line, leaping into the air, whirling itself about and performing a thousand and one feats to amaze the angler or put his prowess to a test. I have hooked many tarpon, but I never saw one leap over ten or fifteen times, though others undoubtedly have seen this exceeded; but in my own experience a dozen big leaps will weary the most active tarpon. With the Santa Catalina swordfish there seems to be almost no limit to its leaping powers, and few anglers can remember the leaps, though more than one has counted over fifty.

A remarkable feature of the swordfish, or at any rate of some pugnacious individuals, is that they leap into the air when hooked, and come surging at the boat, literally standing on their tails, using the latter as a propeller. How far a swordfish can

travel in this fashion is difficult to say, but Captain George Michalis of Avalon has taken a number of photographs of leaping swordfish, which show that they can dance along on their tails at least three or four hundred feet. These photographs show the swordfish in all kinds of positions—just rising, partly clear and standing on the tail, rushing on surrounded by foam, —a most menacing object, when it is remembered that the big-eyed game has a sword so keen and powerful that it can send it through a ship's side, copper and all.

It is an extraordinary spectacle to see a swordfish standing on its tail and coming on, a living battering-ram. It is partly explained by the fact that the fish is hooked and is bearing away, and to a certain extent held in place by the line; hence, if the angler can hold it, he forces the game to move around the boat in a circle partly on its tail, a sight worth seeing. Some of the photographs show the fish going directly away from the angler; in this case, the line is directly behind, and the swordfish is taking it in a series of splendid bounds. If the fish is very large, 250 or 350 lb., it often cannot be stopped, and will take all the line; but the fishes average about 150 lb., just the size for the angler to fight without the sport becoming too hard work to be considered sport, as is often the case with the leaping tuna.

The habits of the swordfish are most interesting. It arrives in the channel sometime in July or August in vast schools, then breaks up into pairs, and the fish are seen leaping or playing or lying perfectly quiet on the surface with the big dorsal and caudal fins high out of the water. Or two will be met swim-

ming slowly down along the smooth waters of the Island, so tame that they pay little attention to the launch as it crosses and recrosses them, so that the angler may place his lure in front of them ; and no more beautiful sight can be witnessed than that afforded by this swordfish dashing close to the boat to seize the bait being hauled in, or swimming lazily about the boat. At such times, the great fish, perhaps eleven feet long, is of the intense blue of the ocean, and appears to merge into it like a big tourmaline ; when it turns on its side, tiger-like stripes are seen, a dome-like forehead, big staring eyes, powerful tail and fins, and two rapier-like swords.

The tackle used for tuna and swordfish is the same ; a rod seven feet or more in length, not over 16 ounces in weight, a 21- or 24-thread line, with a breaking strength of not over 48 pounds. This is light tackle for a fish that can tow thirty boats and sixty men, but it illustrates the fine standard of sport established by the Tuna Club in America.

With the swordfish and leaping tuna are the long-finned tuna, the black sea bass, the yellow-finned tuna and other big game fishes, all coming in from the great unknown at different times, in spring, fall, or summer, to afford excitement to the angler. The black sea bass attains a weight of 1000 lb., and has been taken with rod and reel weighing 400 lb. or over ; some of the records of the Tuna Club tell the story of the marvellous catches which have as a basic principle fair play to the game, all being made on light tackle. Record tuna, 251 lb., Col. C. P. Morehouse, Pasadena, California. Yellow fin tuna, 60 lb., Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy, Pasadena. Record sword-

fish, 355 lb., Mr. W. C. Boschen, of New York. Black Sea bass, 436 lb., Mr. L. G. Murphy of Converse, Indiana, U.S.A. White sea bass, 60 lb., Charles H. Harding, Philadelphia, Pa. Largest long-finned tuna, Mr. R. C. Guertler, New York, 51¾ lb. Largest yellowtail, W. W. Simpson, Whalley, England, 60½ lb. This fish (the record of the Club) has been placed in the British Museum by Mr. Simpson with a replica of the rod and reel used in taking it, and it should be remembered that the rod weighed but nine ounces and the line had but nine strands, with a breaking strength of but eighteen pounds.

The Tuna Club at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, has scores of cups, trophies and medals offered by the holders of these records and friends of sport, all to induce anglers to approach big game with all the advantages on the side of the fish. The result of this propaganda of piscatorial reform has been to enhance the sport, and to induce thousands to use the rod and reel and throw aside the deadly hand line, all of which has had a marvellous result in reducing the catch and aiding in preventing the extinction of many valuable game fishes on the coast of Southern California.

The boatmen of Santa Catalina are not without interest. There are from fifty to one hundred, many of them owning launches, valued from one thousand to five thousand dollars, perfectly equipped with light tackle of the most expensive character to conform to the methods of the Tuna Club that has set the example of sea-angling ethics in America.

These men are of many nationalities, from Mexicans to Venetians, the latter represented by Vincente, for many years

head fisherman and bait catcher. The doyen of this body of men is " Mexican Joe," whose real name is Josè Felice Presiado. How Mexican Joe obtained this name, which has clung to him and is known to hundreds of anglers in England and America, is explained by Joe himself :

" I got it this way. A Boston man came out some years ago and hired me. ' What's your name ? ' he asked. ' Josè Felice Presiado,' says I. ' That's too long for me, and I can't pronounce it anyway. I'm going to call you " Mexican Joe." ' ' All right,' says I, ' an' I've been " Mexican Joe " ever since.' "

Joe is one of the strongest men on the Island, and in the summer games, in the aquatic tug of war, the side that secures Joe usually wins. Joe has a strong, dark face of the Aztec type. When I landed one day in 1886 at Avalon, he was the sole boatman. I had a ten-ounce rod with me, which I had frequently used for black bass on the St. Lawrence, and for pollack and blue-fish in the Atlantic. It was about eight feet in length, in three pieces, of greenheart ; a fine rod, as rods went thirty years ago. As I stepped ashore on the perfect half-moon beach of Avalon Bay, I heard a shout, and saw three men fishing from the sands with heavy cod hand-lines. One had hooked a fish and ran shouting up the beach with the line, but the fish broke the cable. Then another man was nearly jerked from his feet, and, amid much excitement, succeeded in landing a beautiful salmon-like fish which tipped the scales at nearly 35 pounds.

At that time, the permanent native population consisted of but a few men, of whom Billy Bruen and Mexican Joe were

the best known. They now joined the fishermen, and every bait that was cast into the placid waters was seized by a yellowtail. A more exciting, dramatic scene than that enacted in the next twenty minutes I have rarely, if ever, seen. The big hand-lines were broken like thread. I should not have believed it had I not tried the experiment, as I secured a line and joined the fishermen—my first, and I think my last, experience with a hand-line at Avalon Bay.

The rod I had was the first ever taken to Santa Catalina, and when I took it out of the case that night, having in the meantime secured the services of the only boatman, Mexican Joe, that worthy informed me that he had never seen such a contrivance, and laughed when I expressed the opinion that I could take yellowtails with it; and Mexican Joe's laughter is of no uncertain timbre. I had a common black-bass vulcanite reel and an E trout-line ; and a day later I was trolling along the rocky coast of Santa Catalina.

It was not long before I had a strike, and Josè Felice Presiado stopped rowing that he might enjoy the wreck of that little rod. But, to his amazement, the big yellowtail was conquered in about twenty minutes, and Joe was so fascinated that he begged to try it, and promptly broke the tip. To-day Mexican Joe's launch is equipped with the lightest tackle, and a man who would use a hand-line is outside the pale of respectable society, at least in the Vale of Avalon.

Joe lived in a cañon, beneath several large cottonwoods, three miles from Avalon. He rowed down every morning in his big broad-beamed rowboat, picked me up, then would

row me to the Isthmus, now Cabrillo, twelve or fifteen miles up the island, where we trolled around Ship Rock and in the attractive coves of that region, then south alongshore and home by six o'clock, always with a dozen yellowtails from 25 to 30 lb. more or less, all taken with the despised rod and reel.

For forty years Joe had lived on Santa Catalina, but not always as a boatman. For some time he acted for the government, excavating on the sites of the ancient towns of the island, and in this way he collected many strange objects that told the story of the ancient islanders. In the sixteenth century, all the islands off the coast of Southern California had a large and vigorous population. The great Spanish captain, Viscaino, found them here, and told an interesting story of their life. The natives were a race of fishermen, and in a vast mound, half a mile long and formerly from five to ten feet high, at San Nicolas Island, were found all the tools of their trade, showing them to be fishermen. The fishing-lines were the long slender vines of kelp, evidently oiled or treated in some way. Sinkers were made from the ledges of steatite or verde antique on the island. Mexican Joe took me to the quarry where I saw half-formed mortars and ollas. Here was an ancient hook manufactory, possibly several thousand years old, but evidently carried on within the last three hundred years. The hooks were made from the shell of the haliotis, or abalone, a mollusc that constituted the chief food of these ancient fishermen. A piece was broken out, then the maker began to bore a hole in the shell, using a stone awl. When the hole was half an

inch across, the edges were cut off, the second stage being a shell ring possibly three-quarters of an inch across, large or small, according to the fish intended to be taken. The ring was now broken, or a small piece taken out of its circumference. One of the ends was sharpened and a crude barb cut on the outside, while on the other end a rim was cut on which to fasten the line. Mexican Joe has collected thousands of these ancient fish-hooks, and the various stages in the manufacture from the shell down to the perfect hook, which have gone to the British Museum and other institutions of science the world over. They, doubtless, are as old, if not older, than the metal hooks of the bronze age in the British Museum, and fairly represent the stone age of angling, as at this time there were no metals in use on the Pacific coast, these having first appeared with Viscaino in the fifteenth century.

With these crude hooks, lines and sinkers, the ancient Catalinians took every fish now considered game in these waters. At least, when excavating in the mounds, graves, and kitchen-middens of Santa Catalina, San Clemente, San Nicolas, Santa Cruz, and Anacapa, with my old boatman and others, we have found the bones and skeletons of yellowtail, white sea bass, tuna and dolphin, not to speak of the remains of the sea-elephant, long since extinct on these shores.

So far no one has speared a swordfish at Santa Catalina. This is not because it is not possible, but because it is so much better sport to take these swordsmen of the sea with a rod and delicate line, matching one's skill with them. I have run alongside swordfishes off Santa Catalina Island within easy

reach of the boat or spear, and have had one leap so near the boat that it could have been hit with an oar.

Spearing big fishes, or "graining" them, is a sport by itself, and possesses every fascination; but to be carried on successfully, one should have shallow water. All the swordfish of the New England coast are taken in this way, and allowed to wear themselves out by towing a buoy, until ignominiously pulled aboard the dory; but when grained from a light boat and fought to a finish, the episode assumes an entirely different phase.

As an illustration, I have played a ten-foot hammerhead shark from a one hundred and twenty-five pound skiff, brought it to the surface and held it, single-handed, but I could not tow it in. This shark more than once almost dragged the boat under water, and it took half a dozen boats to tow us back to Avalon. To illustrate the game qualities of the swordfish when speared, I may describe a morning's adventure on the extreme outer Florida reef. The Tortugas group is an isolated pseudo atoll about sixty miles off Key West. The keys, or islands, number eight, and the central group has an outlying, partly submerged reef which forms at low tide a perfect barrier to the sandy lagoon within. When the tide was at low ebb, I often walked or waded along this ledge of dead coral, and cast my bait into the deep water a few feet beyond. When the tide was at the flood, the sea, for two miles or more, broke melodiously along the line of dead coral rock. The lagoon was formed by Long Key and the barrier, and had fifteen or more feet of water. It was the feeding-ground of countless

fishes—rays, sharks, and smaller fry—especially at night, when the sea was a mass of phosphorescent light.

Occasionally along the barrier, in deep blue water, over a resplendent garden of waving plumes of yellow and lavender, swam a big cousin of the Santa Catalina swordfish. We called it the Cuban swordfish. It ranged up to five hundred pounds' weight, and was as gallant and swaggering a cavalier of these summer seas as one could find. There was a little channel through the barrier, and one day, when the gulf was a disc of steel, I pushed with a companion through this, and was soon floating over the gardens of gorgonias and sea-plumes. The days when the sea was perfectly smooth seemed to have an attraction for sharks and swordfish, as they came to the surface, apparently to bask in the sun, their tall dorsals and tail fins being seen here and there as they swam up and down this rialto of the fishes.

We were drifting and fishing for the beautiful little yellowtails of the reef, when suddenly the dorsal of a Cuban swordfish came in sight not fifty feet away. On it came, its fins cutting the water like a knife, nearer and nearer, until it was not ten feet from us, and the big blue shape could be distinctly seen. The temptation was too great, and, seizing the long slender grain pole that was always in readiness, I stood up and, as the big fish swam by, paying not the slightest attention to us, I threw the spear into it. The swordfish sprang forward, rising out of the water several feet, and fell with a crash that deluged us with spray and spume, then dashed for deep water, tearing the line from the coil and making my negro boatman perform a

nimble Highland fling to keep away from its snake-like writhings. The end of the grain-rope was fast to the painter, and as the end came, the little dinghy was jerked ahead with a shock that almost threw us overboard, and we were away on a race behind as wild a steed as ever towed a boat.

The swordfish towed us out into the Gulf several hundred yards in the direction of Cuba; then we laid on to the line and pulled. This had the result of turning the fish in, and after a number of leaps it headed inshore and swam stolidly down the barrier. Our only chance of taking it—one chance in a thousand—was to get it into shallow water, so we put the oars overboard to stop the rush of the fish, and stood by to take in slack in case the fish changed its direction.

We were going due south, not fifty feet away from the teeth of the barrier. Now the fish would slacken its pace, then would rush forward, as though seized with a frenzy; the dinghy would bury her nose in the foam, and we would give line to save the day. No one can impart in mere writing the excitement of such contests, nor can any idea be formed of the strength or endurance of the swordfish until you are fast to one, and, single-handed, attempt to manipulate the rope and haul the wild steed up to the boat. In half an hour the fish, with frequent intermissions of leaping and thrashing the water into foam, had towed us to the end of the barrier reef, and then it began to sink into deeper water. I could not see that its strength had failed in the slightest, though my man held his oars overboard and judiciously offered as strong a protest as possible. The moment had come when we must either turn

the swordfish or cut away, as it could tow us offshore indefinitely, and a day in the open Gulf of Mexico, where hurricane-like squalls appear as though by magic and sweep the sea, was an ominous outlook. So we " clapped on to the line " and began to haul in. I made my black man coil the line between his legs, ready to let go when I said the word. That we ever stopped the swordfish for an instant I doubt, but we could occasionally pull ourselves up to it a few feet; then would come a tremendous rush, we would lose all we had gained, and my man would glance about in a fearsome way and look ominous things—he did not like sharks, and they did like him. More than once the big fish had us almost over, and I was just about to cut the line when the boat would right.

At last we got within thirty feet of the end by hauling our dinghy up to the swordsman, and weary, breathless, burnt by the fiery, tropical sun, I took a turn with the line about the foreseat, while my man pulled away from the fish and out to sea. This miserable trick on our part made it gradually turn, or away from us, and soon our foolish game was swimming quietly out into the big trap, the lagoon on the opposite side of the barrier reef.

We were glad of the rest, being practically worn-out with excitement and labour, so we sat quietly and allowed the big fish to tow us to its doom. Gradually the water shallowed, slowly the tide ebbed as an hour slipped away, and the swordfish, at last recognising that it was getting into too shoal water, began gradually to turn, hoping, doubtless, to retrace its swim to deeper water. It was now or never with us; and while

my man rowed as fast as he could, I pulled on the rope, and before the swordsman knew what was the matter, we were on top of him. Seizing the line, we both hung on and ducked the flying spume and the vicious sword, as the fish, unable to sulk or plunge down (the water was but six feet deep), seemed literally to stand on its tail and strike from side to side, like a sawfish, blows that would have cut a man down; then it would fall over on its back and, with a mighty surge, strike the dinghy a ponderous blow, and then roll over and over. Suddenly it darted to one side, the line caught in the rowlock, and in a second the dinghy was, despite our active climbing on the weather rail, a third full of water.

I am inclined to think that it is to this accident that I owe the capture of that swordfish, as the boat was too heavy a load to tow far. So we sat in the water, I holding the line, lying almost on my back, while Bill tried to bail out the dinghy with his hat. The swordfish made a final spurt, and being confused, fortunately swam directly for the barrier, so that in a few moments we were in three feet of water. Leaping over, we laid back and held the big game that rushed ahead in its blind rage and fear, and was soon floundering and struggling on the coral rocks, and at low tide we had it hard and fast.

This fish, as I remember it, was thirteen or fourteen feet long, and may have weighed 300 or 400 lb. I took the head and sword as a trophy, and Bill the skin. I thought we had taken an unfair advantage of the game, as out in the open Mexican Gulf, in deep water, we never could have stopped this splendid fish, at least in so small a boat. On the other hand,

we made the fight of our lives in trying to turn the fish, and, though we took it by strategy, we came out of the contest worn down to the proverbial frazzle, and I shall never forget the remark of my patient boatman, as we stood looking at the big fish, and I had expressed my opinion that it was great sport.

"Some people have mighty queer ideas about sport, Boss. I calls dat hard work, and some day, Boss, yuse gwine to get capsized, and ole sodfish's friend Mister Shark gwine to get you shore." Bill was a good boatman, but a poor prophet.

MEMORIES OF MAHSEER

MEMORIES OF MAHSEER

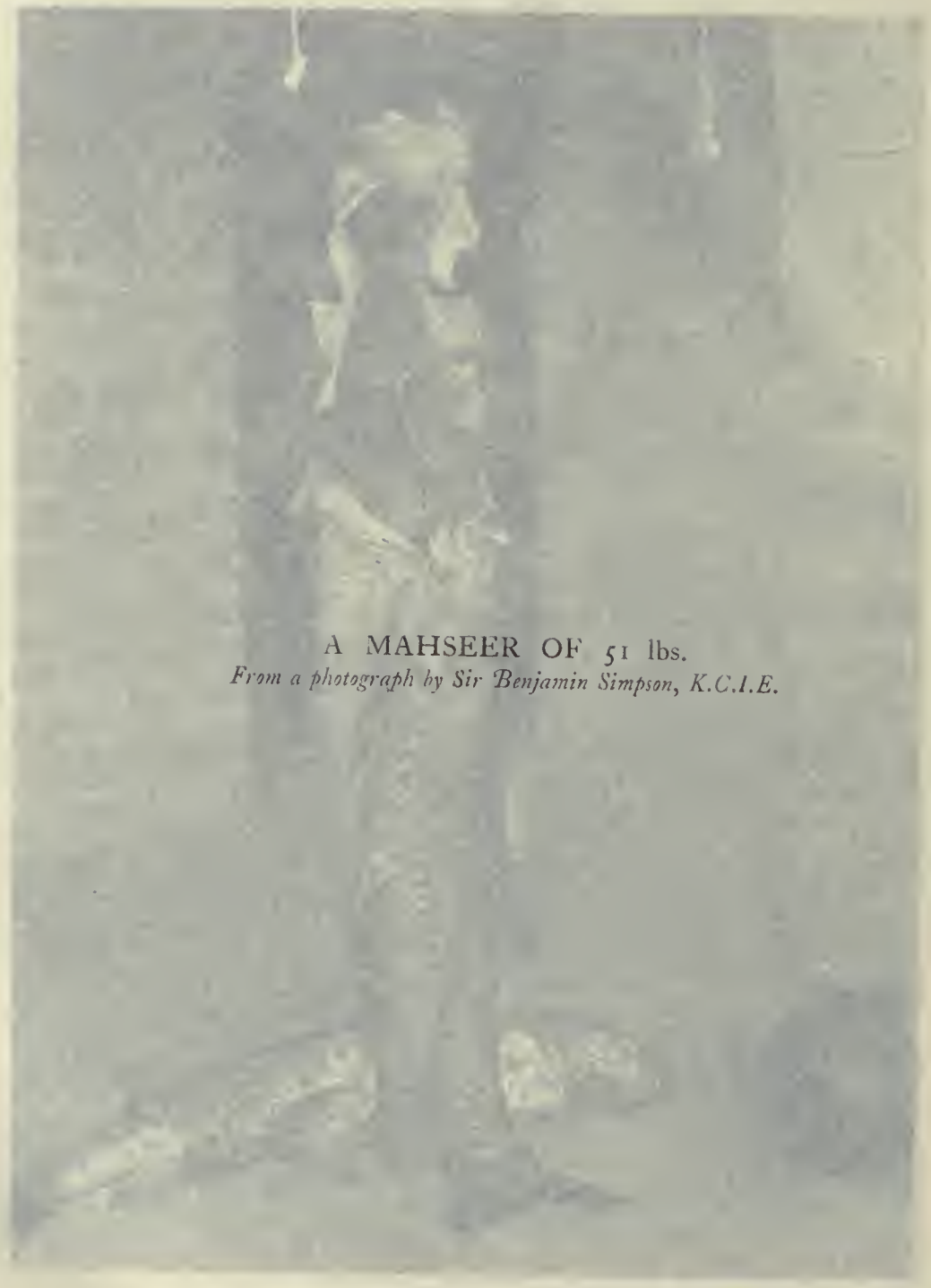
By Lieut.-Col. F. B. BAIRD-SMITH
(Late 14th Bengal Lancers)

"Catch, now! Get him by the gills—that's the lad!"

Then a tremendous heave, a mighty tail outthrow, a sickening glimmer of hooks hanging free, and the fish was gone.

"Idiot! what for did ye no take a better grip? I tell you, you'll never see the like o' you fish again. Man, I would rather have lost my pension!"

In moments of excitement the Colonel always lapsed into broad Doric, and the object of his wrath, his last-joined subaltern, stood there dripping mud and water, and with never a word to say. He, too, was suffering as keenly as the other from the despair that comes with such disappointments, and he realised that there was no excuse for having so bungled his share of the disaster. The mahseer that had gone before, needless to say a monster, had been played for hours till it was thought that there was not a kick left in it, and as its captor proudly steered it towards the bank, the subaltern had waded in to haul it, but the last kick had evidently been held in reserve. The boy did what he could to restore the position, and flung himself bodily on the top of the fish, and actually held it for a moment in his arms, striving to get firm hold of the slippery scales. But all the sterling qualities that



A MAHSEER OF 51 lbs.
From a photograph by Sir Benjamin Simpson, K.C.I.E.

MEMORIES OF MAHSEER

By Lieut.-Col. P. R. BAIRNSFATHER
(Late 14th Bengal Lancers)

"Canny, now! Get him by the gills—that's the lad!"

Then a tremendous heave, a mighty tail outflung, a sickening glimpse of hooks hanging free, and the fish was gone.

"Idiot! what for did ye no take a better grip? I tell you, you'll never see the like o' yon fish again. Man, I would rather have lost my pension!"

In moments of excitement the Colonel always lapsed into broad Doric, and the object of his wrath, his last-joined subaltern, stood there dripping mud and water, and with never a word to say. He, too, was suffering as keenly as the other from the despair that comes with such disappointments, and he realised that there was no excuse for having so bungled his share of the disaster. The mahseer that had gone before, needless to say a monster, had been played for hours till it was thought that there was not a kick left in it, and as its captor proudly steered it towards the bank, the subaltern had volunteered to land it, but the last kick had evidently been held in reserve. The boy did what he could to retrieve the position, and flung himself bodily on the top of the fish, and actually held it for a moment in his arms, striving to get firm hold of the slippery scales. But not all the sterling qualities that

afterwards won him a well-earned V.C. availed him on this occasion, and so one more great fish went to join the lost legion, and one more fishing story was left minus the dry proof always exacted by them that scoff. Yet, even at the risk to which we fishermen are not insensible, I maintain that this must have been an exceptional mahseer, for it was the talk of the regiment at the time I joined. Moreover, the Colonel was not a man given to exaggeration, and, seeing the fish at close quarters, he stoutly declared that the 6 ft. 1 in. of subaltern were, with reasonable margin, none too much to cover it. The reader, therefore, bearing in mind that a mahseer is, roughly, proportioned much as a salmon, can form some sort of estimate of its probable weight. And at that we must leave it.

Yet surely the most amazing feature of this contest remains to be told, and that is the bait which the mahseer, after much reluctance to feed at all, had at last been induced to take. This was a swallow! Ordinary baits had failed signally; spoon, with minnows both natural and artificial, had been tried without success; and the old Colonel, with his henchman, sat, weary and despondent, on the bank. Suddenly they noticed what appeared to be a fish of unusual size repeatedly coming to the surface of the water just below a neighbouring bridge. Some swallows were skimming the water at that spot, and whether the fish was actually attracted by them or not, the incident gave the Colonel the idea which proved an inspiration. The subaltern was told off to shoot a swallow, and it was on this, fitted to a stout

triangle, that the lost mahseer had been hooked. That mighty mahseer are occasionally taken is illustrated by one that a friend of mine brought back, not long after the adventure described above, from Tangrot, on the Jhelum, in those days the Mecca of enthusiastic fishermen, a fish that measured exactly the same number of inches as his wife—not, it must be confessed, a tall woman, but at any rate not less than five feet. Touching further records of lost giants, I could tell how I once saw a big fish break in a trice, by sheer weight and strength, a four-ply of copper wire between spoon and trace. The line had got caught round the reel-handle in trolling from a boat, and there was no possibility of freeing it before the end came. Not all the monsters have been lost, however, for Mr. Murray Aynsley killed a brace of 104 lb. and 101 lb., both in the Cauvery.

Size and weight are not everything to the true fisherman, who looks for other virtues in his favourites, including a readiness to take some orthodox lure, a spirit of battle when hooked, and a presentable appearance when finally brought to the gaff; and I think that the mahseer can hold its own with some of the best sporting fishes of other lands. Those who have no acquaintance with it may be inclined to underrate its good qualities when they learn that it is a carp, and, like its more homely cousin, a ground-feeder; for the ordinary pond carp undeniably suggests a sluggish quarry entailing hours of waiting beside a float and a hook baited with worm or paste, without in every case much of a struggle at the end. In the case of the carp, the environment of quiet waters may

have produced the characteristics that fail to appeal to those who have known better days with salmon and trout, but the mahseer is a very different proposition for the angler to deal with. Living in some of the strongest streams possible for fish life, it too has the qualities of its environment—strength, speed, and dash equal to those of any fresh-run salmon—and its first characteristic rush is such as to inspire a prayer that all is well with the tackle. A carp it may be by race, but to the ordinary carp of our acquaintance the mahseer is as a lean wild boar of the jungle to the fat prize pig in its sty.

Indeed, the mahseer has been styled the Indian salmon, and from the angler's point of view the proud title is well deserved. It is to be caught in the same kind of rivers and with much the same lures as the salmon, though it must be confessed that it prefers spoon to the fly. It plays in much the same fashion, and the salmon-fisherman's allowance of a minute to the pound would not be excessive with a big mahseer on the rod, while that first wild rush, the invariable opening of the proceedings, is all in the mahseer's favour. In it the fish may fly off at one fell swoop with a hundred yards of line, the leverage on which makes a ten-pounder feel like double the weight. What would Izaak Walton have said to such a fish, seeing that he used no reel, and, when fast to an extra-heavy trout, used to throw his rod into the river and follow as best he could ! As a further analogy to the salmon, it should be noted that the mahseer, though it does not, like the other, go down to the sea, has its periods of migration up and down the big Indian rivers, and it was, thanks to his special

knowledge of this habit, which he long kept to himself, that a friend of mine used to make sensational catches of mahseer such as turned his brother-fishermen green with envy, his record including over a ton within a month, while on his best day he caught 446 pounds' weight of fish.

There is another advantage which the premier fish of India has over the salmon, and that is that it is never out of season. Owing in all probability to a habit of spawning at various times of year, there are no sluggish autumn fish and no kelts. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that, though eatable soon after capture by sportsmen with a healthy appetite, the mahseer does not compare in this respect with a fresh salmon, though in appearance it suffers little by comparison. We must, however, substitute the larger head and tail, and in place of the beautiful silver of the salmon, suggestive of its stay in the sea, the mahseer's hue is a burnished gold, singularly in keeping with the clear water and fierce sun of its natural haunts.

As I sit over the fire and let my thoughts go back to the pleasant days spent with my old Ringal rod on one or other of the great northern rivers—Ganges, Jumna, Chenab, Beas, or Jhelum—how the memories crowd, and what a remembering of happier things! True, as recalled haphazard, my experiences seem to have been singularly free from sensational episodes, yet they are probably the more typical on that account. These reminiscences seem to centre chiefly round Sialkot, in the north Punjab, where my regiment arrived, one memorable day in 1890, for a three years' spell. I was glad enough

to be moved there, for this was the very spot that I had heard of some years earlier from a retired brother officer who had himself enjoyed good sport in the neighbouring waters. Here it was that Muchee Bawan might be reached, the very name of which, in the vernacular, signifies home of fish. The best of news awaited me on arrival at our station, for it seemed that the fishing had been utterly overlooked for years, so that those of us who fished had all the satisfaction of rediscovering this once famous ground. It further transpired that, although only thirty miles distant, the road was so troublesome as to be considered next to impossible ; but every fisherman will appreciate our satisfaction on learning of this difficulty of approach. From our own bungalow we could plainly see the Pir Punjal mountains, an outlying range of the Himalaya, from which the Tawi River flowed to join the Chenab twelve miles from Sialkot, and Muchee Bawan, the desired, lay somewhere hidden in the misty valley below. Our patience was sorely tried while the cold weather and drill season ran their course, after which, in April, the thermometer steadily rose to punkah heat, and then came the longed-for time for leave. We had arranged to ride as far as possible, camp and baggage being sent forward on camels, which, of course, furnished the usual diversions, one flatly refusing to enter the ferry-boat, and another as obstinately declining to leave it. At long last, however, we pushed on to our journey's end, studiously neglecting a number of attractive pools that we might the sooner make our goal, nothing short of Muchee Bawan itself, unfished these ten years, but previous to that period recog-

nised as incomparable. Our difficulties of transport were by no means light. There was no road, and the only way of getting to the spot was through a deep gorge. There was no footway, and the only mode of travel was by raft. Then where were the raftmen, we asked, only to be told that they were either dead or gone elsewhere. Here, indeed, was an Eastern problem, with, as we surmised, an Eastern solution, for *baksheesh* ultimately proved the means of producing as many raftmen as we needed, though not before the day was at an end. Daybreak next morning found us at the water's edge, all impatience to be gone; but the raftmen were hurrying matters forward in usual Eastern fashion—that is to say, by sitting round their shrivelled goatskins and chattering. It was not, by the way, *baksheesh* that put new life into the proceedings this time, but anyhow the men quickly and cheerfully grasped what was required of them. The skins were softened in the water and blown up through one of the legs, a rickety old native bedstead lashed to each four skins with odd lengths of string, loin-cloth, or pugaree, and the rafts were ready in reasonable time. An odd procession it was that now started out on the deep, still water of the gorge, the sides of which gradually narrowed till the fairway seemed to end altogether. And the method of propulsion was also curiously simple. The water was too deep for poling, and there would have been no room for paddles, so that four swimmers were allotted to each raft. Naturally the progress was slow, since, with their hands resting on the edge of the raft, they could only use their legs, not in the strong froglike stroke familiar

at home, but with a curious, jerky little pushing action of o-horse power. It seemed a deadly enough rate to travel at to eager fishermen approaching the goal of their dreams, but it answered, and, with no other device available, we had to be content.

"How far Muchee Bawan now?" was the oft-repeated question.

"Oh, quite close, Sahib. Look there!" And the swimmer would point to some spur of cliff in the far distance which never seemed to get any nearer. "And, oh Wah! the number of fish that are there!"

This was encouraging anyway, and so we crawled gently through the gorge, occasionally resting a moment for a leaking *mussak* to be blown up, or delayed by the inevitable portage whenever the current was too rapid. At last we came round a bend, and a new sound reached our ears, the unmistakable sound of falling water muffled by distance.

"The voice of Muchee Bawan," said the swimmers. "Hark, it is calling to the Sahibs! Behold, then, we have arrived, so all can rest and smoke!"

"What word is this, you evil ones?" is our indignant reply. "Do you not understand that now is all the more reason for hurry? Quick! take us there at once, or you may never smoke pipe again!"

With a cheery "Come along, brothers!" they push on once more, actually at some pace now, like horses going home to stable. The roar deepens, and of a sudden we see the spray from the falls. Louder still it gets, and then we order the

rafts ashore. This, then, was the much-vaunted Muchee Bawan, a great deep pool alive with swirl and eddy and frothing foam, a cauldron of troubled waters immediately beneath the six-foot cascade, slackening to a dark and suggestive stillness lower down. Truly a sight for a fisherman's eyes, eerie and fascinating in its loneliness, shaken with the resounding roar of tumbling waters.

First ready, thanks to my jointless rod, I threw in a spoon. Next moment it was seized, and the scream of the reel so upset my companion that he at once paid the invariable penalty of more haste, less speed. But he also was ready at last and into a fish before I had landed mine. So the game went on, fast and furious, for a full hour, after which the fish began to get shy, and no wonder! We had landed quite 40 lb. apiece from the same water, each catch being represented by about half a dozen comely fish. It was excellent fun, even though the style of fishing was unorthodox, with none of the usual practice of spinning, but simply casting from the lower end of the pool among a maze of eddies. Nor was there any need for concealment. But what of that? We had the fish, and Muchee Bawan had not belied its fame.

Needless to say, the famous pool did not always respond to our advances. On one memorable occasion, indeed, we failed to stir a fish either in the pool itself or in all the stretch of lovely water below it, which we always regarded as the cream of the fishing, though we worked hard and honestly all the three days of our leave. There was no accounting for this—there rarely is in fishing! The water seemed just right,

and the weather was normal. We had simply struck an off-day on which not a fish could be tempted, and the occasion was at once sadly memorable for the most complete blank I ever scored, but also gloriously associated with what is, perhaps, the reddest-letter day in all my fishing diaries. It fell out in this way. We—that is to say, my good C.O. and myself—had fished three whole days with no result whatever. On the evening of the last day, still doggedly trying every pool we came to, we reached camp, and it was small blame to the C.O. that, having had enough of it, he fell a victim to the lure of tea. Just then, as luck would have it, I noticed some small gulls screaming excitedly over a pool that I knew well some way downstream. It had never been a good pool, and my hopes were not very high ; but the birds seemed to mean small fry, and the small fry might mean big fish. Anyhow, there were still two clear hours of daylight, and this was our last day, so I resisted the call of tea and set out for the pool. What a sight met my eyes ! The water was simply alive with fish, their backs now and then appearing out of water as they dashed after the fry, for all the world like a school of miniature porpoises. So I got to work at once, and the result recalled that first memory of Muchee Bawan. As soon as the spoon touched the water, two or three mahseer would rush for it at once, the best fish generally winning. I was nervous of the result, for it was clearly a case of fishing against time, and I had with me only the light rod and gear. Fish after fish was landed without mishap, and not one of them disgraced its order by omitting that first grand rush and the

A FISHING CAMP IN INDIA

From a photograph by Sir Benjamin Simpson, K.C.I.E.

and the weather was normal. We had simply struck an off-day on which not a fish could be tempted, and the occasion was at once sadly memorable for the most complete blank I ever scored, but also gloriously associated with what is, perhaps, the reddest-letter day in all my fishing diaries. It fell out in this way. We—that is to say, my good C.O. and myself—had fished three whole days with no result whatever. On the evening of the last day, still doggedly trying every pool we came to, we reached camp, and it was small blame to the C.O. that, having had enough of it, he fell a victim to the lure of tea. Just then, as luck would have it, I noticed some small gulls screaming excitedly over a pool that I knew well some way downstream. It was always a good pool, and my hopes were not very high, but the birds seemed to mean small fry, and small fry meant big fish. Anyhow, there were only three clear hours of daylight, and this was our last day, so I resisted the call of tea and set out for the pool. What a sight met my eyes! The water was simply alive with fish, their backs now and then appearing out of water as they dashed after the fry, for all the world like a school of miniature porpoises. So I got to work at once, and the result recalled that first memory of Muchee Bawan. As soon as the spoon touched the water, two or three mahseer would rush for it at once, the best fish generally winning. I was nervous of the result, for it was clearly a case of fishing against time, and I had with me only the light rod and gear. Fish after fish was landed without mishap, and not one of them disgraced its order by omitting that first grand rush and the

A FISHING CAMP IN INDIA
From a photograph by Sir Benjamin Simpson, K.C.I.E.

good fight to follow. Mercifully, the tackle held, and only the coming of night put a stop to the orgy. At length it was no longer possible to see the spoon strike the water, and the sensation of playing the last fish of the day without any notion of the direction in which it was next going to dash provided a fitting climax to a crowded hour. Thirteen fish I had caught in the time, scaling in all just 51 lb. Here, then, was a great happening of the unexpected, the more interesting to me because it had falsified the dictum of our greatest authority on Indian fishing, who holds that any attempt to catch mahseer after sunset is the one thing hopeless. To this generalisation my agreeable experience had at any rate furnished a notable exception.

It will not have escaped the reader's notice that the general size of the mahseer that we caught in Muchee Bawan was distinctly mediocre. It must, however, be remembered that the Tawi is only a small tributary stream incapable of raising really big fish, and the charm of the fishing lay in the preference we had for quantity rather than size, as well as for the opportunity of using lighter rods and tackle than are indispensable for mahseer of larger size. For these bigger fish we had to go to the Chenab itself, a much easier jaunt, since the river lay only twelve miles from the station on a good road, so that we could even canter out for an evening's fishing after the day's work and be back the same night. Here it was a matter of trolling from boats with a long line out, the boat being pulled upstream by a rope. On bad days, when the fish were not in the right humour, it was monotonous

work, and, as we invariably sat facing the west, the persecuting glare of the sun on the water made us yet more impatient of our ill-luck. Yet there were the other days on which we came in for great reward, for fish weighing from 10 to 50 lb. were quite within the range of moderate expectation, while monsters of far greater weight were known to dwell in the river, and we were ever in hope of hooking one of these. Many we took out of the Chenab in our time, but never the monster. In the end, however, my regiment held the record with a fish of 52 lb., though we were handsomely beaten in actual best take for a single day, for the C.O. of another gallant regiment, able to grant himself leave when we could not get away, and never foregoing the privilege, landed one fine day the much-envied score of sixteen fish to his own rod. Great fish they were, too, the total weight of them being nothing less than 200 lb. No wonder we found some little difficulty in congratulating him !

Here, too, in the Chenab, the conditions under which we caught our fish were ever a mystery. Water, weather and season would be apparently identical on the days of great success and those other days with never a fish. Some days we would troll over the same stretch of water times and again without result. Then, all of a sudden, the fish would come at the bait as if possessed. This was the case on the day that gave me my first forty-pounder. My companion, already into one which proved almost as heavy, had landed in order the better to play his fish, and I, resisting the usual temptation of offering good advice, essayed to prove my pet theory, that mahseer have a certain moment at which they must feed, by

taking a cast from the shore. The theory held good in practice, for, sure enough, next moment I had him, and then came a splendid fight. It was a strenuous dance he led me up and down the bank for thirty-five glorious if anxious minutes. Happily, the channel was clear, and there was little or no danger from rapid or snag, yet, with such a heavy fish in play, no minute was free from anxiety, and every mad rush seemed to mark the end. When at last the fish took to rolling over and over far out in the stream, it seemed impossible that the gut could bear the strain, and, as a matter of fact, my misgivings on the subject proved well-founded, for, as I afterwards discovered, the gut was actually severed and disaster had been averted only by its having jammed so tightly between the treble hooks as to hold the great fish in its final struggles. It was a good thing that I was spared this knowledge until the fish was safe on the bank, else I might not have had the courage to go through with it. Three more, all of them good fish, we got out of that reach, and the luck was such as to carry us through many another less successful day.

These were great times no doubt, yet I wonder whether, after all, the simpler incidents much earlier in my Indian days were not even happier! There was the far-off time, for instance, when, under the spell of my first introduction to mahseer, I would gallop out a good nine miles on a hot weather morning, starting at 3 A.M. so as to be on the water an hour or so before sunrise. The ignoble bait used on these occasions was nothing more than a pellet of dough, and the one pool had to be assiduously groundbaited for days before my visit.

Not a fish would move after the sun was once on the water, so the sport had to be short and sharp, and it was fun of the best while it lasted, for I never once remember drawing blank. A few lumps of dough were thrown into the pool on arrival, just to attract and locate the fish, after which came the cast, a rush from all directions, and a fish on the rod, its size depending on which first got to the bait. The madness of the first rush was particularly noticeable here, probably owing to the eagerness of the fish to make good its prize in presence of so much competition. Half a dozen would be the usual morning's take, and I was able to get back in good time to provide fresh fish for the mess breakfast. True, these fish never exceeded a weight of from one to five pounds, but even that was satisfactory when contrasted with my previous experience of nothing but small trout at home. In the more sophisticated moods of after years, such sport would have seemed too trivial to be thought of, but in those early days it was very welcome.

It was about that period that there befel me one of those incidents which the fisherman never forgets. I was not actually on a fishing trip, but had been told by an old hand that at a certain spot on the marching road to Cashmere, whither I was bound after ibex, a small stream joined the Jhelum River, and that if I were to try a cast or two at the junction, I might reasonably look forward to hooking something enormous. The rod was therefore taken along and the expert's instructions obeyed to the letter. A frog was to be the lure on this occasion, and it was, indeed, about the only sort of bait appropriate to this season of dirty flood water, though I never again fell thus

far. At any rate, the result warranted the experiment, for I had not been fishing more than ten minutes when the jerk came and the mahseer was off in its proverbial non-stop rush, fortunately upstream and in the slacker current above the tributary. I could form no estimate of its size, but I knew that I had never felt anything like it before. It was absolutely beyond control, though I could plainly see that if the fish once got out in the mainstream, it would be all over in a moment. Up and down the water it raced, backwards and forwards, with nearly all my line out, alarmingly close to the main current, yet mercifully turning just at the crucial spot, wholly of its own sweet will, for I had no control over its movements whatever. Ten minutes of this followed, and then the fish suddenly determined to go downstream. It showed no sign of tiring, and of course I was brought up all standing by the tributary stream, too deep to be crossed except by swimming. This was out of the question, as I could never have got across while holding on to the rod with such a fish at the other end. Then it was that my young attendant, whom I had so far overlooked, had an inspiration.

" Give me the rod, Sahib," he said. " I can easily take it over, while you run round by the bridge."

This suggested a happy solution of the difficulty, and, after warning the youngster to hold on like grim death, I raced for the bridge. The young fellow swam like a duck, and the mahseer behaved just as I could have wished. Feeling it once again at the end of the rod, when I took it from the native, I all but laughed aloud in the certainty of success. Alas!

Whether its anger had been roused by the unavoidable jerking of the rod during the swim, or whether it simply judged the time had come to put an end to such fooling and get to business, the grim fact remains that, within a few moments of my recovering the rod, the fish dashed off downstream and out in the middle. No check was possible, and, as the mahseer lurched and struggled, borne down by the irresistible current, I got one unforgettable glimpse of its proportions. I rushed madly down the bank, helplessly watching the line disappear off the reel until it was all out. Then came one final pull, and the fish of my life was gone.

Here, then, though it ended in dismal failure, was the greatest moment in all my memories of mahseer. Yet, as has been said, it was but one of many happy fishing episodes, and it would be hard to say whether, if there is any comparison between the two, it really gave me more excitement than that remote triumph when, as a boy, I successfully guddled an enormous half-pound trout while the other boy, more mindful of home instructions, dutifully paused to remove his boots. I wonder !

COARSE-FISHING MEMORIES

COARSE-FISHING

By H. T. SHERINGHAM

"COARSE"-fishing it has been now for generations, and coarse-fishing I fear it will remain, for humans are but poorly endowed with the faculty of devising another name for it which shall win the united suffrages of its devotees. Gallant enough efforts there have been—newspaper competitions and the like—to find the undesirable adjective still lacking its own, and still endless the odious comparisons that are drawn by the "Compleat Angler" of the sport, whose lofty minds despise all that is not salmon or trout. Whether their superior and contemptuous air is to be suppressed I am not sure. In the glorious days that are coming, when the millionaire shall have bought up every worthy salmon or trout river on the one hand, while the tax-gatherer on the other shall have clipped all margins from every hard-earned and inadequate middle-class income, in those days a little gudgeon-fishing from the towing-path of Thames, or a patient session by the Grand Junction Canal will be about all that circumstances will permit to Walton's downtrodden disciples. And in those days there will be an echo of King Henry's words upon Saint Crispin's, "I pray thee, wish not one man more." But men will not then be many gudgeon, and the roach of the river will be starveling fingers.

Even so, and then there will be a glorious [illegible]

ROACH, PIKE, PERCH

COARSE-FISHING MEMORIES

By H. T. SHERINGHAM

"COARSE"-fishing it has been now for generations, and coarse-fishing I fear it will remain, for human wit has been quite unable to devise another name for it which shall win the united suffrages of its devotees. Gallant enough efforts there have been—newspaper referendums and the like—but the deplorable adjective still holds its own, and still invites the odious comparisons that are drawn by the "Corinthians" of the sport, whose lofty minds despise all that is not salmon or trout. Whether their aspersions and contempt are to be regretted I am not sure. In the gloomy days that are coming, when the millionaire shall have bestridden every worthy salmon or trout river on the one hand, while the tax-gatherer on the other shall have clipped all margins from every hard-earned and inadequate middle-class income, in those days a little gudgeon-fishing from the towing-path of Thames, or a patient session by the Grand Junction Canal, will be about all that circumstances will permit to Walton's downtrodden disciples. And in those days there will be an echo of King Henry's words upon Saint Crispin's, "I pray thee, wish not one man more." For there will not then be many gudgeon, and the roach of the canal will be starveling things.

Even so, and then there will be a gleam or two of pleasure

left for those of us who hold by Walton's tradition, and angle for everything as opportunity comes. My own heart will doubtless be full of passionate regret for the dead days when I used occasionally to catch the salmon river at its right height, and marvel at the water, which was the colour of coffee and yet clear; or when I used to watch the droves of olives floating down the placid Itchen and to put down the dignified trout one by one. But things will not be so bad as they would be if these pleasures alone made roseate my past. I shall be able to recall other, far other, joys—for instance, the morning when I set out to spin for trout, cut me a withy twig, tied thereto a gut cast with a tiny hook at the end of it, and with a fragment of worm began to catch a minnow or two for bait. And when it fell to be luncheon time, there was I still angling for minnows, all memory of the trout and the spinning clean gone from me. There was a fascination about beguiling the eager, visible little fish which was quite enough to keep me happy. The evening yielded a noble brace of trout, caught on two of the minnows, and I do not remember it any more vividly or gratefully than the morning.

The catching of minnows on a hook is something of an art, though it may be but an unimportant art. There are two chief methods—to watch the bait and to watch the line—and if you are fishing with an eye to the bait-can perhaps the second is the better. When the minnows are plentiful they attack the fragment of worm with such concentration and fury that it is impossible to pick out one assailant from fifty others. By watching the line, however, you can tell if one of them has

succeeded in getting hold of it and bolting with it, and a gentle strike at the right moment will lift a kicking little fish into the upper air. But the right moment is not always easy to detect, and many an apparently determined bite will yield no result. For sport (if the Corinthians will pardon the word) I prefer to angle where minnows are not quite so thick on the ground, and to pick and choose among them. Sometimes there will appear a real monster, three or even four inches long, and his capture becomes a matter for earnest endeavour. When you have him, you have a bait which a fish of prey can hardly resist.

In some places, where you find a gravel bottom and about three feet of gently flowing water, you may add the thrills of gudgeon-fishing to your pleasure. The capture of visible gudgeon is even more pleasant than the taking of minnows, I think, because the fish, nosing about three or four together in open order, are more leisurely in their behaviour, and once they have taken the worm which you have artfully placed on their line of progress they are not so apt to let it go again.

Of course these be but lesser things, a preliminary to more considerable undertakings. I have dwelt on them because they illustrate the spirit of angling. If a man has it in him, there is no branch of the sport, however insignificant, which will not give him some entertainment and interest; and a capacity to enjoy the smaller kinds will connote an infinite zest for the bigger.

Among the bigger I am still uncertain as to what I love best. I know where my chief ambition lies, and that is in a narrow channel skirting an island in the Dorsetshire Stour.

The water is seven or eight feet deep; it is lined with stumps of bygone willows, and on a sunny day when the river is clear you can see every detail of the bottom. Along this channel, I am told, there is a patrol of perch, such perch as have only swum before me in dreams. Five-pounders, "with a big one or two among them," that is the impression given to me by a thoroughly trustworthy informant. I see no reason why the thing should not be true (I will not quibble over ounces), for the spot is not many miles from the reach which yielded up a 39 lb. pike a few years ago. The Stour is a wonderful river, and it holds many notable secrets in its placid depths.

Not that it ever gave me any perch of great account—but then I have not fished it for perch very much. I am grateful to it chiefly for some remarkable baskets of roach, fine stalwart fish running into the near neighbourhood of 2 lb. Varied fishing it was too. There was one swim about twelve feet deep which had to be fished with a 17-feet rod, and which was in its way the most desirable roach swim I ever found. There was a comfortable mound close to the edge on which one could sit, a line of rushes just in front on which the rod could rest at odd moments of pipe-lighting and the like, a steady easy current, and no weeds to catch the hook and disarrange the float. At so great a depth the fish bit with an unrestraint which was good to see, especially if there was a little ripple on the surface. There was none of the nibbling and wriggling that distinguish most roach fishing. The float stopped, went well under, and only appeared again after the rod had gone smartly up. Somewhere far out of sight there was a stout resistance, and for quite

a long time it was doubtful what had been hooked. Only when the fight was half over did the gleam of a broad, bright side five or six feet down in the dark clear water reveal the presence of a roach weighing a pound or more.

One day I had what seemed to me an unusual experience in a mill pool higher up stream. I had been fishing for roach in the orthodox way close to the bottom without any result worth mentioning. A good distance out in the pool, from twenty to thirty yards, some fish were priming and splashing after the manner of bream or rudd, and it occurred to me that these must be the roach I was after, for at that time there were neither bream, rudd, nor chub in that part of the river, though there are chub nowadays, I believe. Accordingly I put on a heavier float, more lead, and a big piece of paste, and hurled it out in the direction of the fish, coiling line on the bank Thames-fashion for the cast. The float for some reason refused to cock, so I pulled it in towards me to see what was the matter. The matter was that a roach had seized the bait almost as it fell and was swimming about with it ; the lead had no chance to act on the float at all. I took the hint, as well as the roach, lowered the float to within a few inches of the shot, and fished just as one does for rudd with the bait only about eighteen inches under the surface. This suited the fish admirably, and, despite the splash made at each cast, they bit furiously. A person accustomed to regard roach as shy would have been seriously astonished at the fish that day. They were not small ones either, but ran from ¾ lb. up to a good 1½ lb.

On another occasion I had some rare sport among Stour

roach with the fly. I was wading a long shallow with the purpose of catching dace, and I discovered several small shoals of good-sized roach basking in the warm sunlight at various points. A black gnat, tipped with a small piece of white kid, proved very attractive to these somnolent fish. It was pretty to see them swim lazily after the fly as it was pulled slowly across stream, opening their mouths and absorbing it at the latest possible moment. All coarse fish are deliberate in their manner of taking flies, but roach are pre-eminent in that respect. On another day I visited the same shallow, fly-rod in hand, with intent to repeat the performance, and there was not a roach to be seen on it, though the weather was much the same and the state of the river had not altered. Somewhat disappointed I wandered on upstream, wishing I had brought some other kind of rod, because fly-fishing was evidently useless. Lunch time found me, with very little in my basket, sitting beside a dark deep pool into which I threw idly a few pellets of bread rolled up from the crust that accompanied my cheese. I could see the little white balls sinking far down, and then suddenly I could not see them. They vanished, methought, too abruptly for a mere fading out of sight. To be brief, I surmised the interference of roach, and so it proved. Similar pellets offered on a stripped fly-hook at the end of my cast very soon settled the question, and the dull day became a day of rejoicing. On the light fly-rod the big roach fought with splendid vigour and pertinacity, and it was brave sport.

With roach I always class bream in my own mind as productive of that placid yet absorbing sport which is heralded

by the frequent dip of the float. Fishing for carp and tench is placid enough too, but it is apt to lack the interest of bites. Unless you are lucky, you may spend days about the business with nothing but the placidity and the charm of a somnolent country-side to fill your mind. This should not happen with bream if you have been canny about your ground-baiting and do not mind early rising. Some of my most blissful memories are of bream-fishing about daybreak. There was a sense of adventure about it from the time when the alarum clock went off in the darkest hour of night to the hour when I got home weary and dishevelled to a second breakfast with people of normal habits. The first breakfast, which usually consisted of a slice of ham, bread and butter, and tea brewed on a spirit lamp, was a queer business. If a teaspoon rattled against a cup, the sound was dreadful in the silent house. I never quite got rid of the idea that I might be taken for a burglar, or that the faithful St. Bernards who slept in the hall might fail to recognise me by candle light and do what they conceived to be their duty by an intruder. I always had a sense of relief when I was safely out into the garden, drinking in the sweet morning air and noting the paling of the sky.

The river at dawn was often shrouded in mist, which began slowly to dissolve with the rising of the sun. Just before and after sunrise on fine mornings this would produce wonderful effects of opalescent light. It was worth while having sacrificed sleep and having felt like a burglar to see the morning's grey being shot with a rosy glow. The gradual physical change from the chill of daybreak to the warmth of " sun-up " was

also worth a sacrifice, as was the feeling of superiority over the sluggards of the little township. As for the sport, it varied. Sometimes there would be half a dozen big bream and a few good roach to carry home ; sometimes there would be but an empty bag. But it was seldom that I did not several times get the thrill of seeing the carefully adjusted float sinking steadily and surely out of sight at the slant which denotes a big bream in earnest. Once I hooked something monstrous which defied strong tackle and all my skill. It simply ran the line all out into the middle of the great weirpool and broke it. I used to think it a carp, but subsequent reflection has suggested that it might have been a salmon. Such a fish might just possibly have made an errant way thither from the Severn, and it would naturally have made short work of bream tackle.

Bream fishing on the Norfolk Broads is a brisk business in comparison with the river work described. Once you have found your shoal and got it into the humour, you can catch fish till you weary of it. But you are liable to have your patience sorely tried at first by the attention of small silver bream, little roach and little rudd. The silver bream is, I believe, a separate species which does not grow to much more than a pound in weight. If it has a place in the scheme of usefulness, it is, I take it, to encourage the novice. The novice who needs encouragement could not do better than cast his lines where these animated sheets of tin abound. They are, at any rate, fish, and they can be caught with ease and precision. When the big bronze bream come along, however, one has surcease from the troubles of the small fry. I fancy this holds good in most

fishing. Elders and betters are always given the floor if they want it. On the Broads I have often been worried by small fish for an hour or two and then seen no more of them. Before the big fellows have begun, though, there has sometimes been an interval of inaction. I fancy the Norfolk bream move about a good deal, and it may be that the small fry can detect their coming from some distance away, removing themselves in good time.

Some of my happiest memories are of fly-fishing for chub and dace, fish which are accursed in trout streams, but invaluable for sport elsewhere. Chub-fishing, in particular, is a pastime which is worth cultivating. I know no branch of the sport to which a blazing, hot, windless day is well suited but this, no other in which you can have your fill of summer and a heavy creel at the same time. On the Thames, Ouse, Severn and other rivers I have had unforgettable hours with loggerhead, stalking him from a distance, dibbling for him from behind a tree, drifting after him in a boat, or wading up behind him on the gravel shallows.

On hot days the chub has the admirable habit of lying close to the surface, and as he is a dark-backed fish of distinguished presence you can see him from afar. That he always looks bigger than he really is, I do not think a defect in him ; the deception of the eye stimulates the pulses and adds to the excitement of the chase. For it is not easy to get within casting distance of the 4-pounder lying yonder by the mouth of the little ditch. He can, I verily believe, see with his tail as well as his eyes, and that gives him certain advantages. The

angler must use every subtlety he can think of to avoid being seen, crawling and hiding behind any bit of cover there is. Should there be no cover, there is nothing for it but to throw a long line. The ability to get out twenty to twenty-five yards of line is more valuable in chub fishing than in any other kind of fly-fishing.

It is good to be able to watch the whole process, from the moment when the fish has first been spotted to the moment when the Zulu falls heavily not far from his tail, and he whips sharply round to see what is the matter, follows the fly as it is drawn slowly away, and then absorbs it into his capacious mouth. It requires steadiness of nerve on the angler's part not to strike too quickly. A premature strike will simply pull the fly away and cause the fish to protest by a great swirl, after which he disappears, to be regretted evermore as at least a 5-pounder.

Now and then I have found a big shoal of chub of which every member has seemed anxious to be caught first. A day of light breezes and alternate sun and cloud after a heavy thunderstorm is the kind of day when this happens. The oddest experience I ever had, I think, was on such a morning. In a tributary of the Thames a shoal of chub lived in a pool lined with willows, and as both anglers and boats were plentiful, the fish were usually quite proof against attack. But on this occasion they had forgotten their caution, and they jostled each other in their efforts to seize the small fly which I cast at them from a boat on the shallow side of the pool. Nor did they stop at jostling. As each fish was hooked and played the

rest followed it, and several times the shoal came quite close up to the boat, appeared to watch the operations of the landing-net with interest, and then returned to the deep water. I forget the exact number of fish netted, but I know it was over a dozen, running up to about 2½ lb., and each capture produced the phenomenon described. For fish which to the native shyness of their species had added the cunning acquired by education in a rough school, the proceedings were very remarkable.

Dace-fishing with the fly is a somewhat daintier business than chub-fishing. A very light rod, the finest gut, and small flies are necessary, and of course the fish themselves are usually inconsiderable. In the Thames a dace of ½ lb. is a big one, so nothing very thrilling in the way of battles must be expected. A dace fights well for its small size, but ordinarily the charm of the sport lies chiefly in the quickness of hand required of the angler, in the dashing brilliance of the rises, and in the æsthetic pleasure of the heap of silver which rewards the eye when the catch is surveyed. You can have your ambitions of course, as in other fishing, but it will be a notable catch of Thames dace which averages ten inches in length per fish.

A different kind of dace fishing may be enjoyed on some rivers where the fish reach a greater size. The principal chalk streams hold big dace, and there a dry fly will sometimes produce remarkable catches. The Kennet, from Hungerford downwards, is the finest dace river I know, and there fish weighing 1 lb. are not infrequently caught. I have had several

dace over 1 lb. from the Kennet, and I know other anglers who have been similarly fortunate. When the fish are rising well you can, on some reaches of the river, keep up a high average weight. I see from my fishing diary that on a July day of 1906, I kept nine dace weighing 7 lb., which is an average of over ¾ lb.; and in September of the same year I one day kept eight, of which two weighed 1 lb. 2½ oz. and 1 lb., and the others from 10 oz. to 13 oz. But I have never known these fish to reach such an average size anywhere else.

Every species of coarse fish has, I think, given me something pleasant to remember; but the memory is not always quite what might be expected—the first memory that comes, anyhow. When I think of tench, for instance, my mind always wanders back to that long narrow pond of my boyhood, whose water was almost hidden from view by a great hedge of rhododendrons, whose glowing flowers made a pageant of the scene. You had to wade through long mowing-grass to get to it. Butterflies danced about you, bees hummed drowsily in your ear, and the cooing of doves in the beech-tree at the corner of the garden invited to repose. Tench? I caught no tench. I did not even know what tench were; but I had been told that the pond contained them, and I imagined some rare exotic fishes worthy of the scene. I never expected to catch any with my useless angle; but I fished all the same, and the impressions have never been effaced.

Another pond comes before my eyes with the mention of carp, a very different pond, set in the corner of a farmyard, and filled with a sort of viscous mud which it would be erro-

neous to describe as water. In that queer place I angled a whole afternoon, because I was told that it contained carp. I baited with worm and paste, and sat regarding the place incredulously. Nothing happened. The float was reluctant to cock, and indeed the thinner part of the mud at the top was only four or five inches deep, so one could not expect much of it. The baits remained immovable, and after a time I got bored. Now and again there was a sort of oscillation of the liquid, which I put down to marsh gas in the act of escape, but presently I thought I saw something more tangible than that, something that seemed to wriggle near the shore. I investigated with a landing-net, and behold a veritable fish, a small carp of the oddest shape and colour, and to all appearance blind. So there were fish there after all, living the sort of amphibious life that creatures must have lived in the primeval ooze. Perhaps they were all blind like the one I caught. At any rate I did not get a bite, and, as I returned the netted fish, I did not disturb the *status quo*. It was a queer fishing.

Barbel have never interested me very much. The formidable ground-baiting which they require has deterred me from taking them too seriously, except for an occasional day at long intervals. But I have had great fun with chance fish hooked on roach tackle. On one occasion, fishing from a punt on the Thames for roach with very light tackle, a friend and I landed five or six barbel between 3 lb. and 5 lb., and hooked and lost others. They naturally gave splendid sport, and I remember them more vividly than any that I have had on orthodox leger tackle. A barbel of 4 lb. hooked on fine-drawn roach

gut will give you ten minutes of anxiety, or more, if the hook has taken hold under a pectoral fin, as sometimes happens.

I have hinted that my chief ambition lies in the haunt of great perch, and I must own that on the perch is my warmest affection bestowed. No fish that swims piques or interests me more. After no fish have I pursued more ardently, and, on the whole, from no fish have I had results so poor in proportion to the effort expended. I think good perch, over 1½ lb. let me say, are harder to come by nowadays than good specimens of any other species. Possibly this may be due to the disease which swept many of the southern rivers thirty years or so back, and which may have made the fish much scarcer now than they would have been; possibly the cause is to be found in the ease with which immature specimens can be caught, and in the consequent slaughter of innocents. Anyhow the fact remains that good perch to me have become a rare and much esteemed quarry, and memories of occasional success with them are correspondingly precious.

The very last perch I caught was a fish of 1 lb. 14 oz., which I hooked in a deep swift portion of the Kennet with a worm used in trout fashion; that is to say, cast out without any float and allowed to travel downstream with the current. I do not think I have ever found a better fighter, weight for weight, than that fish. A sea trout or a rainbow of the same size might have been more acrobatic, but I do not think it could have pulled harder or tested the fine gut more severely. A perch has a disconcerting habit of "jiggering" like a lightly-hooked salmon, and if the gut be frayed and weak that procedure is apt to find

it out. Also it is calculated to loosen the hook-hold, which is why so many big perch escape after they have been on for some time.

Many big perch escape without having been on at all. Several times in my fishing experience I have had the luck to find shoals of beauties at some particular place in a river, and have feasted my eyes on them as they cruised about in the clear water, promising myself the morrow of my life. And when the morrow has come, and I with it, tackle in hand, the shoal has always disappeared, and angling has been useless. Where the fish go to I have no idea. On the very day when I caught the Kennet perch mentioned before, a man, who had no object in drawing a long bow, told me that he had seen such a shoal in a pool below a lock but an hour earlier. To that pool I hurried, and there was not a perch there, except the ½ oz. specimens, which are everywhere. I have come to the conclusion that big perch take up a permanent abode where the rainbow ends. Very occasionally I have "spoken them in passing," and even for that small mercy I have been and am grateful.

What has been said of the scarcity of good perch might be repeated with regard to pike, at any rate in such waters as are within most men's reach. A good pike is, I suppose, by general consent anything of 10 lb. or more. Such pike are now rare, save in well-preserved private fisheries; and the man who has to depend on open waters for his sport will not catch many such fish in a season, or even in several seasons. As for 20-pounders, he had better make up his mind to regard

them as links with a storied past. Should he catch one on the Thames or Ouse, or some similar river, he and his trophy at once become a portion of history, to be recited and celebrated wherever club anglers do congregate.

Happily 20-pounders are not essential to enjoyment, unless the pike-fisher has been spoilt by too much success in the past. Some of the pleasantest days I remember have been, not those which gave me my biggest fish, but those which gave me moderate sport under pleasant conditions. Three or four pike varying from 5 lb. to 8 lb. caught by spinning in a river are a very satisfactory reward for a day's work, and they are not too heavy a load to carry home. Suppose one had to carry four pike weighing from 20 lb. to 30 lb. three miles to the station! There is a sort of consolation in mediocrity after all.

Spinning is certainly the most attractive mode of pike-fishing, and the little-practised method of snap-trolling comes next in my esteem. For live-baiting I have no affection. My biggest pike, a 23-pounder, took a spinning bait, and I do not see why a 40-pounder should not follow his example, should I ever meet with such a monster. The relative efficiency of live-bait and spinner has been much discussed, and most people seem to hold that big pike take a live bait more readily. I think myself that the fact, if it be a fact, is due to the difficulty of making a spinning bait go close enough to, and stay long enough near, the pike. Once one can overcome this difficulty, I believe a tempting natural bait, spun on its own curve, to be even more attractive than a living fish.

ON WALTON'S RIVER

From a photograph by A. R. Matthews

them as links with a storied past. Should he catch one on the Thames or Ouse, or some similar river, he and his trophy at once become a portion of history, to be recited and celebrated wherever club anglers do congregate.

Happily 20-pounders are not essential to enjoyment, unless the pike-fisher has been spoilt by too much success in the past. Some of the pleasantest days I remember have been, not those which gave me my biggest fish, but those which gave me moderate sport under pleasant conditions. Three or four pike varying from 5 lb. to 8 lb. caught by spinning in a river are a very satisfactory reward for a day's work, and they are not too heavy a load to carry home. Suppose one had to carry four pike weighing from 20 lb. to 30 lb. three miles to the station! There is a sort of consolation in mediocrity after all.

ON WALTON'S RIVER

Spinning from a photograph by R. M. Barbour

Spinning is the most effective mode of pike-fishing, and the little-practised method of snap-trolling comes next in my esteem. For live-baiting I have no affection. My biggest pike, a 23-pounder, took a spinning bait, and I do not see why a 40-pounder should not follow his example, should I ever meet with such a monster. The relative efficiency of live-bait and spinner has been much discussed, and most people seem to hold that big pike take a live bait more readily. I think myself that the fact, if it be a fact, is due to the difficulty of making a spinning bait go close enough to, and stay long enough near, the pike. Once one can overcome this difficulty, I believe a tempting natural bait, spun on its own curve, to be even more attractive than a living fish.

COARSE-FISHING MEMORIES

Nearly all my pike-fishing for a number of years has been done with a dead bait either spun or trolled, and I do not think I have enjoyed myself the less. One great advantage has been mine anyhow, and that is freedom from a bait-can. The bait-can is a positive curse. If you walk with it, it splashes you all over and makes you ache with its weight. If you do not walk, because of the bother of lugging it along, you find that the portion of river where you are is absolutely innocent of pike. If you rest the can on the bank, the baits die. If you place it in the river it vanishes, because you have forgetten to tie a cord to its handle. Altogether it is calculated to ruin your pleasure unless you are a very long-suffering man.

Of course all fishing has its little worries, and coarse-fishing, being the varied pastime it is, is full of them. But it is correspondingly full of interests and pleasures, and I can never be grateful enough to the benign providence which made me an angler who can find enjoyment wherever fishes are. A love of coarse-fishing has not made me the less eager in pursuit of salmon and trout; rather the more. Accustomed to find variety in the sport afforded by the slow rivers of the south, I find the still greater contrast afforded by the game fish and their haunts an additional spice to life. All, as Walton would have said, is "excellent good." And the more one can get of every kind the better.

DAYS WITH BASS IN EAST AND WEST

DAYS WITH BASS IN EAST AND WEST

For a very worthy fish [illegible] do some small deed of valour, give me the bass [illegible] bass of American lakes, though he also has [illegible] thrills, but the silvery fellow of our seas and [illegible] eastward to the troubled waters of the Bosphorus [illegible] perch combines in his elegant person [illegible] qualities we fishermen esteem. He is beautiful to the [illegible] BASS in his old age, even though somewhat careless in [illegible] desperate fighter on the hook, and a dish not to be [illegible] dinner-table. In this last aspect the fish is [illegible] to this country, for which reason there never [illegible] fishery for bass, and only the smaller school [illegible] are commonly seen in the shops of [illegible] Gilsey and other aristocrats of the trade [illegible] Turkey, however, the *lavrak*, which is [illegible] friend under his Turkish name, [illegible] may be encountered, either [illegible] cold *mayonnaise*, on all the best tables, [illegible] retail price approximating that of [illegible] at the height of the season. More than [illegible] pounds, and over, I caught, as

BASS

DAYS WITH BASS IN EAST AND WEST

By F. G. AFLALO

For a very worthy fish on which to do some small deed of valour, give me the bass, not the black bass of American lakes, though he also has given me pleasant thrills, but the silvery fellow of our seas and all that reach eastward to the troubled waters of the Bosphorus. This marine perch combines in his elegant person most of the qualities we fishermen esteem. He is beautiful to the eye, cunning in his old age, even though somewhat careless in youth, a desperate fighter on the hook, and a dish not to be despised on the dinner-table. In this last aspect the fish is woefully neglected in this country, for which reason there never has been a regular fishery for bass, and only the smaller school fish out of the seines are commonly seen in the shops of seaside fishmongers. Gilson and other aristocrats of the trade know them not. In Turkey, however, the *levrak*, which is none other than our old friend under his Turkish name, is highly esteemed, and may be encountered, either plain boiled or in the disguise of cold *mayonnaise*, on all the best tables, fetching in the open market a retail price approximating that of salmon at home at the height of the season. More than one bass of fifteen pounds, and over, I caught, as

will presently be told, and ate with friends, and very excellent the fish was, even as interpreted by the old Greek cook, a sometime shepherd, who looked after me in my quiet retreat in Asia Minor.

The bass is a fish which those who have met and fought it under many skies associate with greater variety of scenery than, perhaps, any other fish of river, lake, or sea. I say this deliberately, mindful of the beautiful salmon and trout scenery on which, in England, Scotland, and Canada my eyes have feasted, often enough to the detriment of the catch, since I confess to being one of the unpractical to whom the catching of fish is not all of fishing. Many a rise I have missed, many a time I have struck a second too late, just for watching a sunrise come over the mountains or a rainbow lose itself in the river; nor would I, at the price of such agreeable sights, have rather had the extra fish or two in the creel. There are few fish associated with more distracting scenery than the bass, and there is certainly no other fish among those caught by sea anglers, since no other so determinedly hugs the land or wanders such distances inland. The only other comparable to the bass in this respect is the grey mullet, and that is a fish rather of docks and piers, never taken on the hook out in the open water off rocky headlands, and rarely, like the bass, out of sight or hearing of the sea, as at Arundel and other spots notable in the annals of bass-fishing. The panorama of my own bass scenery includes, in addition to many dim scenes that range from Anglesea to Suez, two settings that, since all my best fish were taken in one or the other, must always

recur whenever I hark back to the memories of struggles with this gallant fish.

The first of these is a pleasant estuary in the soft West Country. It is narrower than the embouchure of the neighbouring Exe, and less picturesque than the last seaward reach of the Dart, but for its bass-fishing it is the equal of any other estuary on all the south coast, from the Foreland to the Land's End. Here, then, running swiftly down from the misty tors of Dartmoor, the peaty water of the Teign, gradually merging in the clearer brew of tidal origin, comes, beneath a long foot-bridge and past tiers of shipping moored beside a bank of ooze famed for its cockles, to its goal, meeting it beside a guardian crag of red rock sparsely crowned with trees of recent planting. The estuary of the Teign, a typical moorland stream in its upper waters, has always been famous for its salmon, but the bass have been known chiefly to those who, ever since, nearly half a century ago, the late Mr. Wilcocks, author of one of the few classics of sea fishing, used to fish for them from the Point, just opposite the Ness, have likewise enjoyed the best of sport with these fish all the summer. It is about the end of April that the early shoals of small "school" bass begin to ascend with each tide as far as Coombe Cellars, the little riverside inn which figures in one of Baring Gould's Devon romances; and the big fish follow five or six weeks later, providing sport throughout June and July and, with diminishing chances, down to the early days of partridge shooting. As soon after daybreak as the enthusiast can get on the water is the best time of day for the sport, and many a good fight I have had with

these big bass that took my living sand eel with a rush and made the rod to bend and the reel to scream as they frantically tried to make for the bridge, while I as earnestly endeavoured to keep them in the safer waters below. Most often I went forth alone, though occasionally my wife would accompany me and usually get the best fish. It would be false modesty to insist that she knew more of the game than I, yet the balance of the catch almost invariably went in her favour. Indeed, it is usually the novice that scores. I well remember one morning of July, many years ago, on which that most delightful of actors, Cyril Maude, was with me in the boat. Maude is by no means an inexperienced fisher of trouts, but at that time he scarcely knew a bass from a barbel. Yet, within the first few minutes, he hooked and killed a five-pounder, and it was the only fish of the day worth keeping. Not that I have any reason to complain of my luck with bass in that estuary or elsewhere. The best two Teign fish that ever tried my tackle were caught on consecutive July mornings, each by a stroke of good luck that is unforgettable; and as one of them weighed just over eleven pounds, and the other nine, they were worth catching by hook or by crook. Well, it was mostly by crook. The first of them, having snatched forty or fifty yards of line off my reel at the first rush, took it into its scaly head to swim once round the chain of one of the buoys that mark the moorings of vessels lying in midstream. It seemed, in that sickening moment in which the pull of the fish was no longer felt, as if a bass of such size must, with the help of a tide running many knots an hour, have snapped the single salmon gut and gone adrift; but, without any great hope of a different result, I

thought it just worth while ordering my boatman to row round the buoy in the direction previously taken by the bass. If it were, by good luck, still on the hook, this would certainly unwind the line. Next moment the reel sang its requiem, for it made a wild dash upstream and was in the great landing-net ten minutes later. Next morning, about five o'clock, I was into the other, and realised at once that here was something even heavier than my prize of the day before. What made its capture even more problematical was the fact of my having hooked it close to the bridge, at the very end of the drift. It should be explained that in those days (this best of all methods has, I regret to say, gone out of fashion in the river Teign) the boats used to drift in line from the shipping to the bridge, ascending on the rising tide in midstream and returning through the shallows, where the tide ran more gently, so as to go over the ground once more. This style of drifting was admirably adapted to the greatest happiness of the greatest number in that limited area, since every bait passed in turn over the fish, though some used to pay out only twenty or thirty yards of line, while others, like myself, would, on exceptionally hot, clear days, pay out fifty or sixty. Nowadays, it is the fashion to anchor the boats here, there and everywhere, either dispensing with the services of a boatman, or allowing him to sit at his ease and smoke his pipe, instead of working for the fish as he used cheerfully to do. Either is sufficiently suggestive of an age vowed to mean economies and democracy gone mad to induce in me a preference for living in these happier memories of other days.

Well, to return to my second bass, which I left just as he

was hooked a little below the bridge. Quickly the boat was backed by the experienced hands of my gillie, now a pilot, into the shallows beside the G. W. R. line, and then began a fight such as I can rarely recall with any fish, tarpon and salmon included. The excitement derived from fighting a fish is, after all, an equation of the strength of the fish to that of the tackle; and there was agreeable difficulty in keeping this headstrong bass, which bent my sea-trout rod as if it had been a reed, from going through those greenheart piles round which, given only a little more liberty, it would promptly have wound the fine line. In the end the rod won, but now, just as victory seemed within my grasp, a new and awful problem presented itself, for an immense mass of green seaweed, tons of which, dislodged by the salmon nets, go floating up and down the river with every summer tide, suddenly came in view fast to the line twenty or thirty feet above where I judged the struggling fish to be. What was to be done? I tried tapping the butt of the rod, as some folks do in the case of a sulking salmon; but the weed was not sulking, and my dot and dash message met with no response. Nearer and nearer, as I reeled the bass closer to the surface, the great clump of weed approached to the top ring. I knew it would have been quite as hard to get it through that as to coax a camel through the eye of a needle, and I was just bracing myself for the only alternative left, that of stepping out in the mud and backing slowly up the bank until, without further use of the reel, the fish should come within reach of the net, when the bass obligingly took charge of an embarrassing situation. Shaking its head, as a terrier might shake a rat, it so

loosened the obstruction that, to my delight, the latter began sliding slowly down the line, and continued so doing until it was brought up by the small lead only a little way above the fish, which was soon in the net and has spent the past ten years in a glass case along with its companion in misfortune of the previous day. As has been said, the dawn of a new era of fishing from boats at anchor in the tideway, which either calls for the use of stouter tackle than I care to use, or else throws on light gear a strain greater than I like subjecting it to, bids fair to banish me from the estuary in future, even though I live within a few hundred yards of it, but it will be long ere I lose the memory of those delectable July mornings, with the sun just peeping over the roofs of silent houses, and sleepy seamen of many nationalities coming on deck and peering down at the lunatic who could willingly forego his sleep to catch fish.

It was amid scenes very different that I caught far finer bass than Devon's best away in Asiatic Turkey, splendid fellows of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen pounds that fought nobly in the shallows of the lovely Gulf of Ismidt that, opening out of the Marmora, penetrates the sanjak from which it takes its name as far as the city itself. On either side, though nearer neighbours on the south shore, towered the mountains of Anatolia, their lower slopes crimson at that season with the cherry orchards that filled a daily fleet of caïques loaded at Deirmendéré and sailed across the blue gulf to the little station of Tutun Chiflik, where the luscious fruit would be transferred to trains on the Bagdad Railway, waiting to take it to the markets of Stamboul. This Gulf of Ismidt is a wonderful fishing ground,

and Armenians have long been established on its shores, working the " talian " and other nets in local use. The water is of great depth out in the middle, and harbours tunny, sword-fish, and other monsters ; but at the edges it is very shallow, and here it is that, on either shore, splendid bass may be taken soon after daybreak with rod and line and a bait consisting of several live prawns on a large hook. This fishing, for my introduction to which I was indebted to the Whittalls, who have for more than one generation resided at Moda, opposite Constantinople, gave me many exciting experiences; but it was the capture of my second seventeen-pounder that furnished an episode unparalleled in my angling memories of five continents. We had slept out in the caïque that night, Nikko, my Greek gillie and factotum, and myself, and a little after three, as usual, just as the splendid moon of those Turkish summer nights was paling before the Conqueror out of the East, I thrust my foot into Nikko's stomach and thus awakened him to his duties. As we used to sleep out on the placid Gulf in our clothes, with a sail thrown over all to keep off the dew, we were soon at work, Nikko pulling sleepily at the oars, and I paying out line so that the bunch of kicking prawns might come well round in the shallows close to the reeds behind which water buffalo were already on the move. Somewhere, in a little coppice close by, a nightingale was gurgling joyously, and two sleepy grey herons went flapping through the dim light to their fishing grounds. I was only half awake myself, and lazily marked these sights and sounds, and remember them to this day, for they were the prelude to a swift awaken-

ing, as, of a sudden, the reel snarled loud and long and the line went flying through the rings. Nikko, who a moment before might have posed as one of his countrymen, the Seven Sleepers, was all alert now.

"*Échi, Moussyou,*" he cried, "*Megálo! megálo!*"

Yes; it was a big one, right enough, and I saw dimly its great body rolling away for a further effort without his pointing it out. But Nikko, once roused to what was expected of him, knew his work thoroughly, and he had, as the sequel will show, a dash of the heroic for which, be the circumstance ever so humble, his countrymen have always displayed a curiously uneven capacity. For the moment, all that he had to do was to back water and thus follow the erratic movements of the big bass, which, having pulled nearly all the line off my reel, was, perhaps, nearer to freedom than it knew. Then, without the least warning, and in a fashion that I have elsewhere seen carried to perfection by the mighty tarpon of Florida, the bass doubled on its own tracks and dashed headlong for the boat, a change of tactics to which Nikko responded with uncanny prevision, rowing his hardest away from the fish, while I was reeling in like one possessed. At long last, something very curious happened, for which, just at the moment, not all my familiarity with this desirable fish in many seas and rivers had prepared me. The line suddenly went slack just as I had seen the fish dash under the boat and was preparing to pass my rod in gingerly fashion over the bow and play it on the other quarter. Had there been the least parting wrench, I should naturally have come to the conclusion that the long collar of single gut, which

had caught and held upwards of 50 lb. of bass during the last two mornings, had at last snapped. But there was no such indication of a break, and I was utterly baffled, looking round at Nikko with the lack-lustre expression of the fool I felt myself to be. But he, better acquainted with certain foibles of his rickety old caïque, quickly grasped the situation; and now came the dramatic deed of daring which greatly endeared this lazy but faithful follower to me during the rest of my stay in his land. Without a moment's hesitation, he pulled the oars inboard, grasped the landing-net in his right hand and leapt over the side into the cold water. He had seen, and I saw now, the bass lying on its side, panting and utterly played out in the long grass which covers the sea-bed in those parts, and he swiftly realised that the gut must have taken a turn round a rusty old nail that projected from the keel. Here, then, was the explanation of that sudden slackening of the line that had sickened me a moment earlier; and here, too, was Nikko, with the bass safe in the net, holding on to the gunwale and blowing like a porpoise. What though he all but upset the caïque! We had the fish, and it only remained to give my resourceful henchman the rest of the day off and to let him visit his friends at Pendik, incidentally with the bass for sale, on which he realised just on a sovereign in good silver *medjidiehs*. To snatch a seventeen-pounder from the sea just as failure seemed imminent was a triumph that recalled that other narrow squeak in the far-off Devon estuary, and I remember wondering whether my boatman at home would have leapt as readily into the breach. Probably he would not, but then these Levantine

Greeks who follow the sea as a profession are all but amphibious, and, so far as any harm might be threatened to his clothes, Nikko was well aware that the rags in which he and I used to seek our bass those moonlight daybreaks in the Gulf would not together have fetched the price of a meal, whereas he was a sovereign to the good, with a day's holiday thrown in.

Other good bass I took out of the Gulf, both on this north shore at Solujak and on the other side, and times and again we fished at night, when the water was all phosphorescent and a perfect choir of rival nightingales trilled and bubbled from the cherry orchards, drowning even the harsh chorus of frogs in the marsh. Cheerfully enough we would stay out those warm summer nights, realising that

> "The lark is but a bumpkin fowl ;
> He sleeps in his nest till morn,"

until, discouraged by repeated failure, we concluded that the lark knew best, and postponed our activities until the moon was beginning to fade in the light that she loves. All through the day fishing was an impossibility, for even if the sun had not been too fierce for my own comfort, it threw so searching a glare into the crystal clear water as to show up all the angler's poor deceptions, and I never knew a bass taken during the day even by the few residents skilled in the sport. Yet here, again, catching fish was not all of fishing. There were the long and delightful visits to the Armenian fishermen in their hut, where I used to drink coffee and eat mackerel with them, and take their photographs and buy their lobsters and red mullet, and

let them fire at bottles with my pistol. There were quiet hours spent across the water at Deirmendéré, drinking, at one half-penny the cup, such coffee as cannot be had in Mayfair, exchanging fish stories with an old storekeeper who used to give me glorious roses from his garden, and buying ripe red cherries at a price that would bankrupt Covent Garden in a week. When I first went to the Gulf, seeking peace after the troublous times in Constantinople, the revolt against the Committee of Union and Progress was not yet at an end; and a company of infantry was established at Solujak, where it used to stop every train and overhaul the passengers in search of deserters from the colours and other revolutionary fugitives. Now and again I would run ashore with a fresh *levrak* for the officers' mess, and they would give me cordial welcome and produce coffee and cigarettes. They soon left for the capital, but they were merry fellows while they stayed, and many a good story I heard of their operations in hounding down rebels against the all-powerful Mahmoud Shevket; particularly how, on one occasion, a few days earlier, they had made a haul of over eighty soldiers in civilian disguise by the simple ruse of suddenly giving the military salute, when instinct proved stronger than caution, and the wretches were taken back to barracks. Other days I spent meditating in and round the ruined kiosk on the shore of the Gulf, close to Derinjé, which Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz had built him as a retreat in the eighteen-sixties. Alas, since he held wassail in its halls, it had been deserted, and spiders had spun in the palaces of kings! Here I would sit, smoking Régie cigarettes and chatting with the old caretaker, or wring-

ing such music as was possible out of an old piano of Parisian make that had lain these forty years unstruck, untuned, uncared for, until it was time to go a-fishing.

All these accessories, the reader may not unreasonably object, are not bass-fishing; and once again, at the risk of reiteration, I vow that catching of fish is not all of fishing. Angling retrospect would offer but a mean harvest could one recall only the actual business of hooking and killing the fish. That, after all, has a sameness about it and, shorn of the attractive adjuncts of scenery, wild life and comradeship, would, looked back to after long years, seem no more enjoyable than smoking a cigar in the dark. Companionship means so much in fishing, not always necessarily on the water itself, since we anglers are lonely fowl when at the business, but at any rate by the fireside or in camp after the day's doings are over and we gather to compare notes. Yet, even on the water, my bass-fishing, at home at any rate, has been more sociable than those other forays after salmon, trout, or pike, or after the gallant pollack and lurking conger of open coasts. Sometimes as many as a dozen little boats would be drifting up the river, with several of the occupants fast in fish; and my own boat has been shared by many good friends, including, besides one aforementioned, "John Bickerdyke," who has since then done most of his fishing under the Southern Cross, and the late Aubrey Harcourt, whose yacht made more than one cruise over our bar that her owner might rout me out and talk over old Sydney memories. Indeed, there were days on which my Devon estuary was as crowded with bass-fishers as the Pass of

Boca Grande, which another pen describes elsewhere in these pages, with those in quest of tarpon. There it was, in a warm and sunny Florida summer, that I fished many days in company with a gallant officer who had led his own regiment against the Boers, and with others whom I had known at home. The game was a mightier prize than the bass, but then some of us had come five thousand miles to catch it, whereas the bass of my summer evenings were all caught within a quarter of a mile of my own door. Here, I think, is a contrast that illustrates, at any rate for the travelled angler, the two different aspects of the joy of fishing: either catching new and strange fishes after long and arduous journeying to their haunts, or luring the best of those which, in sea or river, are our near neighbours at home.

To these two memories of bass in east and west I might have added many others framed in very different settings: dancing seas off the white cliffs of Margate, breathless moonlight nights on the beach at Folkestone, twilight hours beside the old bridge at Poole, long and patient sessions in my little lugger moored fore and aft in the shadow of Cornish cliffs, tidal races off the island that faces Tenby, and like struggles with the swift inrush of the Mawddach where it runs beneath the viaduct at Barmouth. Nor were the methods by which we caught, or failed to catch, bass less varied than the scenes of our activity; but this is not a book of methods, and such haphazard technical information as may be found in its pages has been wrapped in the more palatable form of narrative.

INDEX

INDEX

[*The Names of Salmon and Trout Flies are in heavy type*]

Aasen, 101
Abalone shell, 174
Abercorn, the Duchess of, 21
Add, the, 70, 72, 74
Africa, West Coast of, 143
Alfheim, 84, 85
Alva River, the, 160
Anacapa, 175
Anglesea, 224
Angling, attractiveness of, 121–4, 204
Argyleshire, 70
Armenian fishermen, 230
Arundel, Bass at, 225
Asia Minor, fishing in, 229
Australia, Tarpon in, 145
Avalon, 169, 172, 173, 176
Aynsley, Mr. Murray, 187

Bagdad Railway, the, 229
Bait-can, the, 219
Ballyshannon Bay, 102
Barbel-fishing, 215, 216
Baring Gould, 225
Barmouth, 236
Bass, 223–36
—, Black, 172. *See also* Sea-bass
Bean, the, 8
Bear meat as bait for Trout, 107
Beas, the, 189
Beauly, the, 101
Belleek, 102
Big Horn Mountains, the, 107
Black Doctor, the, 9
— **Gnat**, the, 208
Black Wing, the, 116
Blank days, 5
Blue-fish, 172
Blue Doctor, the, 9, 71
Boca Grande, Tarpon at, 150–60, 236
Boon Island, 164
Boschen, Mr. W. C., 171
Bosphorus, 223
Bream-fishing, 207–10
Broads, the, 210, 211
Bromley Davenport, the late, 69
Brook Trout, American, 138
Brown Trout. *See* Trout
Burnmouth, 77

Cabrillo, 174
Caïque, fishing in a, 230–33
California, 18, 159, 163–75
Camel transport in India, 190
Campbell, Mr. Fletcher, 123
Captiva, Tarpon at, 150, 151
Carp-fishing, 187, 209, 214, 215
Cashmere, 198
Cassiobury, 8, 132, 133
Catfish, 110, 149
Cauvery, the, 187
Cayo Costa, 151
Ceratoptera, 159
Chalk streams, 131, 132, 213
Channel-bass, 159
Charlotte harbour, 151
Chenab, the, 189, 190, 195, 196
Christiansand, 78, 81
Chub-fishing, 207, 211

Clondegoff, 52
Clubs, Angling, 124, 163–71
Coarse-fishing, 203–219
Coldstream, 77
Colne, the, 8, 9
Conon, the, 101
Constantinople, 230
Coombe Cellars, 225
Corrib, Lough, 53
Coventry, Mr. Arthur, 24
Crabs, 149
Crinan Moss, 70

Dace-fishing, 211, 213, 214
Danger in fishing, 154–8
Dapping, 51–66
Dart, the, 225
Dee, the, 101
Deirmendéré, 229, 234
Delfur, the, 9
Denison, the late Alfred, 69
Derg, Lough, 51–66
Derinjé, 234
Deveron, the, 8
Devil-fish, 157, 159
Dimock, Mr., 147, 159
Dipple Pool (Spey), the, 22
Don, the, 101
Donegal, 102
Doran, Mr. E. L., 166
Dorset, 205
Dough as bait for Mahseer, 197
Dovre Fjeld, the, 113, 114
Dress, 17, 18
Drifting for Bass, 227
Driva, the, 78
Dryburgh, 77
Ducks and Trout Spawn, 137
Dunad, 71, 72
Dusty Miller, the, 9

Earne, the, 101
Eddy, Mr. Arthur Jerome, 170
Edmunds, Senator George, 163, 166
Enniskillen, 102
Erne, Lough, 102
Erne, the, 102–4
Exe, the, 225

Farlow, Messrs., 23, 71
Farquhar, the late Walter, 77
Fermanagh, 102
Fish jumping into boats, 19, 158
Fletcher of Saltoun, Mr., 123
Float-fishing, 206, 207
Florida, 18, 147–160, 176
Flying-fish, 164, 165
Fochabers, 21
Folkestone, 236
Fontinalis, 13
Forsjord Beat, the, 95
Foss Pool, the, 95
Foul-hooked fish, 20, 153
Free fishing, 125
Frog as bait for Mahseer, 198

Gade, the, 8, 132
Ganges, the, 189
Gardner, Jim, 164
Garmouth, 21
Gasparilla Island, 151, 155, 158
Germany, Pisciculture in, 126
Gjora, 78, 79, 93
Gordon Castle Water (Spey), the, 17
Gordon-Lennox, Lady Bernard, 19
— — Caroline, 18
Gordon, the, 9
Graham, Henry, 77
— John, 76
— William, 76
Graining. *See* Harpooning
Grant-Suttie, Sir George, 123
Grasshopper as bait for Trout, 105
Gravem Beat, the, 93
Grayling in Norway, 113
Great Divide, the, 105, 107
Green Bank Pool, the, 21
Green King, the, 23
Green Parson, the, 103
Green River, the, 104–6

INDEX

Greenwell, Canon, 123
Grouper, 147, 159
Growth of fish, 11–13
Gudgeon-fishing, 203, 205
Guertler, Mr. R. C., 171
Guides, 152, 171
Gula, the, 92, 99

Hammerhead Shark, 176
Hand-lines, fishing with, 172, 173
Harcourt, the late Aubrey, 235
Harding, Mr. Charles H., 171
Hardy, Messrs., 24, 81
Harpooning, 159, 176–81
Height to which fishes jump, 146
Helmsdale, the, 101
Henderson, Dr., 70
Henry, Mr. Mitchell, 150
Hertfordshire Streams, 8
Hibbert, the Hon. Holland, 133
Himalayas, the, 190
Hitteren, 112
Hooks, ancient, 174, 175
— for Tarpon, 150
Hopefulness of the fisherman, 6
Horse-mackerel, 163, 164
Hungerford, 213
Hvilested, 78, 79

Iron Blue, the, 9
Isla, 77
Isle of Shoals, the, 163, 164
Ismidt, 229
Itchen, the, 204

Jack-fish, 159
Jewfish, 147, 157
Jhelum, the, 187, 189, 198
Jock Scott, the, 22, 109
" John Bickerdyke," 235
Jumna, the, 189
Jumping Fishes, 19, 146, 147, 157

Kathleen Falls, 103
Kennet, the, 8, 213, 214, 216, 217
Key West, 148, 176
Killaloe, 53
Kilmichael Bridge, 71
Kingfish, 152, 157, 158

Lady Caroline, the, 18, 23
Laerdal, 101
Lakes, artificial, 134
Lang, the late Andrew, 132
Lascelles, Mr. Egremont, 77
Leven, the improvement of Loch, 129–131, 141
Levrak, 223
Littlecote, 8
Live-baiting, 218
Lochs, Sea-trout in, 40, 41, 43
Lort Phillips, Mr., 82, 84, 85
— — Mrs., 84
Los Angeles, 167
Lough Derg, 51–66
— Erne, 102
— Neagh, 102

Mackerel, 159
Mahseer-fishing, 185–200
Malcolm of Poltalloch, Colonel, 70
Malloch, Mr. P. D., 129, 131
— Reel, the, 94
March Brown, the, 77, 106
Marden, 8
Margate, 236
Marmora, Sea of, 229
Maude, Cyril, 226
Mawddach, the, 236
Mayflies, 8, 59, 132
Mediterranean, the, 166
Megalops, 146
Mertoun, 77
" Mexican Joe," 172, 173, 174
Mexico, Gulf of, 145, 160, 168, 177–81
Michalis, Captain George, 169
Milner, Sir Frederick, 75, 76
Mimram, the, 8
Minneapolis, 109
Minnesota, 110, 111

Minnow-fishing, 204
Mississippi, the, 109–11
Moda, 230
Morehouse, Colonel, 167, 170
Mosjoen, 95
Mosquitoes, 151
Muchee Bawan, 190–5
Mullet as bait for Tarpon, 149, 152
Munden, 8, 9
Murphy, Mr. L. G., 171
Murthly, 75, 76
Mussak, 192
Mygatt, Mr. Otis, 155, 158

NAMSEN, The, 95
National Park, the, 104, 109
Neagh, Lough, 102
Netherdale, 8
New England, 176
New Hampshire, 164
New Jersey, 167
Night fishing, 155
Norway, 78–85, 89, 112–17, 126
Nova Scotia, 166

ODER, Salmon in the, 126
Olive, the, 9
Opal Station, 105
Oregon Short Line Railway, the, 105
Orkla, the, 89–92
Ouse, the, 211, 218

PARKINSON, Mr. A. T. G., 160
Pass-fishing, 149–60
Pendik, 232
Perch-fishing, 206, 216, 217
Percy, Lady, 19
Photographing fishes, 147, 169
Pick Ranch, 108, 109
Pike-fishing, 206, 217, 219
Pike hostile to Trout, 127–33
—, Spawning and growth of, 11–13
Pir Punjal Mountains, the, 190
Platte River, the, 108, 109
Pollack, 172
Pollution, 128
Poltalloch, 70
Poole, 236
Porpoise, angler struck by a, 158
Prawn as bait for Bass, 230
— — — Salmon, 79, 94, 95
Prawn Fly, the, 23
Punjab, the, 189
Purple King, the, 23
Purple Wing, the, 116

RAFT, Indian, 191
Rainbow Trout, 13, 107–12, 138
Rauma, the, 69, 93, 113
Records at Santa Catalina, 170, 171
Red Hackle, the, 116
Red Quill, the, 9
Rental of rivers, 124
Roach, 12, 13, 206, 210, 215
Rocky Mountains, Trout in the, 104–9
Rod for Mahseer, 195
— — Salmon, 23
— — Sea-trout, 38
— — Tarpon, 159
— — Tuna, 170
Romsdal Valley, 113
Rook shooting, 122
Rudd, 207, 210

ST. LAWRENCE, the, 172
St. Serf's Island, 129
Salmo eriox, 46
— *irideus*, 138
— *salar*, 46, 69
— *trutta*, 46, 47
"Salmon and Sea-trout," 132 *n.*
Salmon culture, failure of, 126, 127
Salmon-fishing, 17–24, 46, 69–85, 89–104, 188
Saltoun House, 123
Salvelinus, 138
San Clemente, 168, 175
Sand-eel as bait for Bass, 226
Sand-flies, 151

INDEX

Sandwich, Lady, 18
San Nicolas, 174, 175
Santa Armida, 152, 158
— Catalina, 159, 163–76
— Cruz, 175
Scenery in fishing, 224
Scott, Sir William, 77
Scottish Trout Anglers' Association, 125
Sea-bass, black, 167, 170, 171
—, white, 167, 171
Sea, brown Trout in the, 45
Sea Elephant, 175
Seagulls hostile to fish, 127, 128
Seasons for Mahseer, 189
— — Trout, 27
Sea-trout, 27–48
" Sea-trout " (in Florida), 159
Severn, the, 211
Shanks, Geordie, 18, 23
Sharks, 145, 148, 151, 153, 154, 155, 156, 159, 176, 177, 179, 181
Shetland, Sea-trout and Salmon in, 42–46
Shooting and fishing compared, 3, 122
Sialkot, 189, 190
Silver Body, the, 106, 116
Silver Bream, 210
Silver Doctor, the, 9
" Silver King," 145
Silver Popham, the, 21
Silvery fishes, 145
Simpson, Mr. W. W., 171
Skiff for Tarpon-fishing, 156
Skyds, 79
Snap-trolling, 218
Solujak, 233, 234
Spearing. *See* Harpooning
Spey, the, 21
Spinning for Pike, 218, 219
Spoon for Mahseer, 186, 188, 193, 194
— — Trout, 115
Stanley, 76
Steele, Fort, 108
Stenton, 75
Still-fishing, 148, 149
Stinchar, the, 101
Stjordal, the, 93
" Stor-lax," 78
Stour, the Dorset, 205, 208
" Sucker," 110
Suez, 224
Sundal, the, 78, 81, 84, 93
Sundalsoren, 78
Surendal, the, 93
Swallow as bait for Mahseer, 186
Swordfish, 159, 167–70, 175–81

TACKLE, defective, 21, 83, 85, 197, 216
Tangrot, 187
Tarpon-fishing, 18, 145–60, 168
Tawi, the, 190, 195
Tay, the, 70, 75
Teign, the, 225–9
Temperature of water, 24
Tenby, 236
Tench, 209, 214
Terns, 22, 59
Thames, the, 211, 212, 213, 215, 218
Thornton, Colonel, 124
Thunder and Lightning, the, 9, 22, 23
Todal, the, 81, 84
Tortugas, the, 176
Travers, Major, 22
Trondhjem, 79, 89, 92, 95
Trout-fishing, 8, 9, 13, 45, 51–66, 104–117, 132, 133, 139, 204
Tuna Club, the, 163, 165, 167, 170, 171
Tuna-fishing, 18, 147, 163–7
Tuna, Long-finned, 170
—, Yellow-fin, 167, 170
Tup, the, 9
Turkey, fishing in, 223, 229–35
Turtle, Loggerhead, 159
Tutun Chiflik, 229
Tweed, the, 70, 77, 101

USEPPA Inn, 152

VAN DYKE, Dr. Henry, 165
Van Vleck, Mr., 150
Vefsen, the, 95

Vincente, 171
Viscaino, 174, 175
Voes, Saltwater, 43–45

WALTON, Izaak, 188, 204, 219
Weather for Chub, 212
— — Salmon, 24
— — Sea-trout, 41
West Indies, Tarpon in the, 145
Whipray, 157
"White Crows," 59
Whittall, Messrs., 230
Wickham, the, 9
Wilcocks, the late Mr. J. C., 225
Wild Birds Protection Acts, 127
Wilkinson, the, 9, 79
Women in sport, 17, 160
Wyoming, Trout-fishing in, 104–9

YELLOWTAIL-FISHING, 171, 173, 174, 175, 177

Zulu, the, 106, 212

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
at Paul's Work, Edinburgh

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

12Dec61 TD

REC'D LD

DEC 12 1961

LD 21A–50m-8,'61
(C1795s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YF CC112